The Stirling News-Argus.

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THE
Stirling News-Argus
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JAMES CURRIE.

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Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

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JOB PRINTING of every description neatly executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

C. S. HAMILTON, M. D. C. M.,
GRADUATE McGILL COLLEGE, 1881,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR.
Special attention paid to diseases of women and children. Office and residence opposite the old C. M. Parsonage.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed Conveyancer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,
BARBER—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE.
Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. R. A. E. CLARK, Clerk.

FLINT & SHERRY,
Barristers, &c., - Belleville.
BRANCH OFFICE:
Opposite Milne & Clute's, Stirling.
W. A. F. CAMPBELL, Manager.
Money to loan at lowest rates.

Stirling Lodge
NO. 69,
A. F. & A. M.,
G. R. C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, North street,
Thursday Eve., Nov. 26, '85,
Visiting brethren welcome.
M. SEELEY, Jr., Sec.

STIRLING LODGE
NO. 239,
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge Room, P O block,
Every Wednesday Evening
At 8 o'clock. G. D. TURNER, N.G.

J. R. IRISH, L.D.S.,
DENTIST, TRENTON,
Will be at the STIRLING HOUSE, STIRLING, every Monday, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Vitalized Air used in extracting teeth without pain. The best and satisfactory thing furnished in artificial teeth. But attention to treatment of teeth filling, &c.

Geo. W. Walker,
DENTIST,
Front Street, Belleville.
Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel.
VITALIZED AIR,
When so only use in extracting teeth without pain. The best and satisfactory thing furnished in artificial teeth. But attention to treatment of teeth filling, &c.

TEETH WITHOUT PAIN
At Walker's old Stand.
Three Last Days of every month
Rooms in Stirling House.

STIRLING HOUSE,
Stirling, - Ont.
Good accommodation for travellers. Spacious Sample Rooms. Comfortable stables and careful hostler. The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises 70 ft. long, 20 ft. ceiling, 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.
ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

MEDICAL HALL.
A COMPLETE STOCK OF
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Genuine Coloring Stuffs, School Books, Crayons, Stationery, Druggist's Sundries and Fancy articles. All of which will be sold at lowest cash prices.
All parties having unsettled accounts are requested to call and settle without delay.
G. H. BOULTER, M. D.

FARMERS, ATTENTION!
Insure your Life and Buildings.
Am Agent for seven first-class Fire Insurance Companies.
Also Agent for Canada Life Insurance Company.
OVER $70,000
Company and Private Funds to loan. Terms to suit borrower. Lowest Rates.
W. A. F. CAMPBELL,
STIRLING.

1885. FALL. 1885.
FIFTEENTH TAILORING SEASON.
CHAS. CRAIGE & BRO.
Beg to announce that they have received their
COMPLETE FALL STOCK
—OF—
WOOLLENS, GENTS' FURNISHINGS,
And General Dry Goods.
Their long experience in business, and facilities for buying goods in the best markets, enable them to offer their customers special advantages not possessed elsewhere; and their aim will be to retain the reputation which they now possess of turning out nothing but first class goods.
The Ordered Clothing Department
Is in charge of Mr. FRED. WARD, and his old staff of experienced hands.
A Choice Stock of HATS, CAPS, FURS, BOOTS & SHOES
FRESH GROCERIES, SHELF & HEAVY HARDWARE, IRON, COAL, SALT, Etc.
CHAS. CRAIGE & BRO.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!
Come one, come all, and examine my Stock of
Tweeds, Overcoatings, Flannels, Mantle Cloths, Shawls, Table Covers, Comforters, Clouds, Grey Blankets, Indian Blankets, Linen Horse Blankets, Suits, Overcoats, Robes, Caps, Muffs, Fur Trimmings, Etc., Etc.
LADIES READ!
MILLINERY DEPARTMENT
In full blast, with all the latest styles, which will be sold Cheap for Cash. Cheapest House in Town, and don't you forget it.
G. W. FAULKNER.

NEW FALL GOODS
M. G. VANDERVOORT,
OF HAROLD,
Has opened a lot of NEW GOODS, consisting of
TWEEDS, FLANNELS, HOISERY, GLOVES & MITTENS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
ALL AT THE LOWEST PRICES. ALSO,
A Large Stock of Groceries,
which will be sold very cheap for cash.
SUGARS AWAY DOWN.

SPECIAL LINE OF
LADIES' HAND MADE, SEWED, POLISHED CALF,
BUTTON BOOTS, PRICE $3.25, AT
W. S. MARTIN & CO.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.
THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR SALE his House and Lot at Springbrook. The house is new, having been built last fall. Terms easy. For further particulars apply to
E. CANNIFF, Harold.

STOVES! STOVES!
STOVES!
Coal Oil Stoves,
The very best in the market. call and see them.
Milk Cans, the very best,
Pans, Pails and Strainers.
Parties wanting a first-class Furnace will do well to give us a call, as we are handling one that will give satisfaction every time.
MARTIN & TURNER
STIRLING.

NOTICE.
ALL PARTIES INDEBTED TO THE UNDERSIGNED either by note or book account must pay the same on or before the 15th Nov., 1885, or they will be placed in other hands for collection.
W. B. TANNER.
Ivanhoe, Oct. 22nd, 1885.

STRAYED.
CAME INTO THE PREMISES OF THE subscriber, lot 14, in the 2nd con. of Rawdon, on or about the 1st of August last, a red yearling heifer. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.
A. CHARD.
Oct. 15th, 1885.

STIRLING ELEVATOR
HIGHEST PRICE PAID
FOR
ALL KINDS OF GRAIN.
HAGGERTY & TULLOCH.

DO YOU WANT
A GOOD PAIR OF
BOOTS OR SHOES?
—GO TO—
BROWN & McCUTCHEON'S
BOOT & SHOE SHOP,
MILL STREET. There you will get what you want, made of the best material, and warranted to fit. Prices the lowest.
Repairing Neatly and Promptly Executed.

Will Riel Hang?

MONTREAL, Oc. 31.—The *Star* states that a member of the Dominion House, who is an intimate friend of ministers, and whose advice is often asked on important questions requiring careful handling, returned from Ottawa this morning, where it is said he was called in connection with the Riel affair. To a *Star* reporter this gentleman stated that he was not asked on the question of Riel's fate, but that the majority were in favor of carrying out the sentence. The most determined efforts are being put forth by his friends to save him, and at a cabinet meeting held yesterday afternoon a large number of petitions and communications were received. This meeting was called for the special purpose of coming to some conclusion on the matter, and the gentleman referred to expressed surprise that the telegrams from Ottawa this morning did not announce the decision of the cabinet on the question.

The English press have been discussing the question for a month, and a majority are in favor of hanging Riel.

The *Spectator* (liberal) says:—"Riel should be hanged, and if the ministry fear the justice of his special case. If he fought fairly, on reasonable grounds, he should be spared; but if he had no other grievance, redress for which had been refused, or if he violated the laws of war, he should be executed. The latter is probably the material evidence which has reached this side is imperfect."

Per contra the Saturday *Review* (government) says:—"Lenity to Riel would, in fact, be pure injustice to Riel's dupes. Of all laws there is none so clear and just as that which enacts that he who strikes at the corporate life of a community shall pay for it with his own."

The *Pioneer* follows the Saturday *Review*.

OTTAWA, Nov. 3.—Excitement over the Riel affair grows stronger. It is understood that the matter was again before the Cabinet to-day and resulted in a long discussion. Mr. Chapleau and Sir Hector Langevin have a strong card, asking as they do, not for a reprieve, but for the appointment of a medical commission. Sir Hector Langevin, having already promised his friends that such a commission would be appointed, has this added to his other strong reasons for pressing the point. None seem able to state that the commission has been appointed, but it seems to be now pretty well taken for granted that this course will be pursued.

Small-Pox in Montreal.

It seems to be highly probable that the small-pox epidemic will come to an end in Montreal as soon as all those who refuse to be vaccinated, either have the disease and die in it or effects, or have it and recover. Among the Protestant population and the Irish Catholics, every proper precaution is being taken, and every proper effort made to stay its ravages, but the French are as stupidly obstinate as ever, and nothing but force will compel them to an observance of their duty. Meanwhile the death-rate is chiefly confined to them and their helpless children, the number of deaths among whom is sometimes appalling. The city as a whole city is suffering from loss of business, and the wholesale merchants are losing customers they will never get back, and every now and then we hear of cases in remote towns, caused by infection, sent from the headquarters of the disease, by letters or shipments of goods, and in various other ways, and all this terrible state of affairs brought about by a race of people too stupid and ignorant and obstinate to be taught or controlled, and who have shown themselves in this matter as in others, unfit for the privileges which Municipal Government bestows. No wonder the English speaking people of Montreal are heart-sick of being confederated with such a race, and of being outnumbered by them, and cry out as they are now doing, for annexation to the United States, as the only remedy. They hailed the union long ago with Upper Canada, as a means of relief, but it brought none, and the larger scheme of Confederation has not improved their condition, and they have to bear with what they cannot help as best they may, and this small-pox scourge is one of the results of the French speaking people being all powerful there, in the Municipal Government. Neither in old France nor in Canada, are these people suited to live under the free systems of government, so congenial to the people who speak the English language.

The Montreal *Witness* says:—"Eminent physicians of this city are of opinion that small-pox has now such a firm hold, that it will only cease for lack of fuel—that it must burn itself out. The meaning of this is that every person unprotected by successful vaccinations or by having had the disease within the last ten or fifteen years, is almost certain to take the disease sooner or later. We have now had just six months of the small-pox. The mortality has increased at a fairly steady ratio, each month showing about three times as many deaths as the month before. This, of course, cannot continue. Were it to do so the present month would record between four and five thousand deaths, and before the end of February there would not be a living man left in the city or surrounding country. The fire must burn out, and then there is reason to hope that the energetic means which have been organized, always too late to check the progress of the plague, will be efficient to protect as against its reappearance, and that the dread experiences of 1885 may have served the purpose of convincing even the determinedly ignorant that they might save themselves if they would."

The Eastern Crisis.

The troubles in Bulgaria and Servia still threaten to bring on a general war. Russia, Germany and Austria seem determined that Roumelia shall not form a part of Bulgaria, and that the former condition of things must be restored. This neither the Bulgarians nor the Roumelians will consent to, but are determined to fight to maintain the union now accomplished. The union has the support of England, and some others, while Turkey does not greatly object. Thus all the great powers are arrayed against one another on this question. It does not follow, however, that should hostilities actually break out, that all these nations would at once become involved in war, though it is probable that sooner or later they would be.

Turkey now possesses under arms, 430,000 men, all well armed and clothed, and well provided for a campaign. She would be no mean ally, and great efforts have lately been put forth by Russia and England for her support, with what result is not positively known.

The first through train from Montreal to the Rocky Mountains by the Canadian Pacific Railway, left Montreal on Monday last, at 2 p. m. There was quite a crowd present to witness its departure, and bid it "good speed."

The terrible Labrador calamity, by which 300 lives have been lost at sea and many others reduced to a miserable coast, or otherwise deprived of the means of support owing to the death of the bread-winners of the family, appeals to a ready response to the practical sympathies of the always generous Canadian public. The distress of the wretched survivors is intensified by reason of the famine which has for some time prevailed on that bleak and inhospitable shore. Many must perish of starvation and exposure before aid can reach them. There is all the more necessity for prompt and decisive action, and we hope that the Government will take speedy action for their relief.

Northern Ontario.

The Lake Temiscaming district, which has recently been brought prominently into notice by the efforts of the French Canadians to colonize it, has been opened to settlement by the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It comprises all that section of country lying north and north-east of Lake Nipissing, and extending by way of Lake Temiscaming and Lake Abitibie, to to Hudson Bay. From Lake Nipissing, which is 665 feet above the sea, the land ascends to a height of 1,200 feet, at Mattawa, whose surface is 612 feet above the waters of the St. Lawrence at Three Rivers. A colonization road is being constructed between these lakes, a distance of 60 miles, the country through which it runs having been found well adapted for settlement. Lake Temiscaming, a magnificent stretch of navi able water, extends seventy five miles without any obstruction to some of the largest tonnage. The River Blanche, discharging into its head, is navigable for 25 miles. Two steamboats ply on the lake. The whole region north of this lake may be correctly described as a level clay plain, underlaid by limestone, with bluff ridges protruding through it. The area of the clay land in Ontario drained by the rivers running into Lake Temiscaming and Lake Abitibie, is 1,000,000 acres. This is the largest area of land fit for settlement in one unbroken block in the unsettled portion of Ontario. Maple, elm, ash, spruce and pine of large dimensions are found there in abundance. The climate in Lake Temiscaming is very favorable to the cultivation of all the cereals—Indian corn, wheat, oats and barley; also peas, beans, potatoes, turnips, cabbages, onions, etc. There is very little difference between the climate of Lake Temiscaming and Ottawa, except that in the former the summer heat is deliciously moderated by proximity to large sheets of water. The soil is unequalled in richness in the whole valley of the Ottawa, and a stone to be found in many places north of the lake for many square miles.

But, it may be asked, of what advantage is this charming climate and fertile soil if the settler has no market for his produce? There is nothing to be feared on this head. The network of *chantiers* or lumbering establishments which surround the lake and extend from year to year on its numerous tributaries, afford the best market in the Dominion, superior even to those of Ottawa or Toronto themselves, as the following figures show:—Hay sells for $30 per ton; oats for $1 per bushel; wheat for $2 per bushel; peas for $2 per bushel; buckwheat for $1 25 per bushel; potatoes for $1 25 per bag. The best way to colonize this tract is for settlers to go in parties. The first settlers must expect to encounter some hardships which their successors will escape, but they will also enjoy some advantages which those who come in later will miss. Until the colonization road and the railway are completed between North Bay and the foot of Lake Temiscaming, parties must go to Mattawa by the Northern & Pacific Junction Railway and the Canadian Pacific. On arrival there they proceed by canoes, and portage the rapids of the Upper Ottawa between Mattawa and Lake Temiscaming.

Independence vs. Partyism.

The number of newspapers in the country that are independent of party ties is constantly increasing, and are wielding a considerable influence with the people generally. This fact has naturally raised the ire of the leading party organs, and, in consequence, the independent press is coming in for any amount of abuse by the party hacks. This may be very consoling to the organs, but it does not hurt the independent journals, who find an ever-increasing following to back them up. This latter fact is what troubles the party organs. The *News* very truly says:—

"It is the object of the Grits and Tories alike to discourage independent political thinking to keep their followers in the old ruts of thought to avoid new issues and constitutional changes, and to keep repeating a few old and "safe" political cries. They prefer traditional watch-words and dead issues to breaking new ground, because they fear the possible loss of votes if they venture to discuss ideas which are at present unpopular because they are new and unfamiliar. In spite of their lofty talk about principle and consistency there is no principle which the leaders of either side are not prepared to throw overboard if its sacrifice seems necessary for an immediate triumph.

The Tories, for instance, represent themselves as being specially devoted to the maintenance of British connection, and yet when "protection to native industry" offered them a telling election cry, they did not hesitate to deal British connection the most damaging blow which it has yet received in establishing the N. P.

The Grits raise the shout of "purity and economy," yet the paltry bribe of $500 each was sufficient to induce them to sanction the salary grab, and Mr. Blake is actively bidding against Sir John to secure the support of the Quebec Bleus, by the promise of fresh subsidies and concessions to French influence.

Yet the organs of these parties whose management is a record of shameless intrigue, bribery and corruption, continue to shirk and dodge, and play fast-and-loose, with the most vital questions relating to the country's future—like the Ostrich, and accuse Independent journals of having no decided convictions. Doubtless the party managers have convictions, but they value them less than enough old hit's country, for what they will sell for. We may look at their records and in their platforms in vain for any appearance of a tangible principle or ples of which they boast so continually. It is plunder and power alone that keep their organizations together."

Escape of Notorious Convicts.

KINGSTON, Ont., Oct. 29.—Two convicts escaped from the penitentiary yesterday afternoon. Charles Andrews, who was convicted of manslaughter in Toronto, and sentenced to five years, two of which he served, had charge of the coal-house; for an assistant he had a young man named Burgess, who had served eighteen months of his seven years' sentence, and it was not thought necessary to place a guard over them. The wall of the penitentiary formed one side of the coal-house, and this they operated on, removing the stones, and covering the hole in rings with coal when they left their work. They succeeded in getting through the wall and burrowing through the earth to the surface on the outside, a distance of ten or twelve feet. The hole in the ground they built up with stone to prevent its caving in, and the dirt excavated was covered with coal, so that the circumstances were most favorable for them. In the hole was found a board on which cleats were nailed, and up this they scrambled and through the hole in the open air. They must have been working, in order to effect their escape, for fully a month, as the job was very nasty done. Andrews is fifty years of age, has sore eyes, wears spectacles, is slightly lame and is five feet eight and a half inches high. Kennedy is twenty-three years old, fair, five feet nine inches high and minus the front upper teeth.

London increases its population by 46,000 every year. It has 1,000 ships and 10,000 sailors in its port every day. Its beer shops and liquor saloons would, if placed side by side, form a row seventy-eight miles long. Thirty-eight thousand drunkards are brought before its magistrates every year, and every Sunday seventy miles of open shops invite the purchaser to enter.

Oh! Where is my Boy To-night

How many parents ask this question in earnest? How many parents really know where their boys and girls are after night falls? If you visit our houses of refuge and pillons and ask the miserable inmates what wrong step they first took, the answer will almost invariably be:—Disobedience to my parents and late hours. My parents were altogether too careful and let me have my own way. To be plain, boys and girls who have been allowed to roam free at night have to recount moral shipwreck and social destruction. The exceptions, says Dr. Deems, have been where there was a wholesome temperament, a strong intellect and peculiar social influences. Men and boys, women and girls, whatever may have been their culture, feel that there is something diff-rent in the streets at night, different to that which is in the day, something that excites apprehension, or creates alarm or gives license. Boys that are demure by day will say and do things at night which would make them blush to repeat.

The result of our observation is the clear conviction that parents ought to know exactly where their children are from sunset until sunrise. No boy or girl ought to be allowed to go from the parent's door step after the sun has set without permission.

It ought not to be a hard restriction; to a boy thus trained from infancy, it will not be. It is unnatural that a child would want to go off to play after dark with other children. The desire never comes until the child is corrupt. Sometimes, for quiet, parents will allow their children to go round the corner to play with some other children. Sometimes this is allowed through unwarrantable carelessness. We never knew it fail to end disastrously. We have in our mind one or two startling cases in which some weak mothers have pleaded for this liberty for their children, and are now reaping the bitter fruits.

Parents should keep a firm but gentle hand in their children; rule them with love as well as authority. But whether parents possess those qualities or not they should see to it that their children never go out alone after dark, and also keep a strict watch over them till they reach the years of manhood and womanhood.

In conclusion, if you would preserve the family, and prevent disgrace, keep the boys and girls off the street, before they get beyond your control.

Cases of highway robbery are becoming frequent in Toronto. No less than a dozen cases are reported within the past two weeks. On Saturday no less than three cases of this description occurred. All in the northeastern portion of the city, and in every instance the thieves escaped with their booty. Mrs. Horton, who resides on Rose avenue, was walking along Charles street early in the afternoon, when two young men, both respectably dressed, passed by her. One of them turned suddenly, and grabbing her satchel, which she carried in her hand, ran off in a northerly direction. Half an hour later Mrs. Medlicott, who lives on Church street, was going along Rose avenue, when she was surrounded by three young men, one of whom caught her by the arm, while another forced her satchel from her hand. The three then ran across the Howard street bridge, crossing the ravine, and disappeared in the bush. The third case was the most impudent one of the lot. Mrs. Wardell, who resides at No. 242 George street, had been visiting at a friend's house on Rose avenue, and after leaving the home remembered that she had left a parcel behind. She turned to go back to the house, when she was seized by two young men. She struggled and cried for help, but her assailants quietly proceeded with their work, searching her dress pocket after they had taken away her satchel. Even on the approach of a citizen they did not hurry away, but quietly walked north towards Rosedale. In the three satchels the thieves secured about $16. Another case occurred on Sunday evening, the victim being the Rev. Dr. Sheraton, principal of Wycliffe College. He was returning to the College through Queen's Park, when he was seized by three men, one grasping him by the throat, while another held a revolver to his heart, and the third relieved him of a valuable gold watch and a small sum of money. He was then let go. No arrests have yet been made.

Other daring attempts have been made, in some of which the robbers were successfully beaten off. In one case, however, a satchel containing $200 was snatched from a woman, and successfully carried off, though she made a gallant struggle to capture the thief.

The Grand Jury of the County of York, at the Assizes closed last week made the following reference to the liquor traffic in their presentment:—The jury was much impressed with the fact that nearly all the cases brought before it this session, including two cases of manslaughter, one of unlawful wounding, one of felonious wounding, two robberies and two other minor cases, are the direct result of drink or drunkenness, thus showing that but for the unnecessary number of saloons or groceries, scattered all over the city there would have been comparatively little to occupy the time of the grand jury. They also thought that the remuneration of grand jurors was too small and that they should be entitled to $3 per day.

The young man who takes to whisky discounts his future to a much greater extent than did his father who took to strong liquor thirty years ago. There is now no room for whiskey-heads in positions of trust or where nerve and care are required. The only place where he has any chance is as hack to some one else. Everyone takes advantage of him, overworks him, gives him poor pay, and illtreats him. Even a small dose of beer about a young man is sufficient excuse nowadays for a bank manager in refusing him a small accommodation, or for a wholesale man in refusing him a small line of credit. The old idea that fellows who took to drink were good souled chaps is a delusion. They may be so when sober, but more mean and low acts are done by men under liquor than when free of it. Drunkenness makes a brute, no longer takes stock in the chivalry of whiskey; they are, however, convinced of the beastliness of the habit. It is in this sense that the whiskey-head must go.—*Toronto World.*

The large emigration, recently referred to, of French Canadians from the lands lying along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in the vicinity of Lake Nipissing and Lake Temiscaming, has, as we expected, awakened much interest on the part of the Ontario press. The Toronto *World* thinks the migration by no means for the benefit of that province. It holds that as these lands are the property of the Province of Ontario, and have been surveyed and opened up by colonization roads, paid for by that Province, it is hardly satisfactory that the full benefit of this expenditure should be enjoyed by a people whose language and customs are foreign to Ontario, and who "profess their settled determination to maintain and disseminate these features." It therefore recommends the farmers of Ontario to be patriotic or, what, provincialists, and occupy these lands themselves. If these newly opened lands offer a profitable field to the agriculturist or lumberer, there will be little difficulty in getting English-Canadians to occupy them; and if they are not, then it is vain to complain of the French-Canadians making the wilderness blossom. The Provincial Government is using all diligence to make known the advantages of those northern wilds, which are said to be very great.—*Witness.*

Poverty and Crime.

The Wingham *Times* says that, according to the presentment of the grand jury at the recent assizes in that county, poverty is a crime in the wealthy county of Huron. It deplores the fact that persons, both old and young, whose only crime was poverty, should be subjected to prison fare, associations and discipline, and justly characterizing it as "inhumane and unchristian."

Possibly the grand jury didn't really mean to catalogue poverty as a crime, but they should have said so if they didn't. But whether the jury blundered or not, the fact that in many counties the pauper is treated the same as the lawbreaker still remains, and it is time this disgraceful anomaly in our system was removed. While the victims of poverty are often irresponsible for their condition, the criminals are almost invariably responsible for their criminality. Is it not upon that and that alone equal responsibility there should be equal condemnation?

Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, at one time commander of the Union army in the civil war in the United States, died suddenly on Friday last. He is said to have been interested in iron mines in the eastern and northern part of Peterborough county, and made several visits to that locality.

A serious accident took place at Campbellford on Monday afternoon, the 26th ult. Mr. J. W. Turner and Mr. Vosper, editor of the *Herald*, were out driving when the horse, driven by Mr. Turner, shied near the railway station and running away, dismantled three him out of the vehicle. Mr. Vosper shortly after jumped whilst the horse was full speed and falling on his head and shoulders narrowly escaped with his life. He managed to get to his home and then fell into a fainting fit attended with nervous convulsions. He subsequently recovered and is now in bed with a useless arm and damages all over. He hopes, however, to be round again shortly, and at the same time hopes that the kind patrons of his paper will have all charity for any shortcomings they may discover in last week's issue. Mr. Turner, though shaken up thoroughly, will soon be about as active as ever.

A single mining company in California is paying the production of over $1,000,000 of gold per annum, and that its operating expenses are less than one-third the value of the product. In Colorado, it says, amounts to $50,000 per month. The product of gold in the world reaches about $100,000,000 annually, and of this the United States produces one-third. Australia a little more than one-fourth, and Russia not quite one-fourth. The product of gold appears to be decreasing in the world, as well as in the United States, while its use in manufactures is being greatly increased. Nearly one-half of the gold produced in the United States is used in its manufactures. Nearly eight millions dollars' worth goes into jewellery and watches, and three and a half millions into watch cases. The other principal uses for it are gold leaf, plate and watch chains. The dentists make much use of gold, and yet in such small quantities that the whole amount credited to dentists in the United States is only $37,912 in 1883. The chemists use almost as much, a large share going, no doubt, to the photographers, who use gold in toning. The statistics on this matter, however, are not exhaustive, for quite frequently gold coin itself is taken for use in the arts.

It is asserted that the *Irondale & Bancroft* Railway in North Hastings will be commenced at once.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HOUSE TO LET.
A GOOD COMFORTABLE DWELLING House on Henry Street, Belleville. In Apply to
JAMES MILNE.

W. H. HASTINGS,
SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY Public, Etc., Etc., Stirling, Ont. Office—Craigie's Block. $\$\$$ Private money to Loan at lowest rates.

STRAYED.
STRAYED INTO THE PREMISES OF THE undersigned, Lot 12, Con. 7, Rawdon, sometime in August, two Yearling Heifers. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take them away.
JOHN A. HEATH,
Harold.

IMPROVED BERKSHIRE BOAR
THE UNDERSIGNED HAS A BERKSHIRE Boar, which he will keep for service during the season, for the fee of $1 for the pedigree certificate:
"Favored" May 1st, 1881, bred by Mr. A. Terrill, Wooler, County of Northumberland, and imported by Mr. J. G. Pearson, Stirling, County of Hastings; sire Billy Mayfield (283), dam Peel Queen (1,000); by Knight of Glostor (294), g. d. Belladonna 3rd (285), by (imp.) Great Western (279), g. g. d. Belladonna 2nd (imp.) (142), by Sir Roger, Belladonna, by King Croft, (imp.), by Solicitor (General, Lilac Bloom, by Sir Roger (1,000).
For terms and further particulars apply to
JOHN PEARSON, Sr.,
Lot 12, 1st Con. Rawdon.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
IN THE MATTER OF GEORGE McGURDY, DECEASED.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN PURSUANT to the statutes of Ontario, 46 Victoria, Chapter 8, that creditors and others having claims against the estate of George McGurdy, late of Rawdon, in the County of Hastings, in the Province of Ontario, farmer, deceased, who died on or about the twenty-third day of August, 1885, are required on or before the 15th day of December to W. A. F. Campbell, of the Village of Stirling, and Jane McCurdy, of Rawdon, the Administrators of all and singular the goods, chattels and effects, rights and credits of the said George McGurdy, deceased, to send in their names and addresses and a full statement of their claims and the nature of the security (if any) held by them, and that after the said last mentioned date the said Administrators will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, regard being had only to the claims of which notice has been given as aforesaid, and that the said Administrators will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof, to any person or persons of whose claims notice shall not have been received by the said Administrators, or her said agent, at the time of distribution.
W. A. F. CAMPBELL,
Agent for Jane McCurdy, the above-named Administratrix.

All Kinds of Grain Wanted.
THE UNDERSIGNED WISHES TO INFORM the farmers of this and surrounding townships that he is now prepared to buy all kinds of Grain at Harold Station. Highest prices will be paid for good samples.
C. CRANE.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HOME IS HOME, HOWEVER LOWLY.

A Proverb Paraphrased.

Home is home, however lowly,
Fenced around by many a spell;
If within its precincts holy
Room be found for Love to dwell
There is, sure, no spot on earth,
Where-so'er our steps may roam,
Can outshine the smiling hearth
Of a tranquil, happy home.

Home is home, however lowly;
There is magic in the word;
Strife avaunt, and Melancholy,
Whilst its comforts I record!
Woman dear my song approve,
To my aid, Penates, come!
Whilst I hymn, with duteous love,
Home, however homely, home.

Home is home, however lowly;
Peaceful pleasures there abide;
Soothing thoughts and visions holy
Cluster round our own fireside.
Though the outer world be dark,
An' its ocean lashed to foam,
Safe within its sheltering ark,
All is calm and bright at home.

Home is home, however lowly;
Oh, how sweet when storms are rife,
And our feet have struggled slowly
Through the tangled ways of life;
Sad, encumbered, faint, and weary,
Spared the grief again to roam,
To lay down our burden dreary,
At the blessed door of home.

Cookery for Beginners.

The pleasing custom in many families is to make the daughters responsible for "fancy cookery." Mamma turns naturally, when company is expected, to her young allies for the manufacture of cake, jellies, blanc-mange, etc., and for the arrangement of fruit and flowers, and seldom cavils at the manner in which they do the work.

The difference in the appointment of feasts in houses where there are girls growing up and grown, and in those where there are none, is so marked that I need not call attention to it.

LEMON OR ORANGE JELLY.

One package of gelatine soaked in two cups of cold water. Two and a half cups of sugar. Juice of four lemons and grated peel of two (same of oranges). Three cups of boiling water. A quarter-teaspoonful powdered cinnamon.

Soak the gelatine two hours; add lemon juice, grated peel, sugar and spice, and leave for one hour. Pour on the boiling water, stir until disolved, and strain through double flannel. Do not shake or squeeze, but let the jelly filter clearly through it into a bowl or pitcher set beneath. Wet moulds in cold water and set aside to cool and harden.

RIBBON JELLY.

Take one third currant jelly, one third lemon jelly, and as much plain blanc-mange.

When all are cold and begin to form, wet a mould, pour in about a fourth of the red jelly and set on the ice to harden; keep the rest in a warm room, or near the fire. So soon as the jelly is firm in the bottom of the mould, add carefully some of the white blanc-mange, and return the mould to the ice. When this will bear the weight of more jelly, add a little of the lemon, and when this forms, another line of white.

Proceed in this order, dividing the red from the yellow by white, until the jellies are used up. Leave the mould on ice until you are ready to turn the jelly out.

A pretty dish and easily managed if one will have the patience to wait after putting in each layer until it is firm enough not to be disturbed or muddied by the next supply.

BUTTERCUP JELLY.

One half package of gelatine soaked in half a cup of cold water for two hours. Three eggs. One pint of milk. One heaping cupful of sugar. One teaspoonful of vanilla. Bit of soda the size of a pea stirred into the milk.

Heat the milk to scalding in a farina-kettle and stir in the soaked gelatine until the later is dissolved, and strain through a coarse cloth. Beat the yolks of the eggs light, add the sugar and pour the boiling mixture gradually upon it, stirring all the time.

Return to the farina-kettle and stir three minutes, or until it begins to thicken. Let it cool before you flavor it. Whip the white of one egg stiff, and when the yellow jelly coagulates around the edges, set the bowl containing the frothed white in cracked ice or in ice-water and beat the jelly into it, spoonful by spoonful, with the egg-whip, until it is all in your sponge thick and smooth. Wet a mould and set it on the ice to form. Lay about the base when you dish it.

WHIPPED CREAM.

I have been assured by those who have made the experiment, that excellent whipped cream can be produced, and very quickly, by the use of our incomparable Dover Egg-beater. I have never tried this, but my pupils may, if they have not a syllabub-churn.

Put a pint of rich sweet in a pail or other wide mouthed vessel with straight sides, and set in ice while you whip or churn it.

As the frothing cream rises to the top, remove it carefully with a spoon and lay it in a perfectly clean and cold colander, or on a hair sieve, set over a bowl. If any cream drips from it return to the vessel in which it is whipped to be beaten over again. When no more froth rises, whip a tablespoonful of powdered sugar into the white syllabub on the colander, and it is ready for use.

Hints.

Lemon juice will remove tan and stains from the hands. For the face, mix the lemon juice with an equal quantity of the white of egg. Beat them together, then put the mixture into a porcelain or granite-ware dish over a slow fire, and stir until it thickens slightly, but not until it is hard. Put it on the face at night.

Sweet oil is said to whiten the skin, and also to increase the flesh, when eaten in quantities. Yet, when sickening or unpleasant to the stomach, it sometimes turns the skin brown, and of course under such circumstances not enough of it could be taken to make much difference in the flesh.

When the skin of the face, neck, and hands has become hard from exposure to the elements, whether in summer pleasure trips or outdoor occupation of a more utilitarian character, it may be softened and much benefited by using a mixture made of four ounces of the emulsion of bitter almonds and twenty grains of borax. It should be applied to the skin with a piece of soft sponge, and washed off in a little while with a soft towel and tepid water.

Oatmeal is excellent for softening the hands. Rubbing the hands with cold cream and drawing on a pair of loose kid gloves at night is also good. Dogskin gloves help to whiten the hands and do not irritate the skin. Cold boiled potatoes are extremely good for whitening and softening the hands and skin. Take them when not quite done, though they should not be to hard, and use in the place of soap.

The Queen, who now walks with all the freedom she enjoyed before her accident, has of late made several visits on foot to the cottages and pensioners on the Balmoral estate. One Monday Her Majesty drove to Mar Lodge and took tea with the Earl of Fife. The weather was cool, drizzling showers being frequent, and the neighboring hills were covered with snow.

Already, after their terrible experience of cholera, the people of Valencia are making great preparations for the annual bull fight. The bull ring holds 20,600 spectators, not including the many babies in arms carried there. Then there is to be a Te Deum, celebrated with such pomp as to make it a popular amusement, and this is to be followed by the great annual fair. Those dead from cholera are utterly forgotten.

In Edinburgh the other day, with imposing ceremonies, and in the presence of a large crowd, two Royal proclamations were read by the Scottish heralds at the city-cross. The heralds were accompanied and order was preserved, by a military escort. One of the proclamations prorogued parliament to the 5th December, and the second authorised the disembodying of that portion of the militia of the United Kingdom recently called up.

AN AWFUL MOMENT.

The Agonizing Horror of Sliding to Death Over a Precipice.

On as beautiful a September morn as one could wish, the hour of eight found a merry party gathered at the railway station, whence they were soon whirled away to the village chosen as the scene of the day's pleasure—a picnic being the festa' object in view. There is no need for me to describe the doings of the day, nor what happy combination of circumstances brought about, with the approach of twilight, the isolation of a trio composed of Miss Gerrish, her cousin Mattie and myself on the ascent to the brow of the famous cliff. Mattie, much as I, as we all, liked her company as a general rule, was, and I think she felt so herself, *de trop.* Not that I was "in love" with her cousin or that young lady herself with me, yet under the circumstance the old adage as to the limited number requisite to make company had full force. But any approach to sentimentality with Mattie as one of the party was out of the question, so conversing upon the most matter-of-fact topics, we wandered on from beneath the trees to the open ground at the brow of the cliff and presently turned toward the extreme edge, whence one could look down upon the high road winding along a couple of hundred feet below in a narrow pass between two walls of rock rising almost perpendicularly. Within a yard or so of the top, the side on which we stood projected out in the form of a natural cornice, and overhung, the point at which the rocky ground terminated being concealed by a growth of moss and low shrubs with long wiry roots stretching away back beneath the turf.

It was not altogether pleasant though to look down over the brink—where it was safe to venture sufficiently close to do so, the prospect brought too vividly to one's memory tales of death of which the treacherous cliff had been the cause; but still when Mattie expressed a wish for a piece of the delicate maiden-hair fern, scarce and costly in the city, a cluster of which was to be seen amid the wild growth, about an arm's-length below the edge of a projecting point to one side of where we had now seated ourselves, and especially when Mattie's cousin joined in the longing, there seemed but little danger in leaning over far enough to reach it for her; so, carefully, for the ground sloped downwards somewhat, and its limit was as I have said uncertain, I crawled to the edge, and laying down at full length, stretched over first one arm and then the other. The two girls at distance of three or four yards back stood up and watched my movements, uttering words of caution, as, in my endeavors to reach further over, stones and earth were loosened and fell with a scarcely audible sound into the depth below. Thus I lay for a space of perhaps three or four minutes, striving in vain to touch the fern, conscious that my position was by no means a dignified one; and also that unless I projected myself more than I cared to do, I could not possibly reach sufficiently far. So in the hope that Miss Mattie and her cousin would not press their desire, I turned my head—already dizzy from the downward gaze—and called to them, asking whether is would be better to wait, and see if by going on further we could not discover some maiden-hair easier of access. But no, Mattie "must have that; it was so scarce you know; and besides it would soo be too dark to distinguish it"—the sun was then sinking in the west—so once more I turned my face downwards into the now thickening and misty twilight, and tried again, but still vainly, until angry at failure in what seemed so trivial a matter, I exerted myself to the utmost and this time with success, for within my gasp was the prize.

"I have it!" I shouted, and with the word I tugged violently at the roots so that I might secure the plant entire.

The action was—as I might have known had I thought a moment—supremely foolish, and in its results, an avalanche, as it seemed, of stone and earth loosened from their bed, I realized as I had not done before, the extreme peril in which I had placed myself, and there flashed across my mind in an instant the story told us in the morning by an old village dame, of the fate which a year before had befallen a young bride, beneath whom, as she stood incautiously upon it, the brink of the precipice had given way carrying her body, with that of her newly-made husdand, who in his distraction had leaped madly after his lost love, over and almost striking a wagon load of rustics, on the road beneath, where a second later two mangled corpses lay. With the thought I instinctively tried to draw back from the edge. To my horror—and I felt the cold drops rise upon my forehead—I found that not only was I utterly incapable of doing so, but that the movement of my legs seemingly caused me to slide forward an inch or two. The idea was so horrible that I do not think I quite grasped it at first. I ceased moving and lay absolutely still, and finding that the sliding was not continued, I tried to believe that I had been mistaken, and again made an effort to draw myself backward by means of my feet. A moment more, and I knew that it had been no delusion; almost imperceptibly, for my feet with the toes pointed downwards acted as a brake, powerless to stop myself, with my arms already hanging in mid air, my head and shoulders projecting beyond the brink, I was slowly sliding over the cliff into the vale, "the valley of the shadow of death;" how real that valley seemed to me now! sometimes it comes to me in my dreams with the same awful impenetrable darkness, and I cry aloud in my agony as I did then, "For God's sake hold me back!" But I heard no reply. I was alone; face to face with a horrible death. How long would it be before the balance of weight instead of as now on the cliff, would be beyond its brink forcing me downward into space? Despairing, for I knew it to be useless, I clutched at the little bushes growing out of crevices in the face of the rock, but they afforded me no hold. What I suffered in those moments I cannot even attempt to describe. I only pray than it may never be my lot to endure such torture again. A second was a lifetime then; my whole past was before me, with all its misdeeds, a dark page which now could never be turned down. But above all was the terrible sense of that gliding, forward motion. Faster and faster it seemed to grow; agonizing in its slowness at first, it had increased now to lightning speed. Onward, ever onward, I was drawn, drawn! rather hurled along in space, and ever before was an indefinite object, what, I know not, which I longed to grasp yet could never reach. The speed slackened, as a glimpse of reason brought me back from the phantasy of delirium to the reality of my position. 'Twas an instant only, for I felt that my senses were again leaving me as the rapid movement recommenced, once more the same sensation—until the end came, and with a crash as it were of falling worlds, I was dashed into space.

. . . .

Weeks afterward when I woke again to the world, and my recovery from brain-fever was sufficiently advanced to render the telling safe, I heard the conclusion of my story.

I had, it seems, slipped forward a few inches, as I had thought, and possibly the motion had been repeated, as I imagined, the second time; but loss of reason so quickly supervened that it is not at all certain. If I had lost my senses, however, Mattie, fortunately for me, had retained hers. My cries had startled but had not unnerved her, and it appears, though I heard not, she had answered me. With wonderful presence of mind she had despatched her cousin for help while she, seizing my ankles, held me back, never relaxing her hold even when the movement of my arms loosened a large piece of rock from its earthy bed. Luckily assistance arrived before more of the cliff's edge broke away.

How was it that I so quickly and completely lost my presence of mind and reason?

Well, the doctors account for that on the supposition that the sun—for the day had been very hot, and what a boy of fifteen I had had a sunstroke—had affected my brain; and then, too, the position I was in caused an accumulation of blood in my head. Even now the sun affects me greatly.

YOUNG FOLKS.

My Ships.

When my good ships come sailing in
With cargoes great and rare
I shall in truth, be rich indeed,
And have enough to spare.

I'll sit me down and study up,
What I had better do
With all my treasure on its way
Across the briny sea.

A farm I'll buy of goodly size,
And have the soil well till'd,
That when the autumn fully comes
My barns shall all be fill'd.

A thousand sheep shall wander forth,
Along the verdant hills,
Whilst cows and horses feed beside
The meadows' limpid rills.

I'll build a "home" for couples old,
Where they can live together,
And pass the remnant of their days
Through bright and stormy weather.

But ere my plans are all prepared
I'll wait to see my ships,
For fear the adage might come true
Which tells of slips 'twixt cups and lips.

How Boy Blue Mended the World.

Boy Blue was listening while grandpa and another old gentleman talked. I don't know why they called him Boy Blue, unless it was because he had such blue eyes, for he would have been the very last boy to go fast asleep under the haystack while the cows were getting into the corn. Not he, indeed; those bright eyes of his would have spied them before they got within smelling distance of the corn, and he would have been on hand with his big dog to make them scamper the other way in a hurry.

If you asked that dog's name Boy Blue would answer, "Guess;" and then, after you had guessed Rover, and Dash, and Fido, and Carlo, and all the other dogs' names you ever heard of, and got tired of it and asked, "Well, what is his name, then?" Boy Blue would still answer, "Guess," with his eyes just brimful and running over with fun. And then if you began again, and guessed all the dogs' names you never did hear of, and got quite out of patience this time, and declared you would not guess any more and he must tell you, Boy Blue would laugh so hard that he would tumble down and roll around the ground, shouting, "Guess, Guess!" for that was the dog's name.

Well, as I said, Boy Blue and Guess were listening to grandpa and another old gentleman talking. Boy Blue was very much interested in listening, for they were telling about something which he thought needed to be attended to right away. They were saying that the world needed mending, that it was in a very bad way and getting worse all the time; that things were not at all as they used to be, and nobody could tell where it would all end.

"Grandpa," said Boy Blue, "is it really true that the world needs mending?"

"Yes, indeed, child, badly enough," sighed the old man, shaking his head but never looking down at Boy Blue's earnest face.

"But, where, grandpa? where does it need mending?"

"Everywhere child. You can't take a step, right or left, without seeing it."

Boy Blue looked around. Sure enough, there was a big hole in the middle of the road. It had been there ever so long, and horses had stumbled into it, and wagons had jounced off part of their loads by running a wheel into it, and the drivers had scolded and grumbled, but nobody had ever tried to mend it. Boy Blue stood still and thought about it. The world was getting worn out, it was plain.

"It'll have to be mended, that's all about it," said he to himself. "I should think Grandpa and Mr. Peter would go right to work at it now. I know that I can mend that hole in the road, anyhow, and that'll be so much done. Come along, Guess."

Guess came along, and did not hang back even when he saw the little cart pulled out, which he was not at all fond of drawing. He had learned by melancholy experience that if Boy Blue made up his mind to have a thing done it had to be done sooner or later, and he might as well be good-natured about it. So back and forth he trotted, dogfully doing his part to mend the world. It took a good deal of hard work to get big stones and little stones and gravel enough to fill that hole, but Boy Blue and Guess kept at it, and when the last cartful of gravel was finally stamped down hard you would hardly have known there had ever been a hole there.

All that time Grandpa and Mr. Peters stood and talked and shook their heads, but Boy Blue did not mind them any more. He had found out what needed to be done, and he meant to do his part of it anyway.

When the hole was filled up he looked around for something else to mend, and saw a hen hopping through a gap in the fence, where two pickets were off. Up jumped Boy Blue, as eager as ever, and trudged off for hammer and nails, and was soon pounding away at the pickets as if his life depended on getting them in place. He remembered now how many times mother had run out yesterday to scare the hens away. People get worn out, too, sometimes, and had to be mended, he reflected.

Well, this should be one more thing mended. When he got the pickets on he meant to go and nail down the loose board on the back doorsteps. Mother had said that morning that she believed she should break her leg on that board. It would be easier to mend the board than the leg, and would not take so long, either. When the fence and the steps were in good condition again, Boy Blue stood still a few minutes, not immediately seeing any more work to do. Presently he caught sight of a broken place in one of the square, hollow pillars of the porch.

Joe had staved it in one day with the handle of his rake, and Boy Blue remembered that Grandpa said that it must be pretty rotten, or it would not have broken so easily. He looked at the hole and poked his finger into it; then he pulled out his knife and proceeded to investigate further. Then he went and examined the other pillar, and as the result of that examination he dodged outside the porch and shouted "Grandpa!" at the top of his lungs.

Grandpa, who had finished his talk with Mr. Peters, and was taken a quiet doze on the sitting-room lounge, sprang up and rushed out on the porch, expecting at least to see Boy Blue lying on the ground under the big apple tree with his leg broken. But Boy Blue's legs appeared to be perfectly sound, and he remarked, calmly, "I wouldn't stand under that porch roof if I were you, Grandpa, 'cause the pillars are so rotten it might come down almost any time."

"Pillars rotten!" said Grandpa. "Oh, nonsense! Is that all you're screaming about?"

"Come out here and give me leave to give 'em one good hit?" asked Boy Blue, eagerly, longing for a bit of fun after all his hard work. But Grandpa thought it prudent to examine before giving his permission, and the result of his examination was that he immediadely went to work to prop up the porch roof with stout poles.

"May I now?" asked Boy Blue.

"Well, yes," responded Grandpa; "if they'll come down with one hit, they can't be of much use."

Boy Blue rushed off for a club, and aimed a valiant blow at one of the pillars. Crack and with a splintering and crumbling noise the decayed wood fell into so many pieces there was hardly one large enough to pick up. The other pillar met with a like fate.

"My patience!" exclaimed Grandpa, surveying the ruins, "that thing might have come down on our heads any evening when we were sitting out here, and broke all our skulls for us. How did you come to find out 'twas so rotten, sonny?"

"Why, I was looking for something to mend, and I thought I'd mend that hole Joe punched in the pillar, and then I found it was so rotten I was afraid it would come down on my head; so I hollered at you."

"What did you want something to mend for?" asked the old man in surprise.

"Because I heard you and Mr. Peters saying the world needed mending, and I thought I'd do my share; and I mended the hole in the road while you stood there talking, and then I fixed the fence and the doorstep——"

"Mended the hole in the road!" interrupted Grandpa, greatly astonished; and down he went to the gate to see for himself; the dreaded hole was actually filled up and smoothed over as if it had never been.

"And he did it while we stood groaning over the world needed mending," muttered Grandpa, under his breath; "and its been there for months, and neither of us ever thought of touching it. Such little hands too! I hope the next generation will be like Boy Blue."—*Harper's Young People.*

MISS ELLA ON THE FARM.

The True Story as Related by the Farmer Himself.

To the Editor: Noticin' in your columns quite recent a paragraph to the followin':

"Miss Ella Witchezel, a charming young school teacher of Villisa, Iowa, finding the close confinement and arduous duties of the school-room injuring her health, tried the out-door cure. Instead of spending her winter's salary and summer vacation in a crowded hotel at the seashore, she went on a farm, cut twenty acres of prairie hay, harvested forty acres of wheat, gained twenty pounds in weight, a coat of tan for her hands and face, and a rugged health that cannot be equalled anywhere off a farm. That's the girl you are looking for, young man."

Now, what I want to say: I am well acquainted with this young school marm. Fact is, it was my farm she spent the summer on Nice girl, Ella is, as ever run wild in the sun. We was glad, wife an' me, to have her come, an' she did 'bout as she pleased on the farm I'd often read in the papers 'bout these young women that taught school in the winter and farmed in the summer, but I never had any experiences of 'em before.

Well, sir, she farmed. First day, nothin'd do but she must drive the hoss rake. Well, every man and woman that comes from town wants to drive the hoss rake, an' they call that gettin' in the hay. My little Janey, eleven years old next May, usually drives the rake for us, but she ain't been feelin' overly peart this summer, an' I kinder kept her out of the sun. So Miss Ella gits herself boosted up on the hoss rake—my boy Joe he boosted her—an' then she screamed and fell off; then she got on again, hit the hoss a crack an' away she went on the dead jump out o' the field into the road, hoss a-goin', dust a flyin', and Miss Ella screechin'. Some of the men headed her off an' stopped the hoss. Then she tried it again. This time she stuck right through the standin' grass where it was tallest and thickest, and tangledest; hoss a balkin' and' tuggin' away by turns, grass holdin' on or comin' up by the roots, rake teeth a snappin'.

We got her out of that, an' lost a whole day on the rake, gettin' it mended.

Then she tried drivin' a load into the big barn. Had to send to the house for a ladder, an' then all the men had to go clear out of the field while she climbed up on the load. Drivin' in, she got the wagon caught in a hedge gap as wide as the Missouri River, run over two stands of bees, upset the load and buried herself under three hundred pounds of hay. It was the safest place for her under the excitin' circumstances; so we just left her there until the bees got calmed down, an' we got some work done.

Next load she went in on, and then turned all of the men out of the barn while she climbed up into the mow, an' then she wandered around until she stepped into a chute an' shot out about twenty-eight feet into the cow barn, and lit right on the back of a Jersey calf that was worth two hundred and fifty dollars of any man's money, an hour before.

Miss Ella wa'n't killed, but she was that jammed up that she lay in bed two days, an' but for that providence, we'd hev been workin' at that hay yet. An' anybody that wants a broken-back calf can have one at his own figgers.

Well, come wheat harvest, she must drive the self binder. That was a little too risky, but she had her own way. But she couldn't be trusted up above the knives, so somebody had to set up there an' hold her on. My boy Joe held her on—I told Joe she was a mak'n a fool of him—an' if she didn't make him drive around every poppy an' every blossomin' weed in that field, to save it. Never mind the wheat, but save the blamed weeds.

There was only one stump on that three hundred and twenty acres of prairie land—just one stump—an' I hope I may go to seed before Thanksgivin' if that girl didn't run into it an' break the reaper. We lost a'l the rest of that day mendin' it.

An' yet, we all liked the girl. But the idee of her farmin'! Why, do you know, sir, one day in hayin' she went to town—took one of my best work horses an' was gone all day—an' came home with 'bout twenty yards of blue an' white ribbons, an' tied it on the men's hats, and the rake handles, an' wanted us all to wear biled shirts, with the sleeves looped up with blue ribbon, an' go marchin' out to the hay-field, me at the head, with the most an' longest ribbons, a singin':

"We are merry haymakers, tra, la, la, la, la!"

She saw it done that way once in a concert or theatre, an' thought that was the way hayin' was always done. An' she was so vexed that she cried when we wouldn't wear 'em.

Law, when I put on that hat, ma laid back an' laughed till the tears ran down her dear old cheeks

"Job Thistlepod," she said, "if you go out an' work in that rig, you'll scare away the grasshoppers."

My boy Joe, he did wear his hat out, but he hid it under a hedge when he got out of sight of the house.

I told Joe he was the biggest fool I ever see.

Well, Miss Ella got along fairly well after wheat harvest. She gathered some "graceful sprays," she called 'em, of poison ivy, one day, and couldn't see out of one eye for nigh a week.

One day she took a tin pail to go out after berries, and when she went through the cow pasture the cows saw her and thought there was salt in the pail, and they chased her till she was nigh ready to drop.

And she went to the barn once an' tried to harness a young Tuckahoe colt that had never had a halter on him; an' now she got out of that stable alive is more than I can ever tell you.

But what I wanted to say, is, that that's about the way the young women who farm so graceful in the newspapers, usually farm on the farm. But we liked her, an' we hated to see her go. An' she will make a splendid wife for some man, if she can't run a farm; but I don't know about your young men comin' out to look after her, for when she said good-bye to me to go back to town, she throwed her arms around my neck, an' give me a kiss, an' I says to my boy Joe, standin' by the wagon to take her to town, he was always somewhere round,

"Joe," I says, "you'd give your share in the farm for that!"

But Joe, he didn't seem to care for anything of the kind, an' Miss Ella, she up an' give me another squeeze an' a kiss, an' I saw her lookin' over my shoulder at my boy Joe, and—haw! haw! haw!

At least one ton of gold is buried in the graves of the dead every year.

In all imitations of the Myrtle Navy tobacco yet attempted, either inferior stock has been used or the plug has been made a trifle lighter in weight. The latter defect is apt to escape the attention of the consumer until he finds that he is smoking a greater number of plugs than before. The Myrtle Navy is made three plugs to the pound and each plug is carefully weighed.

To meet the requirements of a classic figure a lady should be 5 feet 4½ inches tall, 32 inches bust measure, 24 inches waist, 9 inches from armpit to waist, long arms and neck. A queenly woman, however, should be 5 feet 5 inches tall, 31 inches about the bust, 26½ about the waist, 35 over the hips, 11½ inches around the ball of the arm and 6½ inches around the wrist. Her hands and feet should not be too small.

A WESTERN DESPERADO.

The Person who Shot Ten Men in Ten Minutes.

An Eastern journal recently published an account of the shooting of eight Texans by Matt Riley in Kansas some years ago. The article concluded with the statement that Riley, some years after the tragedy described, was attacked with paralysis and died in the Eastern States. Riley did not die in the East, but, on the contrary, is alive and a resident of San Francisco, where he has lived the greatest portion of the time since his celebrated adventures in Kansas caused a sensation throughout the Southwest Matt Riley, or Matt Foster—the latter being his right name—was at the date of the occurrence referred to one of the most noted and desperate of the professional fighters and gamblers of the West. He was about 30 years old, and in physique the counterpart of the redoubtable John L. of Boston His whole life has been passed in scenes of rough adventure. When a boy he entered the civil war on the Confederate side, being a native of Arkansas, and finally graduated as a full-fledged bushwhacker. At the burning of Lawrence, Kan., he obtained a considerable share of booty, and, growing tired of fighting for his party, concluded to do something for himself. At that time the sparse population and peculiar conditions of life in Kansas offered great inducements to a desperate man, and Riley made the great State his abode. He filled several positions—was Sheriff of Ellsworth and was deputy marshal at Newton at the time of the sensational adventure with the Texans. McClusky, the Marshal of the town, was Riley's partner.

Riley had formed McClusky's acquaintance at Laramie, where he met him in company with some of the most desperate characters that ever infested the West. Subsequently McClusky and Riley met on the Atchison and Topeka road, and they became partners in the preservation of the peace and the proprietors of a hurdy-gurdy and gambling house at Newton. On the day of McClusky's death Riley had been out hunting a horse thief, and got back in the afternoon. While standing outside the dance house he noticed that the place was doing a lively business. There were eight women dancing on the floor and as many more peddling drinks, and the cowboy element was numerous and uproarious. McClusky was sitting on a chair with his back to the wall looking at the proceedings, when of a sudden a party of Texans who had planned to kill him sprang forward from the crowd and began to shoot at him. McClusky had killed one of their men some time before, but was wholly unsuspicious of an attack, and he was

RIDDLED WITH BULLETS

before he could draw his pistol. The desperate character of the man asserted itself in the death agony, and his last movement was to cock his pistol and point it at his assailants. He had not strength to press the trigger, however, and fell on his face, dead.

At the first report of the Texans' pistols, Riley started for the dance house. His quick eye took in the tragic situation of his partner at a glance, and in an instant he had seized the nearest Texan by the neck, and, holding him up before him as a living target opened a fusillade on the assassins. When the firing ceased there were nine men lying on the floor dead and wounded. When Riley loosened the grasp of his herculean arm from the neck of his human shield the tenth victim of the terrible encounter dropped lifeless to the boards.

Riley formed a partnership with the notorious Jack Wiggins, and opened a large saloon in Salt Lake City. On the opening night a Mormon known as Dutch John, who figured as a destroying angel, entered the saloon and intimated to Wiggins that no Gentile would be allowed to run such an establishment in the city. Some hot words following, the destroying angel seized a bottle and hurled it through the large mirror behind the bar, shivering the glass into fragments. Wiggins had his pistol out almost before the destroying angel swung the bottle, and the crash of glass was drowned in the report of a shot that sent

DUTCH JOHN TO ETERNITY.

For the inauspicious incident of the opening night Wiggins was arrested and sentenced to death.

With that lofty consideration which distinguished Mormon justice, Wiggins was given the choice of death by hanging or shooting. He chose the rope, although exhorted by his rough friends to select the bullet as the most expedient and respectable agent of extinction. When reasoned with by Riley, he stated that he preferred to be hanged, "for," said he, "I've seen many a good man shot, and I want to see one hanged."

A few days before the day of execution Riley managed to secure an opportunity for Wiggins to break jail, which that worthy improved with alacrity. The fugitive was concealed for eight days in the cellar under the Hotel. Riley had sold his saloon and spent all his money to secure the escape of Wiggins. He had hired a notorious character named Bill Bean to take the fugitive to Evanston, Wy. T., on horseback, as from that point he could get East in safety. On the night when Bean was to have taken Wiggins away the latter asked Riley to give him his pistol, as he had only two of his own, and he wanted another for Bean, whom he expected to fight for him if necessary. Riley refused at first, as the pistol was an old friend, but finally yielded to Wiggins's importunities and handed him the weapon. The moment Wiggins got the pistol he became almost insane with passion, and, seizing Riley, thrust the muzzle of the cocked revolver down the latter's throat till it nearly choked him. Before Wiggins could carry out his threat to

BLOW THE HEAD OFF HIS PARTNER

Bean and others interfered, and Riley made his escape. He at once went to his lodgings, and, getting another pistol, rushed back to the cellar, but Wiggins had set out on his journey and tragedy was averted. It subsequently transpired that Wiggins was jealous of Riley, whom he suspected of paying attention to his enamorata while he was hiding from the officers of the law in the cellar. After escaping from Utah Wiggins could not rest. He soon made his whereabouts known by several daring escapades, and was finally arrested and taken back to Salt Lake. He again escaped and some years after he was shot in a row in New Mexico.

Riley moved to Nevada from Salt Lake City, and figured in that section as a monte gambler and a hard case generally. He finally descended on San Francisco, and, in conjunction with Charles Merion, better known as Boston Charley, a swell mobsman, now serving a term in an Eastern penitentiary, opened the first bunco shop in San Francisco, and did a thriving business, the capital being furnished by some business men of the city. While in this avocation Riley, alias Foster, fell desperately in love with a 16-year-old girl of Hebrew descent, and finally married her, despite the opposition of her parents, when she was scarcely 16 years of age. After this exploit he settled down to the comparatively quiet life of a faro dealer, in which profession he became paralyzed under remarkably strange circumstances. One night when dealing "a flyer" a gambler won eleven straight bets. Foster, for by that name he was then known, burst into the wildest profanity, and wound up his exhibition of anger with the wish that he might be paralyzed if the man won the next bet. The man won, and as the faro box dropped from the nerveless hand of the dealer the players looked at him in horror, for he was stricken

HELPLESS WITH PARALYSIS

of the left side. Some time after the broken-down desperado, no longer a stalwart specimen of humanity, but a poor cripple tottering on crutches, was committed to the almshouse by his wife. It seemed impossible that he could ever again return to the world, but the tremendous vitality of the man brought him back from the jaws of death, and he is again struggling for a living, a cripple sustained only by the hope that he may somehow regain the affections of his former wife, now separated from him by divorce and married again.

Gone with a Handsomer Man.

JOHN.

I've worked in the field all day, a-plowin' the "stoney streak;"
I've scolded my team till I'm hoarse; Ive tramped till my legs are weak;
I've choked a dozen swears (so's not to tell Jane fibs)
When the plow-p'int struck a stone and the handles punched my ribs.

I've put my team in the barn, and rubbed the sweaty coats;
I've fed em a heap of hay and half a bushel of oats.
And to see the way they eat makes me like eating feel,
And Jane won't say to-night that I don't make out a meal.

Well said! the door is locked! but here she's left the key,
Under the steps, in a place known only to her and me;
I wonder who's dyin' or dead, that she's hustled off pell-mell;
But here on the table's a note, and probably this will tell.

Good God! my wife is gone! my wife is gone astray!
The letter it says, "Good-bye, for I'm going away!
I've lived with you six months, John, and so far I've been true;
But I'm going away to-day with a handsomer man than you."

A han'somer man than me! Why, that ain't much to say;
There's han'somer men than me go past here every day,
There's han'somer men than me—I ain't of the han'some kind;
But a *lovin'er* man than I was I guess you'll never find.

Curse her! curse her! I say, and give my curses wings!
May the words of love I've spoken be changed to scorpion stings!
And now, with a scratch of a pen, she's let my heart's blood out!
Oh, she filled my heart with joy, she emptied my heart of doubt.

Curse her! curse her! say I; she'll sometime rue this day;
She'll sometime learn that hate is a game that two can play;
And long before she dies she'll grieve she ever was born;
And I'll plow her grave with hate, and seed it down to scorn!

As sure as the world goes on, there'll come a time when she
Will read the devilish heart of the han'somer man than me
And there'll be a time when he will find as others do,
That she who is false to one can be the same with two.

And when her face grows pale, and when her eyes grow dim,
And when he is tired of her and she is tired of him,
She'll do what she ought to have done and coolly count the cost;
And then she'll see things clear, and know what she has lost.

And thoughts that are now asleep will wake up in her mind,
And she will mourn and cry for what she has lef behind;
And maybe she'll sometimes long for me—for me—but no!
And yet in her girlish heart there was something or other she had
That fastened a man to her, and wasn't entirely bad,
And she loved me a little, i think, although it didn't last;
But I mustn't think of these things—Ive buried 'em in the past.

I'll take my hard words back, nor make a bad matter worse;
She'll have trouble enough she shall not have my curse;
But I'll live a life so square—and I well know that I can—
That she always will sorry be that she went with that han'somer man.

Ah, here is her kitchen dress! it makes my poor eyes blur;
It seems when I look at that, as if 'twas holdin' her.
And here are her weekday shoes, and there is her week-day hat,
And yonder's her weddin' gown; I wonder she didn't take that.

'Twas only this morning she came and called me her "dearest dear,"
And said I was makin' for her a regular paradise here;
O God! if you want a man to sense the pains of hell,
Before you pitch him in just keep him in heaven a spell!

Good-bye! I wish that death had severed us two apart,
You've lost a worshipper here—you've crushed a lovin' heart.
I'll worship no woman again; but I guess I'll learn to pray,
And kneel as *you* used to kneel before you ran away.

And I thought if I could bring my words on heaven to bear,
And if I thought I had some little influence there,
I would pray that I might be, if it only could be so,
As happy and gay as I was half an hour ago.

JANE (*entering*).

Why, John, what's the litter here! you've thrown things all around;
Come, what's the matter now? and what've you lost or found?
And, here's my father here, a waiting for supper, too;
I've been a riding with him—he's that "handsomer man than you."

Ha! ha! Pa, take a seat, while I put the kettle on
And get things ready for tea, and kiss my dear old John.
Why, John you look so strange! Come, what has crossed your track?
I was only a-joking, you know; I'm willing to take it back

JOHN (*aside*).

Well, now, if this *ain't* a joke with rather a bitter cream!
It seems as if I'd woke from a mighty ticklish dream;
And I think she "smells a rat," for she smiles at me so queer;
I hope she don't; good Lord! I hope that they didn't hear!

'Twas one of her practical drives—she thought I'd understand!
But I'll never break sod again till I get the lay of the land.
But one thing's settled with me—to appreciate heaven well,
'Tis good for a man to have some fifteen minutes in hell.

From the Red to the Bow River.

The Southern route through Manitoba from the Red River westward has been well brought before the notice of the reading public and is the portion of the province which is most densely settled. Along the river south of the capital we have the railway towns of Emerson and Morris besides several villages where railways have not reached. In this stretch we have the houses of the old settlers and native farmers with their narrow river frontage and in many respects the appearance they presented forty years ago. On the other hand the two railway towns mentioned show the effects of more enterprise than judgment. Morris had at one time a population of some six hundred, but has not much more than half of that number now. It has suffered severely from overbooming, and is only now beginning to show a reaction of a favorable kind. It is surrounded by a beautiful country, which may be looked upon as one of the best agricultural districts in Manitoba, and now that the boom ideas of its speculators have been rudely wiped out, its healthy growth is setting in. It must yet take its place as a market town of some importance and there are points about it which renders it attractive to the capitalist looking for an industrial location. With the main line of the C. P. R. Southwestern running through it, and the Red River nigh at hand it has good shipping facilities for manufacturing concerns. At present its business institutions number about twenty, and include a flour mill which has been sometime silent. Emerson, the gateway city of Manitoba, is another point where over speculation has lain like a load upon progress, and seldom has a town suffered so much from bubble speculations. It has its fine business blocks, some of them built by scheming speculators who never paid for them, and thereby forced quite a number of traders into insolvency, and has altogether the appearance of a town of considerable pretensions. At one time its population was considerably over 3,000 but now does not number more than 1,500. Besides having every facility for business in the way of buildings it has a well settled country tributary to it, and but for the scheming of speculators would now have been a prosperous town, and contending for the position of second trade point in the province. It is the key to the Northwest by the river route, and will yet be a busy point of transfer, especially in the event of the Hudson's Bay Railway being constructed. Its prospects are good for the future, and there are evidences that a better era has set in, and that the town will from this move on towards prosperity. It has still nearly forty places of business of every kind including a flour mill, a saw mill, a brewery and several small industrial institutions, and has good solid business men, who will survive to see the day of rushing prosperity.

From Emerson westward we advance into the garden of the Northwest, the famed Southern Manitoba, acknowledged by all who have been through it to be the finest grain raising country in the world. From Gretna north and west to Morden is the first fine stretch of this district, and at the latter place we leave the beautiful natural valley, which the energy and industry of the Mennonite settlers from Russia have made a huge grain field. In Gretna the boundary town there are some sixteen business places, and an amount of business is done which would only be credited by those who have been frequently there in winter, and seen the long lines of grain laden wagons coming to market. Although unpretentious in appearance, Gretna is undoubtedly a wonder from a business point of view, especially when we consider that its population does not exceed one hundred and fifty.

At Morden the end of the Mennonite settlement is reached, and the town itself draws its trade from a country settled by people from different countries, and all settled on farms, which for grain raising advantages have no equals outside of Southern Manitoba. The town has a population of about 400, and has over forty business institutions in it. It is as yet too young to have any important industrial institutions, but these must come in time, while at present it is probably the best grain point of its size in the whole Canadian Northwest. About seven miles from it stands the remains of the town of Nelson, which promises soon to be a thing of the past, nearly all its merchants having moved into Morden with their effects.

Leaving Morden for the west by rail, we commence the ascent from the valley to the table land above, passing through the villages of Thornhill and Dalingford, and surrounded by waving grain fields as far as the eye can see, we in time reach Manitou the present terminus of the Pembina Mountain section of the C. P. R. Here we have a population of at least 500, and over thirty places of business. As Morden is the grain market of the valley, so Manitou is the grain market of the upland plateau on which it is located. It is simply dropped in the centre of a huge grain field, so to speak, and is a rushing western town in every respect. Like Morden it is too young for important industries, but its day of industrial growth cannot be far distant.

From Manitou westward the work of extending the railway is now going onward, while millions of bushels of grain are waiting to be carried out of the country beyond. On the western side of the Pembina Valley, which is crossed about ten miles west of Manitou, there are numerous villages awaiting the approach of the locomotive, some of which may be fortunate enough to secure a station, while others are likely soon to be numbered among the towns of the past. We have Pilot Mound with some twenty business institutions including a mill, where several thoroughly enterprising business men can be found with their stores around the base of the mound which over-hangs the place. Then there is Crystal City with nearly as many business houses, Clearwater with about a dozen, and quite a number of smaller villages scattered along the north side of the proposed new line until Souris is reached, and on the south side of it away down to the Turtle Mountain district, where hundreds of settlers have for years been waiting anxiously for a line of railway.—*Winnipeg Commercial.*

DEATH VALLEY.

A Region Where Men Die of Thirst Though Water be Within Reach.

The name is fearfully suggestive, and yet few places in the world deserve their appellations so well as does the Death Valley of California. A region where a man can die of thirst while he has water within his reach, more than he can drink, may well bear the most terrible title that can be given it; and this name—Death Valley—given from the first known event in its history, thirty-five years ago, will doubtless cling to the spot to the end of time

It is in the southeastern part of Inyo county, California, and the point at which the meridian of 116 degrees 45 minutes west, crosses 36 degrees 10 minutes north is as nearly as possible in its centre of horrors. Probably only one other spot of which we have any knowledge, the Guevo Upas, or Vale of Poison, in Java, exceeds the fatality of Death Valley. The valley itself is forty miles by eight, running nearly north and south, and every portion of this is desert and barren in the extreme, as is in fact the entire surrounding country; but a narrow central space along the eastern side, about fifteen miles in length, embodies the typical features of their highest intensity. Into this very few persons have ever gone, that is, who returned to tell the tale, and what is here related pertains to the higher and comparatively moderate parts toward the borders of the valley.

The dangers are the result of atmospheric conditions solely. Lack of water may be a fatal evil, but this can be avoided; supplies of water may be carried, or better still, it is now tolerably well ascertained, that water is available by sinking even shallow wells in much the greater extent of the upper portions of the valley. But the water fails to afford its usual life giving value from two causes. The first of these is the heat. Of course this is moderated during two or three of the Winter months, and for that space of time a residence on the borders of Death Valley is possible without any exceeding great risk. But this soon passes away, and the furnace is in blast. By about April the average (of day and night) is from 90 to 95 degrees; by May it is 95 to 100 degrees, and a little later it averages over 100 degrees, reaching often 120 to 125 degrees in the coolest place that can be found. If this was with a damp atmosphere it would stifle any human life with great rapidity, but a certain amount of dryness enables it to be borne with more safety.

Here, however, comes in the second of the two evils which have been indicated, the intense dryness of the atmosphere. This is so excessive as to be in many instances fatal, in spite of every precaution. The writer has never tested the full severity of this feature in Death Valley itself, but his experience along its immediate border renders him ready to give full credence to the statement that many cases of death have occurred "when water was plenty, but could not be drunk fast enough to supply the drain caused by the desiccative power of the dry, hot air." In fact, in one instance he himself nearly reached that condition, and a few hours longer of the heat and dryness would have placed his own name among those of its victims.

It has been said that birds drop dead in attempting to cross the valley. Mr. Hawkins, who visited it in 1882, says that he "picked up, at different times, two little birds, a mile or so from water, whose bodies were still warm, having evidently but just dropped dead." The bodies of men and their horses are liable to be encountered at any time; and in one case with water still in there canteens, and a supply of food as well, showing that the climate was the cause of death.

With these facts in view, it is not unreasonable to say that the name Death Valley is well bestowed. And if this is the state of things on the elevated borders, ranging from 1 200 to 2 000 feet and more above the sea, what must be the heat and dryness in the very focus? For one of the additional wonders of Death Valley is that its central region lies away below the level of the sea. There is perhaps no other spot on the globe which at so great a distance from the ocean reaches such a depression—119 feet. The Dead Sea, with the gorges of the Jordan and the Arabah, of course greatly exceeds this, but it is not widely separated from the eastern parallel border of the Mediterranean.

The sea is salt because of the great quantities of chloride of sodium washed into it from the mountains.

STATISTICAL.

The Prince of Wales has 75 uniforms and a score of official costumes, as Governor of the Charter House, President of the Society of Arts and innumerable other distinctions. His dress by which he is chiefly known, that of an ordinary English gentleman, adds many costumes to a wardrobe which would enchant the most fastidious dandy.

There are existing more than forty Egyptian obelisks; many of them are fallen and broken. There are seventeen of them in Italy, seven in England, two in France, two in Constantinople, and one in America. The smallest is at Berlin, which is twenty-five and a half inches high. An unfinished one in the quarries at Syene is estimated to weigh 1,500,000 pounds.

The centre of population in the United States is moving rapidly westward. It is now a little to the south of Cincinnati, having long since crossed the Alleghanies. The movement has been about 44.5 miles west for every mile south. In 1890 the movement westward will probably be even greater, and so rapid has been the settlement of the North west, the centre of population will be farther north than at present.

The people of the United States drink about two gallons of liquor for every bushel of wheat they consume. According to official reports the liquor annually consumed includes 69,156,903 gallons of spirits, 19,185,953 barrels of fermented liquor, and 20,508,345 gallons of wine. Estimating the population at about 58,000,000, the average consumption appears to be about 1.2 gallons of whiskey for each person yearly, over 10.25 gallons of beer, and .35 of a gallon of wine. The quantity of beer consumed appears to be about 595,000,000 gallons.

The Czar Alexander I. died Dec. 1, 1825. In 1833, his friend and adviser, M. Arantcheieff, deposited in the Imperial Bank of Russia fifty thousand roubles (about $37,500) to remain at interest till the hundredth anniversary of Alexander's death, when three-fourths of the sum is to be awarded by the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences to the person who shall write the best history of his reign, and one-fourth reserved for the expenses of publication. At four per cent. interest, the whole amount will be 1,439,220 roubles, or $1,079,415. Perhaps the child is already born who is to receive this vast honorarium.

Few persons are aware of the extensive nature of the victualing on board the great ocean steamers. Each vessel is provisioned as follows for the passengers and crew: Three thousand five hundred pounds of butter, 3000 hams, 1600 pounds of biscuits, exclusive of those supplied for the crew; 8000 pounds of grapes, almonds, figs and other dessert fruits; 1500 pounds of jam and jellies; tinned meats, 6000 pounds; dried beans, 3000 pounds; rice, 3000 pounds; onions, 5000 pounds; potatoes, 40 tons; flour, 300 barrels, and eggs, 1200 dozen. Fresh vegetables, meats and live bullocks, sheep, pigs, geese, turkey, ducks, fowls, fish and game are generally supplied at each port, so that it is difficult to estimate them.

The Launch of England's Crack Cruiser.

A large gathering of spectators assembled in the dockyard at Chatham to witness the launch of her Majesty's ship Severn. This vessel, when completed, will be one of the most important additions which have been made to the royal navy. The Severn is an unarmored fast steel cruiser, belonging to the class of the twin screw protected corvette, which includes the Thames and the Mersey. She is a more powerful vessel than the cruisers of the Leander type, and possesses greater steam power. The principle followed in her construction has been that of the water-tight hull, and the main object which the designers have had in view is to guard as much as possible the boilers, engines, and magazines from danger.

The Severn has been about two years in the course of construction, and is estimated to cost about £160,000. If the anticipations of her designers are realized, it is believed she will turn out to be one of the fastest cruisers in the service. Her principal dimensions are as follows: Length between the perpendiculars, 300 feet; extreme breadth, 46 feet; mean draught of water, 17 feet 9 inches; load displacement, 3,600 tons. Her armament will consist of two 8 inch breech-loading guns, ten 6 inch breech-loading guns, one 9-pounder boat and field gun, one 7-pounder boat and field gun, six 1-inch Nordenfelt guns, and two-forty-inch Gardner guns. She will carry Whitehead torpedoes, and discharge them above and below water on each broadside. Although the hull is unarmored, the vessel is provided with a nine-inch thick armor steel-faced conning tower, steel protective horizontal deck plating two inches thick, and three inches of the same on slopes. She will be fitted with horizontal compound engines of 6,000 indicated horse power, made by Messrs. Humphry, Tennant & Co., of Deptford. There are two propellers, and the vessel is estimated to attain a speed of 17½ knots per hour. The authorized complement of her coal bunkers is 500 tons, and accommodation is provided for 300 officers and men.

Three o'clock was the hour appointed for the proceedings to begin. As the hour approached a large staff of workmen made all preparations for the christening ceremony, which was performed by Miss Daisy Watson, daughter of Admiral Watson, C. B., Admiral Superintendent of the dockyard. Prayers having been read by the Rev. Mr. Dearden, a signal was given by the chief constructor, in response to which Miss Watson moved the lever holding the ropes. As the last support was knocked away a pause of a minute or two occurred, during which the vessel remained fast on the stocks. There was a momentary bustle and a flicker of excitement; but presently the vessel, obeying the slight pressure which had been applied to it, began to move from the fastenings which had retained it so long, and amid a storm of enthusiastic cheers slid swiftly into the Medway. As the Severn got fairly out of the slip the cheers were again renewed; the royal standard, the union jack, and the Admiralty flag were hoisted on board the cruiser, and the band of the Royal Marines brought the proceedings to a close by playing "Rule, Britannia."

It is expected that the Severn will be ready for her first commission in a few months.

The itinerant eye doctor of India performs his operations with a confident celerity which the more civilized oculist would call recklessness. As he enters a town he bawls, "Do you want back your sight?—one rupee only." When a customer appears he takes out his penknife and performs the operation while standing in the open square. Then he binds up the wound, tells his patient to keep in the dark for a fortnight, and pockets his rupee. A writer in *Chambers' Journal*, who describes this proceeding, says that it is almost always successful; one of his own servants, a woman of 80, was in this way successfully operated upon for cataract.

They do queer things in Switzerland, considering that the Swiss eulogize their country as "the land of liberty." The children of poor people are regularly hired out by auction in most of the cantons. There was a most painful scene recently in the market place of Biel, a town near Berne, where, in spite of the heartrending entreaties of a widowed mother, her four young children, ranging from 2 to 10, were "placed" out for a year to the highest bidder by the public crier; the family being thus broken up and separated for fear lest the woman should be compelled to seek for assistance from the town.

Sergeant Elison, one of the victims of the Greely expedition, was an enthusiastic botanist, and collected some very rare Arctic plants, two of which had never been classified. The plants are from six inches to two feet in height, and under a magnifying glass present a very beautiful appearance. Of the thirty-two classified specimens, all but two were flowering plants. At the latitude at which they were gathered (81° 44) the sun is quite warm in July and August, and vegetation, though stunted and short lived, is not a rarity.

FOR DAISY'S SAKE.

BY NORAH LAUGHER, TORONTO.

Author of "Pansy," "Homeless," "Lady Ingledine's Sin," etc., etc.

At the moss grown rustic gate of the picturesque, sweet smelling, old-fashioned garden of the Glebe Farm two lovers were standing. The golden June sunlight streamed through the wide branches of the apple trees upon them. The one, a tall, fair-haired, broad-shouldered young man, evidently a well-to-do yeoman, the other, a slight, golden haired girl of not more than seventeen summers.

The rich mild rose color of the girl's dimpled cheeks deepened, and the dark blue eyes drooped sadly at something she was listening to. At last she replied: "Philip I think you are rather unkind to me; if you had only spoken thus last week I would have refused the invitation; but now, I have promised to go and it is so long since I had a dance, you are very, very cruel to me."

"Well, well, Daisy, don't think any more of what I have said, dear, but go and enjoy yourself," said Philip Ashlin, kindly, harshly blaming himself for the jealous feeling creeping into his heart, for he could not bear to see tears on the lovely, child-like face of his future bride. "Go and be happy, darling," and taking her in his strong young arms he kissed her tenderly, and then with a weary, troubled sigh he walked away to his own farm a mile distant.

Philip Ashlin sighed heavily, knowing that Daisy Vernon could not love him as deeply as he loved her or she would not care to attend the dance at the Hall when he was not included in the invitation.

The Hall at Westleigh was occupied—as it had been for many centuries—by the Westleigh family. The present Lord Westleigh was to give a tenants' ball that evening, to which Miss Vernon, as a friend of one of the tenant's daughters, was invited.

Anthony Vernon, although not a wealthy man, was of a good family and farmed his own estate; he had been a widower for many years and Daisy was his only child.

The ball room at the Hall presented a brilliant sight, many of the aristocracy of the neighborhood gracing it to mingle for a few hours with the tenants of their friend. The lamps shone on many lovely women, but on none so fair as the golden-haired Daisy Vernon, who was clad in a simple white muslin robe with a single white rose nestling in her flossy curls.

"Who is that lovely child?" enquired a tall, handsome man of some thirty-five years, with a dark moustache and a somewhat military look. "Introduce me will you, West leigh?"

"Captain Beaumont, Miss Vernon," repeated Lord Westleigh, introducing his friend after he had himself shaken hands with Daisy.

As Captain Beaumont bowed low she thought "what a handsome and distinguished looking man, and"—with a little sigh—"how different he is to Philip."

Taking Daisy's card, Captain Beaumont wrote his name upon it for three round dances, of which the next waltz was one.

"Thank you very much, Miss Vernon," said he when it was ended, "that is the most delicious dance I have ever had. But let me take you to the conservatory; it is so much cooler there."

Placing Daisy on a seat near a large fountain he entertained her with interesting anecdotes of camp life and peculiar people he had met abroad, noting with pleasure each emotional feeling betrayed in the lovely sensitive face at his side.

Captain Beaumont bit his nether lip savagely, and a Mephistophilian look came into his dark eyes as he tried not to appear angry at the intrusion of a servant who sometime afterwards entered with a message for him. "If you please, sir, Mrs. Beaumont desires to speak to you."

"Your wife," faltered Daisy, with a deep blush and a shy, frightened look in her dark blue eyes.

"No, Miss Vernon, you do not think I am married, surely. Mrs Beaumont is my cousin's wife. I will take you back to the ball room while I go and speak to her."

The handsome, bronzed face of Captain Beaumont haunted Daisy's vision all the next day. He had asked permission to call at the Glebe Farm, but several days passed and he had not done so.

Daisy was walking homeward slowly through the Westleigh woods one evening when she heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs behind her. Turning round she beheld Captain Beaumont, who instantly alighted to greet her. Retaining her small hand he drew it through his arm, and as she listened to the soft, false, musical voice, the homely, honest face of Philip Ashlin was entirely forgotten.

Captain Beaumont had much to relate and was, he said, just then on his way to call at the Glebe Farm. "But is it not much better, Daisy, that we met here instead? Tell me, little one, that you are pleased to see me." Failing to make the sweet blue eyes meet his passionate dark orbs, he placed his arm caressingly around Daisy's waist; but the poor child grew shy and frightened and bursting into bitter tears she told him of her engagement to Philip Ashlin.

Cecil Beaumont kissed away the tears from the pretty, blushing face now nestling confidingly on his breast, while he told her she should never be the wife of a poor country farmer.

"Philip is not poor, Captain Beaumont, and he loves me."

"But you do not love him, Daisy, and *somebody* loves you better than he does. Do you love me well enough, darling, to leave your home and come with me?" Gathering her passionately in his arms, he kissed over and over again the pansy-like eyes and childish red lips, while he explained to her that for a time their marriage must be kept secret, as he was but the youngest son of Lord Garston, who had other matrimonial views for him and having but small income from the Army he greatly feared disinheritance.

Week after week passed by with repeated secret meetings in the Westleigh woods, for Captain Beaumont rarely called openly at the Glebe Farm.

One day poor Daisy, listening to the musical, pleading voice of her lover, and beneath the power of his passionate, dark eyes, forgot everything—her white-haired old father and the honest, true heart of Philip Ashlin, who loved her so faithfully—forgot everything but the handsome, dark, pleading face before her and at last with many tears, promised to consent to his wish of a secret marriage.

Before the last load of golden sheaves was gathered into the barn of the Glebe Farm, Daisy Vernon had fled from her home; fled, leaving a tiny note for her heart broken father, begging his and Philip's forgiveness, and telling him she should soon see him again, as Cecil had promised shortly to acknowledge her openly as his wife and bring her back to Westleigh as such.

That night the red light of the autumn sun streamed through the lattice of the farm house upon the bowed head of old Anthony Vernon, and upon the passionate, pitying face—now anything but homely—of Philip Ashlin, who, kneeling beside the old man, lifted his eyes to Heaven and swore solemnly before God that he would have the life of this man who, although married, had contrived by his artful wiles to win the heart of the simple, trusting girl who was to have been his bride.

The Christmas snow lay thickly upon a newly made grave in Westleigh churchyard when Philip Ashlin sadly betook himself to London in search of his lost love, poor, misguided Daisy. But, although he traced her to that great city and searched with the aid of detectives almost night and day, he failed to get a clue to her whereabouts.

Months dragged on and at the end of May he was still perseveringly trying to find her, when he saw in the newspapers that Captain Beaumont had joined his regiment and sailed for Africa. "But where was Daisy? Dead? Oh, would to God that were possible," he thought as with a heavy heart he returned to Westleigh. In the evening as he entered the village he paused at the gate of the churchyard and mournfully neared the grave whose new marble slab told the name of Anthony Vernon. In the waning light he was horrified to find the body of a woman lying senseless on the daisy-grown mound. He raised her tenderly in his arms, for he knew it was Daisy. Daisy! but ah, how different was the pale, emaciated form resting against his heart to the blooming, lovely girl who had so cruelly thrown away his love to choose the Dead Sea fruit—the poisonous ashes of false vows instead.

"I will win her love now," he vowed as he kissed the closed eyelids and pale lips, "and, please God, as my honored wife she shall be happy once more. Daisy, my love, my love, look up, speak to me, only one little word? It is I, Philip. Daisy, my darling, speak to me!" But Philip Ashlin pleaded in vain; Daisy Vernon was dead!

* * * * * * * *

Near to a Hottentot *kraal* in Central Africa an English regiment had encamped.

Far away from the encampment the glaring sun shone down on the tall form of a man—an officer—shot through the heart. His handsome, bronzed face was still damp with the dew of death, but the dark, glassy eyes still wore their cruel Mephistophilian look.

The tall form and passionate fair face of another soldier—evidently an inferior—bent over him, who, with a wild agonizing cry raised his eyes to Heaven as he fell on his knees. "At last my oath is fulfilled. Oh, Daisy, my love, my love, for your sake, God forgive me; this is my revenge."

Ashamed of Her.

In traveling, chance words and incidents some times open to us whole volumes of tragedy. For example, take the following fragments noted some years ago by a passenger on a railway train in the West, on which a fatal accident occurred. A little blonde woman, very much over dressed, was languidly nibbling cake and sipping champagne at her lunch in the palace car, when her husband entered.

"Daisy," he said, "your mother is getting on the train."

"Oh, good gracious, where?" she exclaimed angrily.

He pointed to a tall, ungainly woman in shabby clothes, going into a second-class car.

"Had I not better bring her into this car?" he said. "There are some rough fellows in that one."

"Does she know we are on the train?"

"No."

"Then never mind. I *can't* introduce mamma to the Schallers," glancing at some of her companions.

The train rushed on, and the woman who had married out of poverty into a fashionable set, while she laughed and jested with her new friends, wore an uneasy face that showed her terror lest her mother should disgrace her. Her husband said presently,—"Your mother will want lunch, Daisy. Suppose I"——

"Oh, let her alone! She always takes a brown paper parcel with chunks of bread and Bologna sausage. She likes that sort of thing."

An hour or two latter a jarring crash resounded through the Pullman cars. Women shrieked, and men rushed to the door as the train stopped. A brakesman met them

"Keep your seats, gentlemen. Broken rail only."

"Anybody hurt?"

"Four or five people. One old lady's a-dyin'. I heard her callin' for her daughter that's on the train: 'Maggy! Maggy!' just now. Take keer ma'am!" as a little woman rushed past him.

The old woman lay on a clay-bank. Some men were holding her tenderly enough. A physician who happened to be on the train kneeled beside her. Her daughter threw herself down and dragged her head upon her breast. The woman's lips were opened, and her eyes stared as if searching for some one. But she did not call for "Maggy" any more.

"Do something!" cried her daughter, wildly. "Make her speak to me! Mother! mother! it is Maggy! Maggy!"

"Madam," said the doctor, "you are too late!"

Good Reading for Young Men.

The late Edward Pierrepiont who distinguished himself as secretary of the American Legation at Rome, once received a letter from his father which contained the following advice:—

Dress like a gentleman: never be peculiar or flashy, but dress as becomes you, not as becomes some one else. Never talk about your expenses, or your money, and never be ashamed to live with economy; on the contrary, be proud of it. Your business now is to acquire knowledge, and you need not be anxious to display yours, especially to older men, but always try to learn of them.

Never say to another what it would be unpleasant to have him say to you.

Remember that good manners are of great importance. Manners should be frank and easy, with dignity.

Avoid fawning, toadying ways as you would the foul fiend. Never fawn to a prince or swagger to a peasant. Be courteous and manly everywhere and to everybody.

Let your manner be quiet; nothing is more unbred than a flurried address, with a face wrinkled all over with grinning delight.

The countenance can express pleasure and welcome without idiotic contortions, and when these appear, whether in the son of a duke or a drayman, they are intensely vulgar.

You cannot have good manners in the drawing-room if your habitual manner is bad; the habit will betray you; let the habit be always good.

Far better that frigid look even, than that you degrade your countenance with silly hilarity.

Be a gentleman, feel like a gentleman, and you will look and act like one.

Sometimes you will be neglected, and your vanity may feel wounded. Never let this annoy you. Be absolutely sure that in due time all will come right, and that you will have all the consideration that you merit. No one can do you any permanent injury but yourself. The world is so constituted that it is not in men's power to withhold respect from lofty character, real ability, and good conduct.

TOM THUMB ON HIS HEAD.

Cunning Tricks of a Bright-Eyed Baby Elephant.

There is great rejoicing in P. T. Barnum's Winter quarters over the recovery of the trick baby elephant, Tom Thumb, whose leg was injured at the time of Jumbo's death. The baby elephant feels as glad as anybody, and his exuberance of spirits keeps Scott, the trainer, in a constant worry. The plaster had no sooner been torn off Tom Thumb's leg than he waved his trunk and stood upon his head, kicking his heels in the air. The baby next climbed on top of the tiger's cage, and astonished those animals by leaping into the air and turning a somersault with the agility of a professional tumbler. Unfortunately he fell upon his head, and his piteous cries brought Scott to his assistance. After drinking a gallon of beer the baby felt better and danced around the ring on his hind legs to the music of a passing hand-organ. Tom Thumb does not sleep as well as he formerly did, and he chooses the darkness of night for performing his antics.

The giraffe awoke one night to find the Baby holding the hose and playing cold water upon him. There came pretty near being a row, but Mr. Scott roused himself and put an end to the disturbance.

If the Baby's friskiness continues it is thought that Mr. Barnum will be obliged to confine him in a cage. Scott thinks, however, that Tom Thumb is so overjoyed at his recovery that he naturally feels like having some fun and will soon settle down to the staid life of a trick clown elephant.

Iron bars and steel are elongated by magnetization, the latter not so much, but nickel bars are shortened.

THE FARM.

The Farmer's Wife.

The farmer came in from the field one day
His languid step and his weary way,
His bended brow and sinewy hand,
All showing the work for the good of the land:
For he sows,
And he hoes,
And he mows,
All for the good of the land.

By the kitchen fire stood his patient wife,
Light of his home and joy of his life,
With face all aglow and busy hand,
Preparing the meal for the husband's band;
For she must boil,
And she must broil,
And she must toil,
All for the sake of the home.

Sun shines bright when the farmer goes out,
Birds sing sweet songs, lambs frisk about,
The brook babbles softly in the glen,
While he works bravely for the good of men;
For he sows,
And he hoes,
And he mows,
All for the good of the land.

How briskly the wife steps about within—
The dishes to wash, and the milk to skim,
The fire goes out, flies buzz about
—For dear ones at home her heart is kept stout;
There are pies to make,
There is bread to bake,
And steps to take,
All for the sake of the home.

When the day is o'er and the evening has come,
The creatures are fed and the milking is done,
He takes his rest 'neath the old shade tree,
From the labor of the land his thoughts are free;
Though he sows,
And he hoes,
And he mows,
And he rests from the work of the land.

But the faithful wife, from sun to sun,
Takes the burden up that's never done;
There is no rest, there is no pay,
For the household's need she must work away;
For to mend the frock,
And to knit the sock,
And the cradle to rock,
All for the good of the home.

When autumn is here, with the chilling blast,
The farmer gathers his crop at last,
His barns are full, his fields are bare,
For the good of the land he ne'er hath care;
While it blows,
And it snows,
Till the winter goes,
He rests from the work of the land.

But the willing wife, till life's closing day,
Is the children's, the husband's stay,
From day to day she hasdone her best,
Until death alone can give her rest;
For after the test
Comes the rest,
With the best,
In the farmer's heavenly home.

Gleanings.

Puppies ought not to be fed meat till past seven months old, as this is apt to bring on distemper. But a light soup made from boiled bones and meat, mixed with bread and vegetables, is excellent. From seven months to a year old they may have a little lean meat daily; fat meat is injurious, frequently causing vomiting.

The largest cheese ever manufactured in America recently was made at East Aurora, N. Y. During the process of its manufacture, ten $5 gold pieces were thrown into the milk. Its weight will be 3 300 pounds. The milk was taken from 2,600 cows, which it took 300 hands to milk.

From a few stations alone on the line of the N. B. Railway between McAdam and Frederickton Junction, there has been, this season, exported to the United States probably 30,000 quart boxes of blueberries and this is only a small item in the immense aggregate of the export of those berries, from the Provinces.

There will always be some soft corn grown on plants accidentally set back early in the season. It is more loss than gain to delay cutting until every ear is entirely hardened. Corn cut just past the milk stage will become ripe from juices in the stalk, while if frosted before cutting at this period, not only is the fodder much injured, but the further development of the grain is suspended.

Sixteen years, experience in charge of one of the largest institutions in Great Britain has convinced a teacher of industrial training that boys who will have to earn their bread by the sweat of the brow ought to be taught some handicraft alternately with their school work, and that the brain and hands ought to be taught to work in unison with each other.

A bee-raiser has discovered toads making great inroads upon the population of his hives. During the dry weather he examined the hives in the morning and found a toad at the entrance of each of several boxes. The toads were apparently asleep, but as soon as a bee or two appeared would shoot out their tongues and convey the honey gatherers into their capacious mouths. The toads were killed and dissected, and many bees found in their stomachs. The bee-raiser has elevated the hive.

There will be years of poor crops generally throughout the world, when prices will go up to the highest figures consumers can possibly pay. But as a rule the range of values will average below that of twenty years past, and for this reason: While the consumption is increasing everywhere, the accessible wheat-producing area is enlarging faster. It has expanded greatly in the North-West, including the adjoining British possessions, and on the Pacific coast. This will go on for a few years, until the remaining ground is covered.

At Gilmore, 10 miles South of Omaha, a company has started a cattle "fattery." They have expended $75,000 in the erection of big stables. There are 3,750 stalls, and by winter they will have 5,200 stalls. In each stall they will place a "critter," and they will all be fed with food placed before them through a system of pipes, and cooked in enormous steam vats having a capacity of 1,000 barrels of feed an hour. They will ship in cattle from the Western Nebraska ranches, and fatten them in these stalls.

There is not enough careful system and regularity in feeding. One owner, when asked how much meal or bran he gave his cows, said he took a bushel and went along in front of them and gave each one about what he thought she ought to have. This is the way in which many farm operations are carried on. If the owner of cows wishes to know what his profits are, he must weigh the food he gives them and keep a record of the amount. Experiment may be necessary to determine the most profitable quantity, which will vary with the size of the animals.

Farming

The only way to learn the practice of farming is by actually working on a farm and taking part in all the operations and business transactions connected therewith. And this working must not be mere playing or passing the time promenading up and down and around with hands in pockets, looking at other people working. A young man might look a long time at a plough, or at a man ploughing, before he would learn to hold the tool himself; and he would even be little the better of taking hold of the stilts for an hour or two. It is only by continuous work day after day that one can thoroughly learn the operation, and be entitled to call himself a practical workman. In fact, the embryo farmer must regularly work a pair of horses for at least one year, such work including most of the field operations on the farm; and in these he should endeavor to excel. In Scotland it is usually considered that a boy on leaving school at seventeen becomes "odd man" or general laborer for the first year; the second year he is a full-blown ploughman, and the third year he takes part in the management of the farm, goes to market, &c. At the end of that time he has mastered "practical farming;" and further knowledge is such as he can only gain by experience as he grows older. He may remain at home, working or managing for many years thereafter, until he is old enough, or opportunity occur, to get a farm of his own; and it is obvious that the older he becomes the sounder and more practical his ideas on farming become

The Prince of Wales's lost dog, Bang was recovered, I learn, in Stockholm, after His Royal Highness's departure [for Hungary recently] through its collar with the Prince's name on. It was dispatched after its Royal master, who was delighted at its recovery.

WHAT BOYS AND GIRLS COST.

Two Fond Fathers Compare Expenses for One Year.

Two fond parents, well fixed in life, who live adjoining each other in an American city, were discussing the relative cost of keeping a boy and girl. Both spoke from practical experience. Said one: "I believe it costs more to keep a boy."

"And I believe it costs more to keep the girl," replied the other.

So they began to figure it up.

"Now let us take the case of our own children," said the former. "Take my son Charley, for example. He's going into his 19th year. He is not extravagant in his dress, nor does he do any work to soil or particularly wear out his clothing. During the passed year his items of expense have been about as follows, as near as I can come without referring to the bills:

One heavy winter overcoat	$40 00
One pair custom-made Waukenphasts	9 00
One pair sharp-toed Sunday gaiters	8 00
One white satin dress cravat	1 50
Two every day silk cravats	2 00
Six good custom-made white shirts	9 00
Two suites red flannel underclothing	9 00
Two dress shirts	5 00
One silver-head cane	3 00
One pair heavy winter gloves	2 50
Two pairs of kid gloves	2 50
One pair of cuff buttons	3 00
One dozen collars	2 00
Four pair of cuffs	1 00
Two Derby hats and one straw hat	10 00
One pair overshoes, one umbrella	6 00
Two winter suits of clothing	60 00
Two summer suits of clothing	35 00
One dozen pair of socks	3 00
Two light suits of underclothing	6 00
One dozen handkerchiefs	4 00
One spring and fall overcoat	30 00
One ring for his little finger	8 00
Pocket money—$3 per week—(this includes barber's bills	150 00
Tuition at university	200 00
School books, &c	75 00
Annual dues at gymnasium	20 00
Dancing lessons	60 00
Dues at bicycle school	50 00
Total	$814 50

The other fond parent scratched his head when he saw his neighbor's memorandum. "I think mine will beat it," he said confidently, and he put down the following items one by one. It must be remembered that the young lady in question is 18 years of age, and is a modest and charming bud in society:

One black silk street dress (just too lovely for anything)	$40
One gingham wrapper	3
One cloth street dress	17
Two other street costumes	35
Three party dresses	200
One sealskin coat	190
One cloth redingote	35
Socks, underclothing, collars, cuffs	36
One pair satin slippers for party at New Year's	7
Three other pairs slippers, five pairs shoes	45
One flannel jersey, two other jerseys	12
Two house dresses	15
One fine black silk dress, for church	70
Flowers for theatre, theatre wrap, opera glasses	100
Tuition in music and dancing	100
Tuition in French, needlework, painting	100
Three white and light summer dresses	60
Gloves, perfumery (paint and powder,) smelling bottle, &c	40
One pet dog, also a brass collar	10
One canary and a cage	10
Two winter hats	30
Opera bonnet, two summer hats	35
Bustles, bangs, bandoline, garters, bracelets	25
Miscellaneous items	50
Total	$1,274

When the fond parent of the charming young lady showed his list to the fond parent of the promising young man, the latter likewise thoughtfully scratched his head. After a short pause he said, slowly and solemnly: "A boy is good enough for me."

Giving Way To a Sister.

Not many sisters would be as obliging as was the one mentioned in one of the following incidents, which illustrate some peculiar customs existing among French Canadian peasants. For these people, as indeed is the case for almost all communities, the chief social event is a wedding. Among the *habitans* it is almost the only set occasion for festivities. The priest then permits dancing, and allows unusual expenses to be incurred. Courtship is short, and engagements are made frequently with a view to pecuniary interests, as in France.

A widower recently went to spend an evening with a neighbor who had a sister—a spinster whom no one had thought of marrying. When the visitor left the house the brother accompanied him, and suggested that he marry the spinster. They returned to the house, and went to the bedside of the lady who was asleep. When she had been awakened, the visitor said to her,—

"Mademoiselle G——, take a good look at me; I am rather worse than I look by candle-light, and I've nine small children, and not much land. Will you marry me?"

The elderly maiden, still half-asleep, rubbed her eyes, looked the frank suitor over for a moment, yawned, and replied, "Yes."

"Then be ready next Tuesday."

And that was all there was of that courtship, which was certainly brief, simple and to the point.

In another case, the would-be bridegroom found his betrothed crying after the banns had been published.

"Whatever is the matter, Marie?" he asked.

"Well, Baptiste," she replied, "my sister Louise wants very much to marry, because she is older than I, and it is her turn first. And it makes me sad to see her disappointed. Now, if you would only marry her! Everything is ready, and it would be *such* a relief!"

"Well, well," cheerily replied the young man, "don't cry about a little thing like that. Louise will do; go and tell her to get ready."

SCIENTIFIC SPARKS.

It has taken thirty trials to cast a lense for the Lick telescope in San Francisco, but one has been obtained which is without a flaw.

Round chimneys are best for workshops, factories, etc. They deliver the smoke more easily and are less exposed to the wind. They are not, however, so easy to build.

Two microscopists, Dr. Nussabaum and Dr. Gruber, have artificially multiplied infusoria by cutting them in halves, each half becoming a perfectly developed animal.

Rings, or concentric ligneous layers, would seem to be a very uncertain indication of the age of trees. In Mexico some trees known to be but 22 years old were found with 230 rings.

A paper is manufactured from seaweed in Japan that has the transparency of glass—not exactly clear flint glass, but a good sort of stained glass—and can be used satisfactorily in windows.

If igniting by detonation or concussion can be prevented, chemists assert that shells can be charged with an explosive so potent that one of them, bursting alongside an iron clad, would shatter the strongest armor afloat.

The French government has had constructed a machine which, with the engine operating it, weighs some thirty-five tons, which will cut steel plates an inch in thickness. It is used in cutting plates for swift cruisers.

The American Indians are found by Matthews to have a knowledge of animals and plants incomparably superior to that of the average white man, or of the white man who has not made zoology or botany a subject of study.

Talc ore is being discovered in large quantities near Red Cliff, Col., principally in caves. The ore is light and fluffy and gives no indications of mineral value, yet has yielded seven ounces of gold and sixty-three ounces of silver to the ton.

The new railroad station belonging to the North Western Railway Company at Birmingham, England, has been completed and is the largest structure of the kind in the world. It covers twelve acres of ground, and $5,000,000 have been expended upon its construction; one thousand workmen have been employed upon it for two years and a half. The platform exceeds a mile and a half in length and four hundred trains daily pass through the tunnels.

BRIGHAM AND AMELIA.

The Twenty-third Wife Ruled the Roost.

While the majority of the "faithful" in Salt Lake city are agitated and excited over the turn affairs have taken, and not a few of them are packing up preparatory to journeying to the new Mormon stronghold, wherever that may be, Amelia Young, the twenty-third and last wife of Brigham Young, goes quietly and serenely about her house hold duties as usual. She has no love for the Mormons, and she takes no trouble to conceal the fact. Her present residence is one of the most desirable and handsome in the city, and yet it cannot compare with the palatial mansion which old Brigham had built and presented to her, and which still bears the name "Amelia's palace." Old John Taylor holds forth in it at present. But his time, as well as that of the rest of them, bids fair to be short.

The story of Amelia's marriage to Brigham, and a few incidents of after life are very interesting. An old lady who at one time was Amelia's school teacher at Council Bluffs, Iowa, tells me the following tale:

Upon one occasion when Brigham Young was passing through Council Bluffs, on his way to Salt Lake he caught sight of Amelia's pretty face and fine figure, and immediately resolved to add another one to his harem. The girl's parents were good Mormons and their consent to the union was joyfully given. Not so with the girl. She had a stout will as well as a handsome form and pretty face, and she declared that she would not marry "the ugly old heathen." Her parents, however, were determined not to lose the chance of getting so near heaven by such an alliance, and sternly commanded Amelia to don her robes and take the hand of the all powerful Brigham. Seeing that she would be compelled to marry him if she stayed at home, the girl made her way to a neighbor's, told them her story, and received their sympathy and protection. Her parents instituted a search, during which Amelia hid in a root cellar, over the door of which was a wood house. The kind people carried her meals to her without attracting suspicion until on the third day one of the spies employed observed steam arising from a basket which the gentleman was carrying to the wood house.

This led to her discovery, and, as she was under age, her parents took charge of her.

After a hard struggle, Amelia finally consented to marry the great Mormon, but declared: "If I do marry him, I'll have my own way, and he will find it out." He did.

Several years after their marriage, upon one occasion Amelia told Brigham to buy her a Singer sewing machine. The old man promised to send it up that day, and walked off with his hands in his pockets, thinking, doubtless, how many tithes it would take to pay for it. By the time he got down town he forgot what kind of a machine he wanted, consequently it was a Wheeler & Wilson that the men brought up stairs to Amelia's sitting room. As soon as that lady saw that her orders had not been obeyed to the letter, she deliberately pulled the offensive machine to the head of the stairs, and, giving it a push down it went, bumpty-bump, until it reached the bottom, all broken to pieces.

The next day a "Singer" stood in the place allotted for it, and nothing more was said of the affair. Upon another occasion, when Brigham had a number of distinguished guests, Amelia, who was present at the dinner table, amused herself by hulling some nuts that were on the table and throwing the shells out of the window. Brigham manifested his annoyance at this proceeding without effect, when finally he exclaimed: "Amelia, my dear, I wish you would not throw those shells out upon the grass. They make such a muss."

"If you don't like to have them there you can pick them up," said the wayward favorite, as she arose from her chair and left the room.

When she had left, Brigham turned to his guests, and said:

"I hope you will excuse my wife. She is so headstrong that I cannot control her."

The Wrong Customer Again Disturbed.

He was the greenest old man you ever saw. He looked around the passenger coach in a way to prove that he had never entered one before, and he sat down so softly, and seemed to be so afraid of damaging something, that all the passengers smiled.

By and by a young man went over and sat down beside him. This young man might have been directed by filial affection, and he might not. "Which way, uncle?" he softly asked.

"Me? Oh, I'm goin' to see my darter in Toronto."

"Ever travel much?"

"This is the first time I was ever on the keers. I've driv' off seventeen miles with the oxen to see my other darter, but oxen haint no comparison to these keers."

"I should say not. It takes a lot of money to go to Ontario and back."

"Dreful lot, but I jist sold the farm, you know."

"I presume you could change a hundred-dollar bill for me?"

"Oh, jist as well as not."

"I may want you to by and by. This is good weather, eh?"

"Strordinary weather fur fall. James has been worried about his corn, but I guess it's all safe."

Nothing further was said for some time, the old man looking out of the window and the young man reading a paper. The train made a few stops, and the car was so warm that after a little while the old man began to yawn and nod. He fought it off for ten minutes, but at last his head fell back, and his gentle snores mingled with the roar of the wheels.

A slim white hand, with tapering fingers, rested on his leg: then it was elevated to his breast. Its touch was that of a feather. Its movement was that of a serpent creeping forward to strike. The fingers touched an old-fashioned wallet. The young man continued to read, and the old man slept on. Inch by inch the wallet was lifted from its snug resting place, and the hand was almost ready to remove it entirely, when something happened. With a sudden movement of his right hand the old man pinned the interloper fast, and his voice was heard calling:

"You blamed skunk! But I knowed all the time what you were after! Where's the conductor!"

There was a rush of passengers, and they found a helpless, confused pickpocket and an indignant, but yet elated old man.

"Consarn his picktur', but he took me fur an ole haystack from a back medder! Work roots on me, will ye! Sot a trap fur me and fell into it yerself, eh!"

Even a professional pickpocket hadn't cheek enough to urge a single excuse. The fellow hadn't one blessed word to say, and was walked off to the baggage car to be kicked to the platform at the next station.

"Yes'e," said the old man, as he turned to the inquiring passengers. "I hadn't orter done it. When a man has bin constable, or drover all his days, travellin' all over and meetin' with all sorts of folks, he hadn't orter play off greenhorn and break a young man's heart like this, but I felt sort o' reckless this mornin'. I must put a curb on my speerits; I'm gettin' too old to be playin' jokes on confidin' young men!"

It is related that the Earl of Shaftesbury lost his watch while walking in the New Cut, a neighborhood infested with vile characters. He advertised his loss. Within twenty-four hours his household was aroused by a ring at the street door, and the wheels of a vehicle were heard rapidly departing. On opening the front door, a sack was found filled with something that moved. On investigating, a boy of the Artful Dodger class was found in it, bound hand and foot and gagged. Round his neck was the missing watch, and underneath was a placard with the words: "Lock im up, Mi lord, he's a Disgrace to ourn Profession, he order known as how yer lordship was Free of the wud; giv' 'im five Years 'ard. Yer friends." The earl kindly went to work to reform the young thief; and eventually he became an honest member of the London shoeblack brigade.

HEALTH.

Immunity From Disease.

The *Lancet*, of June, 1885, has an article explaining acquired immunity from infectious diseases. We give the leading points.

As a rule, one attack of these diseases confers immunity from a subsequent attack. A like immunity from certain infectious diseases is conferred by inoculation by a modified form of small-pox, generally protects against the violent form.

Pasteur, of France, explains such phenomena by supposing that the first attack exhausts some substance in the patient essential to the development of a microscopic parasites which cause the disease; and that those who are born with such immunity are naturally free from this substance—just as some lands, which have been fertile in certain plants, may lose this fertility by exhaustion of a single element of the soil; while other lands are naturally without this element, and hence unable to grow them. This is the *exhaustion* theory.

If this theory were true, then the flesh of an animal thus destitute of this essential substance should not, if made into a broth, furnish material for the growth of infectious germs, purposely introduced. But these germs do flourish in it.

The *antidote* theory is advocated by Klebs of Germany, and Klein of England. According to this, during the first attack some chemical substance is produced which is antagonistic to the infectious parasite or germ, and which remains in the body of the animal and prevents the subsequent development of the latter; this chemical substance exists naturally in such as are insusceptible to the disease. The proof against this is essentially the same as that against the exhaustion theory. Blood from the veins of animals characterized by immunity does not kill the infectious germs purposely introduced into it. Besides, the poisons thus generated must be supposed to remain in the veins for many years, or for life; while we know that accidental poisons, if not mortal, are always soon eliminated from the system.

The theory advanced by the writer is called "the *vital resistance* theory." Vital characteristics are inherited. Some persons inherit a feeble, and some a robust, constitution; some a tendency to long life, some to early decay; some a strong and some a weak resistance to morbific influence. Further, whatever lowers the vitality for a time, lessens this resistance. Whether feeble or strong, this vital resistance is a property of the living matter of the body and resides in its elementary cells. These cells incessantly produce their kind. Hence, when the cells have survived the first attack, they have acquired a new power of resistance, and this new power is transmitted, in constant succession, to the new progeny of cells.

As for inherited immunity, it results from the "survival of the fittest." The negro, as a race, is tolerant of malaria, because, living in malarial regions for ages, the most susceptible have been gradually killed off. Herbivorous animals are peculiarly susceptible to the poison of putrefaction. It is the reverse with the carnivorous. The latter, often feeding on putrid flesh and wounding each other with their teeth, have ever been greatly exposed to the poison. Only those of least susceptibility have survived.

Food and Sleep.

The adage of "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise" is a good one if carried out, that is, if the early to bed induces early rising of itself; but the waking of children to have an early breakfast with the family is an old time notion that, like many others held to extreme strictness in youth, is apt to be departed from in later years. Sensible people sometimes talk of sleep as though it were an accident of life that overtakes us—something we must at times succumb to, but as of no importance to our well being; its hours can be broken in upon, or be done away with as well as not, forgetting, or not realizing, that sleep and proper food are absolutely necessary for our life. If sleep comes not, we die; if we eat not, we die; therefore it is essential to health and comfort that both be furnished in sufficient quantities and at regular intervals. The writer has known an excellent mother who brought up her family wisely and well in every other way, except in regard to these two points. To the early breakfast at 6 o'clock, both summer and winter, the children must come, or go without; and the very fact that always going to bed early, and then were inclined to sleep longer in the morning, shows it was needed, and they should have been allowed to awaken of themselves. Then, too, the older children, coming home hungry from school and finding the dinner distasteful (salt fish, perhaps)—dinner that must be eaten or have nothing. "It was good, wholesome food—good enough for anybody"—therefore the logic was, "You must eat it," and so the child, nibbling the distasteful food and finishing on the lighter dessert, leaves the table unsatisfied and really unfed, for when the sharpened appetite is met by agreeable food the pleasure of eating causes the saliva to flow readily, and mixing with the food is made ready for the stomach's digestion. Much of the discomforts and ills of later years come from the utter ignorance and disregard of these truths; and children should be taught not by strict rules in regard to it, but by pleasing conversation in the family, that sleep and eating are God-given blessings, not to be abused.

PERSONAL.

The Duke of Abercorn, father of Lady Lansdowne, who celebrated not long ago his golden wedding, lives now almost entirely at home, Baronscourt, in the north of Ireland, in a sort of patriarchal style. He has no neighbors, scarcely, as he owns every acre for miles around, but the immense mansion is always full of his children, grandchildren and great-grand-children. The Hamilton family are looked upon by the people as semi-royal, and are very popular by reason largely of gracious manners and good books.

The only son of the Duke of Norfolk, a boy of six, the heir of all the Howards, and successor to his father's domains and his father's good works, is sightless, and no ray of intelligence has yet dawned on the fair, fragile, high bred little face. Hope is dying at last in the breast of both parents. They reluctantly, mournfully begin to admit the fact that this child of many prayers can never be but an object of pity and compassion, and while the father bravely carries his heavy cross, it must be admitted that its weight is a crushing one for the Premier Duke of England.

M. Plateau, the physiologist of Ghent, has been occupied upon some interesting experiments to solve the question whether insects can distinguish the shapes of objects with their eyes. Can a fly recognize the person who is upon destroying it? Or does a wasp exactly know which of a group of persons it intends to sting? M. Plateau replies "No." The result of his experiment goes to confirm the theory already laid down by Exner, namely, that an insect perceives with its eyes the intensity of the light upon an object, and also takes note of the movements of an object, but that it is not able to distinguish one object from another by its outward shape.

The Queen has consented to celebrate the jubilee anniversary of her reign by a royal progress through London. This will be followed by a monster volunteer review in Hyde Park, and banquets and illuminations of the most elaborate description will succeed the review, and fill out the night with general rejoicings. The special and grand observation of the jubilee will not be confined to the metropolis, but similar means will be taken in all the larger cities to celebrate her Majesty's ascent to the throne, and even in the smaller towns every available means will be utilized to render the affair a notable one. The day will be a holiday all over the country, and special exertions will be made to bring the people of the nation into harmonious action.

ADVERTISING NOTICES

In the local column will be charged as follows:
To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.
To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

Our Club List.

We have made arrangements to club The News-Argus with the following journals for 1886. We expect to make arrangements with other papers within the next two or three weeks:—

The News-Argus and the *Weekly Globe* from now to the end of 1886 for $1 75.

The News-Argus and *Canadian Live Stock Journal* from now to the end of 1886 for $1.75.

The News-Argus and *American Agriculturist* (subscription price $1.50 per annum) for 1886 for $2.00, and in addition we will send the News-Argus for balance of 1885 free to new subscribers.

All new subscribers to The News-Argus will receive the paper from now to the end of 1886 for one year's subscription, namely, One Dollar.

Now is the time to subscribe.

HOME MATTERS.

See our club list at the head of this column.

There was no Council meeting on Monday night last—a quorum not being present.

Send your pictures to the News-Argus office to be framed. A large stock of mouldings to select from, and well assorted.

Hallowe'en passed off very quietly in this place, much to the credit of the youth of our village. Reason why—they all read the News-Argus.

A new time table came into force on the Canadian Pacific Railway on Monday last. The corrected figures will be found in another column.

The man who had the small-pox in Trenton died on Wednesday of last week. Trenton is now said to be free from the dread disease.

The next regular meeting of the Stirling Literary Circle will held at the residence of Mr. Thos. G. Clute, when "Hamlet" will be read and discussed.

We will send The News-Argus from now to the end of 1886 to all new subscribers for $1.00. Call in and see us, or send money by P. O. order or registered letter.

It having been reported that there was small-pox in Belleville, the *Intelligencer* says there is not now, nor has there been for many years a case of small-pox in the city.

The regular monthly meeting of the School Board should have been held on Tuesday evening last, but there was no quorum present, and consequently no business transacted.

Our village fathers are now making some final repairs to the streets and sidewalks before the setting in of winter. We think there are one or two localities that yet need looking after.

It is stated on good authority that a little air-slacked lime sprinkled over potatoes will prevent them from rotting, and at the same time will not injure them in any way for table use. Try it.

At Cobourg, Frank Wilson and John Johnson, charged with robbing the residence of Mrs. John Weaver a few weeks ago, were tried before Judge Clark, and each sentenced to a year in Central Prison.

All of the hotel keepers of Trenton were charged with selling liquor on Sunday. After a preliminary trial the cases were adjourned, but they afterwards acknowledged their guilt and were each fined $20 and costs.

There will be a credit sale of farm stock, implements, etc., on the premises of Mr. Jonathan McConnell, north half of Lot 10, in the 10th Con. of Rawdon, on Friday, Nov. 13, 1885, at 1 o'clock, sharp. Charles Butler, auctioneer.

The card of Mr. W. H. Hastings, Solicitor, etc., will be found in another column. Having been a former resident of Stirling, in fact brought up here, he needs no further introduction at our hands. His many old friends and acquaintances will heartily welcome him as a permanent residnet.

The regular quarterly official meeting of the Stirling Methodist Church was held last Monday afternoon, when the following Board of Stewards were appointed for the current year:—Jas. Bird, R. S., R. Bamber, George Wilson, Wm. Girdwood, Andrew Glass, Will Martin and Jas. Currie.

The Madoc *Review* says:—"While in Belleville, last week, Mrs. W. M. Spurr, of L'Amable had the misfortune to lose a bag which contained the sum of $513 in bills. A reward of $150 was immediately offered for its recovery, but without success. The loss under such circumstances is an unusually severe one."

A new Masonic Hall was dedicated at Frankford on Thursday of last week. The weather was very unfavorable, yet there were a good number present from surrounding lodges, including some from Stirling. Rev. Dr. Wild was to have delivered a lecture, but missed railway connections, and the lecture was postponed.

The man, Dennis Cowan, charged with incendiarism in burning a barn in Tyendinaga, was before the Police Magistrate in Belleville, on Saturday last. Several witnesses deposed to his making threats against any one working the place; and a shoemaker testified that he made a pair of boots for Cowan that exactly fitted the tracks found. The prisoner was committed for trial, bail being refused.

Some thieving tramps ransacked the house of Mr. Archibald McDonald, in the 2nd con. of Thurlow, on Tuesday last, during the temporary absence of the family, and took $14, all the money they could find. A peddler who stopped at a house on the Kingston road, about four miles east of Belleville, was also robbed of his stock on Tuesday night. Thieves seem to be plentiful, and farmers and others cannot be too careful.

Our readers will not forget the grand "pink" festival to be given by the ladies of the Methodist congregation on Thanksgiving evening, Nov. 12. An excellent programme is being arranged, and a most enjoyable time may be expected. All the lady members of the congregation are expected to assist in furnishing refreshments, without being called upon by a committee, and to send them to the Lecture room on the afternoon of the festival, before four o'clock. Further notice of programme, singers, etc., will appear in small posters in due time. The price is only 25 cts., including both admission to programme and refreshments. Let all the people potronize the new entertainment.

Facts Worth Remembering.

That P. Welch is selling 18 lbs. of sugar for $1.00.

That he is selling below Belleville prices.

That he buys for cash and sells for cash, which enables him to give from 10 to 20 per cent better value than credit dealers can.

Tea a specialty. Come and see.

Springbrook is the place.

Sir Leonard Tilley has been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of New Bruswick.

The temperance workers, who are holding important meetings throughout the United Kingdom just now, are determined to make their power felt at the approaching elections. The platform issued by the leaders of neither party gives satisfaction. The resolutions adopted at the various meetings call upon the electors to support those candidates only who will pledge their word to support ... to the people of each locality the direct vote.

Stirling Public School.

The following is the report of the Stirling Public School, for the month of Oct., 1885:—

No. 4, Miss Smith's Department.

Sen. 2nd Part—Ethel Embury, 246; Mendell Green, 208; Bertha Wilson, 202.

Jun. 2nd Part—Don Milne, 230; Willie Parker, 229; F. Vandervoort, 224.

Sen. 1st—Maud Kendell, 141; Jacob Caldwell, 130; Minnie Warren, 125.

4th Tablet—Harold Clute, 144; Letty Boldrick, 141; Alice Currie, 133.

3rd Tablet—Mabel Vandervoort, 128; Zora Cummings, 118; Alice Rosebush, 110.

2nd Tablet—Charlie Black, 128; Carlos Green, 119; John Bennett, 113.

1st Tablet—Wilmot Bird, 124; Victor Cummings, 106; Ella Downes, 96.

No. 3, Miss Warren's Department.

Senior—Norman Lanktree, 417; Ellen Sine, 407; Mary McKeown, 397.

Intermediate—Minnie Demill, 246; Willie Gray, 228; Robert Lynn, 217.

Junior—Harry Boldrick, 195; Mena Bradley, 180; Lily Conger, 152.

No. 2, Miss Henry's Department.

Senior—Lena Caldwell, 848; Arthur Smith, 827; May Green, 796.

Junior—Frank Bird, 923; Nettie Rosebush, 809; Murray Gray, 803.

No. 1, Senior Department.

Sen. 5th—Charlotte Montgomery, 634; Minnie Crosby, 625; Mabel Parker, 595.

Jun. 5th—Maud Lambly, 630; Nettie Martin, 583; Mary Gallagher, 579.

4th Class—Tom Donnan, 658; May Milne, 634; Maggie Gallagher, 603.

The aggregate and average attendance for the month is as follows:—

4th Dept.	Aggregate,	1834	Average,	91.7
3rd	"	"	712	"	35.6
2nd	"	"	575	"	28.75
1st	"	"	455	"	22.75
Total	"		3576	Total "	178.8

LETTERS FROM READERS.

It is to be distinctly understood that any opinions expressed in communications are those of the writers—not necessarily of any one else. Under no circumstances will any letter be inserted unless the real name of the author is in possession of the editor.

To the Editor of the News-Argus.

Dear Sir,—As small-pox has made its appearance in Trenton and Peterboro, it is not at all improbable it may break out in Stirling, and if at this time of year it begin, it may prove a scourge during the whole of the winter. Montreal's experience proves the inestimable value of vaccination as a preventive. Is it not the duty of every parent to secure to his children immunity from this loathsome, and often fatal disease, when it is in his power? In fact I believe everybody who has not been successfully vaccinated within the last two or three years should be done immediately. As very serious results have sometimes followed the use of impure matter obtained from the arms of those who have perhaps been vaccinated with pure *virus*, it is evident that too much care cannot be taken to avoid such a calamity. This can only be done by applying to responsible physicians who keep only such vaccine as they know to be pure. Science no longer countenances the practice once prevalent of vaccinating from one patient to another *ad infinitum*. A man or child may have latent in him, unknown and unsuspected by himself and his friends, the seeds of disease, which communicated to another, introduced into the blood with vaccine matter, may find congenial soil and develop very painful and even loathsome fruit. The non-humanized vaccine, though more difficult to obtain and consequently more expensive, is so decidedly the safest, that no wise man will willingly use any other. "Fore-warned is fore-armed."

I am, dear sir,
Your obd't. servant,
C. S. Hamilton, M. D.

Cost of Administering Justice in Hastings County.

The joint committees from the City Council and the County Council met in the City Council Chamber on Friday afternoon last, to consider, and, if possible, determine upon what proportion of the expense for administering justice in the County of Hastings should be borne by the City of Belleville.

About five years ago, when the cost of maintaining the law in the County amounted to about $8,000, the City agreed to contribute $2,000 yearly toward that amount. The County officials now claim that the cost of the administration of justice has increased to $11,000, and the County are desirous that the City should contribute an increased amount as their share of the cost. The committee which discussed the subject on Friday was composed of S. T. Wilmot, Esq., Warden of the County, and Messrs. Ashley, Vermilyea, Hanley and Parker, of the County Council, and J. W. Dunnet, Esq., Mayor, and Ald. Diamond, Tickell, J. W. Johnson and City Solicitor Henderson. They debated upon the matter for the greater part of the afternoon but could arrive at no understanding. The County representatives were of the opinion that the city should pay 1-5 of the total cost for the administration of justice and 1-5 of the interest in the money invested in county property in the city. The Committee from the city seemed to think that $2,300 should be sufficient for their share.

The matter was in that position when the Committee adjourned to meet on Friday, Nov. 6th, at the Shire Hall, for further discussion.—*Intelligencer*.

A Reminiscence.

Those who have seen Judge O'Connor at the late Belleville Assizes or elsewhere, will have noticed that he is minus one foot, having a wooden substitute therefor. The Belleville *Ontario* gives the following sketch concerning its loss:—

"A good number of years ago people were startled by a report respecting a young man in the western part of Canada. He went to the woods one winters morning to fell timber. During the day he felled a tree that lodged. He attempted to fell another on the first one to bring it down, but did not succeed. He went up one of the leaning trees to attempt to dislodge them, when suddenly the upper tree fell and caught the young man's foot between the two, at the same time throwing him over backwards so that his shoulders just touched the snow. He was alone, for in the brush his voice could not reach his friends, and it being a cold day he must soon perish. But he was a man of strong will, and was equal to the occasion. He took his knife from his pocket and cut the flesh around the bone of the imprisoned leg. As he came to an artery he held it until the cold congealed the blood, and then proceeded. If he felt his strength beginning to fail he bathed his face with snow. When he had the bone bared he reached his axe, and with one blow severed it, and was free. He crawled out of the woods and across a field to the road where a passing team took him home. That young man, says Mr. Dougall, of this city, was afterwards a member of our Dominion Parliament, a Cabinet Minister, and is now known as Mr. Justice O'Connor, who was on the bench at the Belleville Assizes."

A number of curiosities have been discovered near Kingston, Ont., by one Patrick Black, who is developing a sandstone quarry at Kingston Mills. One of these is a huge tombstone, perhaps marking the grave of some departed Indian warrior; the other a well-rounded pillar about 4 feet in diameter, penetrating the solid rock for fifteen feet. It is of the same material as the main body of the rock, but the veins are circular, precisely like the growth of a tree, the veins in the rock being flat. Near at hand is a circular opening in the bluff out of which another such pillar has fallen. The pillars are just such curiosities as the savants might dig out of the ashes of buried Pompeii, but that they should be found in solid rock is puzzling to many people.

TO OUR READERS.

We cannot too strongly urge upon our readers the necessity of subscribing for a family, weekly newspaper of the first-class—such, for instance, as *The Independent*, of New York. Were we obliged to select one publication for habitual and careful reading to the exclusion of all others, we should choose unhesitatingly *The Independent*. It is a newspaper, magazine and review, all in one. It is a religious, a literary, an educational, a story, an art, a scientific, an agricultural and a political paper combined. It has 32 folio pages and 22 departments. No matter what a person's religion, politics or profession may be, no matter what the age, sex, employment or condition may be, *The Independent* will prove a help, an instructor, an educator. Our readers can do no less than send a postal for a free specimen copy, or for thirty cents the paper will be sent a month, enabling one to judge of its merits more critically. Its yearly subscription is $3.00 or two years for $5.00.

Address, The Independent, 251 Broadway, New York City.

Sir Leonard Tilley's retirement from the Government is to be regretted, not only because he does so from ill-health, but because he has been an honest, faithful and hard-working public servant. We do not think the fiscal policy of the Government, the details of which he shaped and which he carried out, a wise one, and we think that the time is approaching when the majority of the people of Canada will agree with us, as many conservatives already do; but while his administration will be connected with this unwise policy and its failure, it will still be remembered as that of a man who sincerely believed in protection, and who embodied it in the laws of the country with but little unnecessary disturbance. That the change in the fiscal system did not cause much greater irritation than it did we owe to the unwearied patience, the untiring zeal, the simple honesty of purpose and the courtesy of Sir Leonard Tilley. Like the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie he has sacrificed his health to the public service. The *Mail* has some hope that he will return to the Cabinet. We hope that his health may be restored, but not being over-anxious about the preservation of the Cabinet cannot grieve much over its loss of salt.—*Witness.*

Births.

In Rawdon, on Nov. 2nd, the wife of William Rogers, of a daughter.

Stirling Markets.

Wheat, Fall, per bushel	$0 70	to	$0 80
Wheat, Spring, "	0 70	to	0 80
Barley, "	0 50	to	0 72
Rye, "	0 00	to	0 50
Oats, "	0 00	to	0 30
Peas, "	0 00	to	0 55
Potatoes, per bag	0 35	to	0 40
Apples, per bag	0 40	to	0 50
Butter, per lb.	0 17	to	0 20
Eggs per doz.	0 00	to	0 14
Beans, per bush	0 00	to	1 25
Hay, per ton	8 00	to	8 50

Belleville Markets.

Wheat, per bushel	$0 00	to	0 80
Barley, "	0 50	to	0 72
Rye, "	0 00	to	0 50
Oats, "	0 00	to	0 35
Peas, "	0 00	to	0 55
Potatoes, per bag	0 40	to	0 60
Butter, per lb.	0 15	to	0 23
Eggs, per doz.	0 14	to	0 18
Flour, per bbl	4 50	to	5 00
Hay, per ton,	8 00	to	10 00

IMPORTANT.

When you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other hotel in the city.

CATARRH—A NEW TREATMENT.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern medicine has been attained by the Dixon treatment for Catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissue, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination—this accomplished, he claims the Catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures affected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure Catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured Catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple, and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King street, west, Toronto. Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh.—Montreal Star, Nov. 17, 1882.

A writer in a Western paper tells of a wealthy whiskey dealer who for twenty years has drunk nothing stronger than ginger ale; as he states it, he "found that drinking hurt him."

The Pains of Lumbago, aching back and hips, with all weakness and soreness, will speedily vanish under the treatment of Hagyard's Yellow Oil, a remedy which may be taken internally and applied externally. It is a positive cure for pain.

THE INDEPENDENT

The Largest, The Ablest, The Best RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY WEEKLY

The most influential organ in the States.—*The Spectator*, London, Eng.

THE INDEPENDENT is one of the best papers in the world. Its good points are many and striking. They have only to be stated to be appreciated; and for proof of our claims appeal may be taken to any of the fifty-two issues of the year. The Independent will show that its contents are marked by—

ABILITY, VARIETY & INTEREST.—The great thinkers, the great story-writers, the great poets, men of the highest reputation in all departments of human knowledge, make up its list of contributors. Religion, philosophy, science, literature, art, travels, discoveries, stories and all conceivable topics are embraced in the contents, and everybody, old or young, learned and unlearned, without regard to sex, employment or condition, will find something of special interest in every issue.

COMPREHENSIVENESS.—It is a religious, a literary, an educational, a story, an art, a scientific, an agricultural, a financial and a political paper combined.

BREADTH, CANDOR, EARNESTNESS.—The Independent is tied to no denomination; it is the organ of no clique or party in state or Church. It is free, therefore, to discuss all questions, and to speak its mind candidly. It is not swerved by fear or favor. It is a vigorous defender of the Evangelical faith, it preaches practical righteousness, and earnestly supports all moral reforms. All its columns—the advertising as well as the reading—are free from everything of doubtful or objectionable character. No matter what a person's religion, politics or profession may be, if he desires to keep up with the times and know what the brightest minds are thinking of, the ablest pens are writing about, and what the world at large is doing—he should read The Independent.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

Three months	75	One year	$3 00
Four months	$1 00	Two years	5 00
Six months	1 50	Five years	10 00

Can any one make a better investment of $2.00 to $3.00 than one which will pay

52 Dividends during the Year

EVERY INTELLIGENT FAMILY NEEDS A GOOD NEWSPAPER. It is a necessity for parents and children.

A good way to make the acquaintance of The Independent is to send 30 cents for a "Trial Trip" of a month.

SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.

No papers are sent to subscribers after the time paid for has expired.

The Independent's Clubbing List will be sent free to any person asking for it. Any one wishing to subscribe for one or more papers or magazines, in connection with The Independent, can save money by ordering from our Club List. Address

THE INDEPENDENT,
P. O. Box 2787, New York.

The Four Cardinal Points of regulating the system are the stomach, the liver, the bowels and the blood. With a healthy action of these organs sickness cannot occur. Burdock Blood Bitters acts promptly upon these organs, restoring them to a healthy action.

The Prohibition candidate for Governor of Ohio polled over 28,000 votes.

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP will remove all kinds of Worms from children or adults.

A big effort is being made at Ottawa to hold a carnival on a large scale, similar to that of Montreal, this winter, during the coming session. A public meeting will be called this week to consider the question.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

A faint, weary, sick and listless feeling, with aching back and shoulders, and irregular bowels, proclaim a diseased liver. Try Burdock Blood Bitters, which cures all forms of liver complaint.

Game is plentiful in Manitoba, and so are bears, the farmers in some districts having to take special precautions against invasions of the bold bruin.

PROF. LOW'S MAGIC SULPHUR SOAP.—Healing, soothing and cleansing for all eruptive diseases of the skin. Delightful for toilet use.

John Thompson, of Lansdowne, Frontenac county, was shot by a friend several days ago, being mistaken for a deer. The wound is in the thigh.

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS are safe in all cases. They destroy and remove Worms in children or adults.

Solomon Weaver, a merchant of Lyndhurst, Ont., has recovered $150 and costs from John C. Stafford, correspondent of the Gananoque Journal, for libel.

McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate is invaluable for Wounds, Sores, Salt Rheum, Cuts, Burns, Scalds and Festers, as a healing and purifying dressing. Do not be imposed on with other useless preparations, recommended to be as good. Use only McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. Sold by PARKER & BUTLER.

When rogues fall out, if honest men do not always get their dues dishonest men sometimes get theirs.

NATIONAL PILLS are unsurpassed as a safe, mild, yet thorough, purgative, acting upon the biliary organs promptly and effectually.

It is said that William H. Vanderbilt has not attended church for ten years, and Jay Gould not for even a greater length of time.

The discovery of the instantaneous process of taking photographs has been quickly followed in the medical world by a perfect and instantaneous remedy for all acute aches and pains, as Neuralgia, Toothache, Rheumatism, etc. This valuable remedy is called Fluid Lightning, and is sold at 25 cents a bottle by PARKER & BUTLER, Druggists.

Here is a nice little cynical definition of a wedding present:—"A wedding present is the outward and visible sign of the inward invisible joy a girl's family feel at getting her off their hands."

Uric Acid.—When the Liver and Kidneys fail in their action, this acid in excess is thrown into the blood, causing Rheumatism and other painful conditions of blood poisoning. You may cure this condition by a prompt resort to the purifying, regulating remedy Burdock Blood Bitters.

A number of officers now in England have been ordered to join regiments destined for service in Burmah.

Rev. J. G. Fallis, Dutton, certifies: "For some years my wife has been troubled with Dyspepsia, and has tried one thing after another recommended with but little or no effect till advised to give McGregor's Speedy Cure a trial. Since taking the first bottle I have noticed a decided improvement, and can with confidence recommend it to be one of, if not the best medicine extant for Dyspepsia. This invaluable medicine for Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Kidney Complaint, is purely vegetable. Sold at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store. Trial bottle given free

The Marquis of Hartington has pronounced in favor of local self-government for Ireland

PLEURISY AND LUNG FEVER.

Inflammation of the Lungs, or the pleura covering them, is the result of sudden colds. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam relieves the sore chest, loosens and cures the cough and difficult breathing, and allays all irritation arising from colds.

Pain in the Side, from whatever cause, may be quickly relieved by Hagyard's Yellow Oil, which cures all manner of aches and pains, and all soreness and lameness of the flesh—applied and taken inwardly.

Farms for Sale.

THE EAST HALF OF LOT 6, IN THE 8th Con. of Rawdon, and South half of Lot 30, in the 9th Con. of Sidney. Apply to
GEO. A. SKINNER,
Barrister, &c.,
McAnnany's Block,
Sept. 16, 1885. Belleville.

THE NEWS-ARGUS from now until the end of 1886, for $1.00.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

The most direct and best equipped route between Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Manitoba, and all points east and west.

TIME TABLE:

Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa to Toronto.

Stations.	Toronto Express.	Exp. from Winnipeg.	Toronto †Express
Montreal	9.00 a.m.		8.00 p.m.
Ottawa	12.35 p.m.		11.40 p.m.
Smith's Falls	2.10 "	7.27 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
Ivanhoe	5.01 "	10.08 "	
Cen. Ont. Junc.	5.18 "	10.25 "	4.13 "
Blairton	5.32 "	10.39 "	
Havelock	5.50 "	10.55 "	4.45 "
Norwood	6.02 "	11.07 "	
Peterboro'	6.42 "	11.48 "	5.31 "
North Toronto	9.10 "	2.18 p.m.	7.55 "
Toronto, U Stn	9.45 p.m.	2.50 "	8.27 a.m.

Toronto to Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec & Boston.

	†Express.	Express.
Toronto Union Stn	9.25 a.m.	8.00 p.m.
North Toronto	10.05 "	8.33 "
Peterboro'	12.31 p.m.	10.56 "
Norwood	1.04 "	
Havelock	1.20 "	11.49 p.m.
Blairton	1.28 "	
Central Ontario Junc.	1.44 "	12.13 a.m.
Ivanhoe	2.00 "	
Smith's Falls	4.55 "	3.23 "
Ottawa	6.32 "	4.48 "
Montreal	10.00 p.m.	8.18 a.m.

† Runs daily, Sundays included, Toronto to Montreal. Other trains, week days only.

For rates and all other information apply to J. A. Bell, Station Agent at Central Ontario Junction.

M. W. DUNHAM
Wayne, Du Page Co., Illinois,
HAS IMPORTED FROM FRANCE
Percheron Horses valued at $3,000,000, which includes
75 PER CENT OF ALL HORSES
Whose purity of blood is established by their pedigrees recorded in the STUD BOOKS OF FRANCE.
EVER IMPORTED TO AMERICA.

STOCK ON HAND:
150 Imported Brood Mares,
250 Imported Stallions, Old enough for service,
100 COLTS, Two years old and younger.

Recognizing the principle accepted by all intelligent breeders that, however well-bred animals may be said to be, if their pedigrees are not recorded, and cannot be authentically given, they should be valued only as grades, I will sell all *Imported Stock at Grade Prices* when I cannot furnish with the animal sold pedigree verified by the original French certificate of its number and record in the Stud Book in France. 140 Page Catalogue sent free. It is illustrated with Six Prize Horses of the Exhibition of the *Societe Hippique Percheronne* of France, 1884; purchased by M. W. Dunham, and drawn from life by Rosa Bonheur, the most famous of all animal painters.

A HUGE STOCK
—OF—
TWEEDS, OVERCOATINGS, DIAGONALS,
AND FANCY WEST OF ENGLAND PANTINGS
CAN BE SEEN AT
JAMES BOLDRICK'S
ONE PRICE CLOTHING STORE.

Apothecaries' Hall.

Our Stock is now complete in every department, consisting in part of DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PERFUMES, BRUSHES, TOILET ARTICLES, SOAPS IN GREAT VARIETY, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, STATIONERY AND STATIONERS GOODS, BOOKS, ETC., LAMPS AND LAMP FIXTURES, PIPES, CIGARS AND FANCY GOODS.

P. S. All outstanding accounts must be settled by the 1st of Dec. next either by cash or note.

PARKER & BUTLER.

MILNE AND CLUTE

Have just received a Job Lot of

TWEEDS,

Which they are selling

25 PER CENT. BELOW REGULAR PRICES,

All new patterns, suitable for Men's and Boys' Suits and Ladies' Ulsters.

Don't fail to see them before buying.

MILNE & CLUTE.

IF YOU WANT A
SPRING BED
CALL ON
WILL MARTIN.
He has the best and cheapest made Also, all kinds of
FURNITURE VERY CHEAP.

REPAIR ACCOUNTS

Must be settled at once, I will not put off the collecting of them as I have done before. So all that are indebted to me for reaper repairs will govern themselves accordingly and save costs.

E. F. PARKER.

NIAGARA

W. C. REID,
DEALER IN
Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines,
—ETC., ETC., ETC.—
ENTERPRISE, - ONTARIO,

Wishes to inform the public that he is the authorized agent for the Niagara White Grape Co., as they are now selling it for the first time without restriction. Vines to be good two years old at $2.00 each. Vines delivered by mail when price is sent with order. See salesmen for full particulars.

Enterprise, Ont., March 4th, 1885.

"PEERLESS" Machine Oil

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

SAMUEL ROGERS & CO.

Is the best Oil in the market for all kinds of Agricultural Machinery and costs less than any other. Try it once and you will become convinced of its merits. It is made at the

QUEEN CITY OIL WORKS, TORONTO.

And is for sale by all first-class dealers.

HARDWARE.

We wish to inform all who are indebted to us that their accounts must be paid in full during the month of October. We have large payments to meet, and must insist on all accounts being paid -

JAS. MILNE & CO.

STIRLING
TIN SHOP!

H. & J. Warren,
CRAIGE'S BLOCK.

STOVES, STOVES, STOVES,
COAL, PARLOR COOKING & BOX
OF ALL KINDS AND SIZES,
TINWARE AND STOVE PIPES,
AMERICAN & CANADIAN COAL
OIL, LAMPS & LAMP GOODS,
LANTERNS, FANCY GOODS,
And CHRISTMAS TOYS of endless variety

Please call and examine our Stock which will be sold at prices to suit the times.

H. & J. WARREN.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

HURRAH
FOR
SPRINGBROOK !

G. D. WIGGINS,
DEALER IN
Dry Goods, Groceries,
Boot and Shoes,
Coal Oil, Nails, etc.,

Begs to express his satisfaction at the manner in which his announcement of a

CASH BUSINESS

Has been met by his numerous customers, and now announces further that the experiment having proved a decided success, the system will be continued permanently.

BEST GOODS AT LOWEST PRICES.

Consistent with "the good old principle of small profits and quick returns."
Remember all terms are
Cash Over the Counter.
G. D. WIGGINS.

CALL AND SEE
JOHN CONLEY'S
NEW STOCK OF
Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Etc.

Will sell as cheap as any man in Canada, and don't you forget it.

Machine Needles, Oil, and everything pertaining to the trade, constantly on hand.

Front Street, - - - Stirling.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

PATENTS,

Caveats, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully attended to.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.

FEES MODERATE, and I make no charge unless patent is secured. Information, advice and special references sent on application.

J. R. LITTELL,
Near U. S. Patent office. Washington, D.C.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annum. $1 in advance. STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1885. Vol. VII, No. 9.

THE
Stirling News-Argus

Is published every Friday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Parker & Butler's drug-store, by

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per year, If paid in advance. If not so paid, $1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For ordinary business advertisements:

	Charge PER INCH per week when inserted for		
	1 year.	6 mos.	3 mos.
Whole col. down to half col.	7c.	8c.	9c.
Half col. down to quarter col.	8	9	10
Quarter col. down to 2 inches.	9	10	11

If inserted less than three months 1 cent extra on above rates. If less than two months 2 cents extra on above rates. If less than one month 3 cents extra on above rates.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for such they will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, property to let or for sale, etc.

Two inches, $10 per year; for shorter periods, $1 per month. One inch, $6 per year. Professional cards, limited to six lines, $4 per year. A column measures twenty-two inches.

Advertisements may be changed at the option of advertisers without extra charge.

Transient advertisements, 8c. per line first insertion, 2c. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

C. S. HAMILTON, M. D. C. M.,

GRADUATE McGILL COLLEGE, 1878.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR. Special attention paid to diseases of women and children. Office and residence opposite the old C. M. Parsonage.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,

BARBER—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE.

Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk

FLINT & SHERRY,

Barristers, &c., - - Belleville.

BRANCH OFFICE:

Opposite Milne & Clute's, Stirling.

W. A. F. CAMPBELL, Manager.

Money to loan at lowest rates.

Stirling Lodge

NO. 69,

A. F. & A. M.,

G. R. C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, North street, on

Thursday Eve., Nov. 26, '85,

Visiting brethren welcome.

M. SEELEY, Jr., Sec.

STIRLING LODGE

NO. 229,

I. O. O. F.

Meets in the Lodge room, Post block,

Every Wednesday Evening

At 8 o'clock.

G. D. TURNER, R.S.

J. R. IRISH, L.D.S.,

DENTIST, TRENTON.

Will be at the STIRLING HOUSE, STIRLING, every Monday, from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Vitalized Air used in extracting teeth without pain. The best and satisfactory thing for finished in artificial teeth. Due attention to treatment of teeth filling, &c.

Geo. W. Walker,

DENTIST,

Front Street, Belleville.

Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel.

VITALIZED AIR,

Which we only use in the Belleville office is to extract

TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.

Mr. Walker visits Stirling the

Three last Days of every month.

Rooms in Stirling House.

STIRLING HOUSE,

Stirling, - Ont.

Good accommodations for travellers.

Spacious Sample Rooms.

Comfortable stables and careful hostler.

This house is not responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.

MUSIC HALL on the premises, 20 ft. ceiling, 12 ft. stage, seating capacity 400.

ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

MEDICAL HALL.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Genuine Coloring Stuffs, School Books, Crayons, Stationery, Druggist's Sundries and Fancy articles. All of which will be sold at lowest cash prices.

All parties having unsettled accounts are requested to call and settle without delay.

G. H. BOULTER, M. D.

FARMERS, ATTENTION!

Insure your Life and Buildings.

Am Agent for seven first-class Fire Insurance Companies.

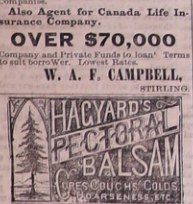
Also Agent for Canada Life Insurance Company.

OVER $70,000

Company and Private Funds to loan. Terms to suit borrower. Lowest Rates.

W. A. F. CAMPBELL,

STIRLING.



1885. FALL. 1885.

FIFTEENTH TAILORING SEASON.

CHAS. CRAIGE & BRO.

Beg to announce that they have received their

COMPLETE FALL STOCK

—OF—

WOOLLENS, GENTS' FURNISHINGS,

And General Dry Goods.

Their long experience in business, and facilities for buying goods in the best markets, enable them to offer their customers special advantages not possessed elsewhere; and their aim will be to retain the reputation which they now possess of turning out nothing but first class goods.

The Ordered Clothing Department

Is in charge of Mr. FRED. WARD, and his old staff of experienced hands.

A Choice Stock of HATS, CAPS, FURS, BOOTS & SHOES FRESH GROCERIES, SHELF & HEAVY HARDWARE, IRON, COAL, SALT, Etc.

CHAS. CRAIGE & BRO.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

Come one, come all, and examine my Stock of

Tweeds, Overcoatings, Flannels, Mantle Cloths, Shawls, Table Covers, Comforters, Clouds, Grey Blankets, Indian Blankets, Linen Horse Blankets, Suits, Overcoats, Robes, Caps, Muffs, Fur Trimmings, Etc., Etc.

LADIES READ!

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

In full blast, with all the latest styles, which will be sold Cheap for Cash. Cheapest House in Town, and don't you forget it.

G. W. FAULKNER.

NEW FALL GOODS

M. G. VANDERVOORT,

OF HAROLD,

Has opened a lot of NEW GOODS, consisting of

TWEEDS, FLANNELS, HOISERY, GLOVES & MITTENS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

ALL AT THE LOWEST PRICES. ALSO,

A Large Stock of Groceries,

which will be sold very cheap for cash.

SUGARS AWAY DOWN.

SPECIAL LINE OF

LADIES' HAND MADE, SEWED, POLISHED CALF,

BUTTON BOOTS PRICE $3.25, AT

W. S. MARTIN & CO.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR SALE his House and Lot at Springbrook. The house is new, having been built last fall. Terms easy. For further particulars apply to

E. CANNIFF, Harold.

STOVES! STOVES!

Coal Oil Stoves,

The very best in the market, call and see them.

Milk Cans, the very best,

Pans, Pails and Strainers.

Parties wanting a first-class Furnace will do well to give us a call, as we are handling one that will give satisfaction every time.

MARTIN & TURNER

STIRLING.

NOTICE.

ALL PARTIES INDEBTED TO THE UNDERSIGNED either by note or book account must pay the same on or before the 15th Nov., 1885, or they will be placed in other hands for collection.

W. B. TANNER.

Ivanhoe, Oct. 22nd, 1885.

STRAYED.

CAME INTO THE PREMISES OF THE subscriber, lot 11, 1st con. of Tudor, on or about the 1st of August last, a yearling heifer. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.

A. CHARD.

Oct. 15th, 1885.

STIRLING ELEVATOR

HIGHEST PRICE PAID

—FOR—

ALL KINDS OF GRAIN.

HAGGERTY & TULLOCH.

DO YOU WANT

A GOOD PAIR OF

BOOTS OR SHOES?

—GO TO—

BROWN & McCUTCHEON'S

BOOT & SHOE SHOP.

MILL STREET. There you will get what you want, made of the best material, and warranted to fit. Prices the lowest.

Repairing Neatly and Promptly Executed.

Riel Respited.

A despatch from Ottawa dated the 9th inst., says that at a Cabinet meeting to-day it was decided to respite Louis Riel for another week, or until Friday next, the 13th inst. The reason assigned for this is that the Government wish the condemned man to know for some days before the execution that he has nothing to hope for.

A Regina despatch says that preparations are being made for his execution on the 16th, although the warrant has not yet arrived.

The *Globe* says:—A commission sent from the East examined Riel as to his sanity on Saturday. The commission was composed of Dr. Michael Lavell, Warden of Kingston penitentiary, and Dr. Vallard, Superintendent of Beauprre Asylum. They called upon the prisoner on Saturday after Riel had really been put on his guard by the mounted police refusing admission to Father Andre to visit him. Riel again took up the *rôle* of a prophet, and once more called himself Jesus Christ, and in the presence of the doctors said that if hung he would at the end of the third day rise again. He then began to re-name the geographical points calling the Mountains "Maria Dolorosa," "Sinai," and the North Pole "Vitagranda," and the South Pole "Moreus," and this he professed to do by orders from one on high. It is said that Dr. Lavell was satisfied that he was simply acting and was as sane as any other prisoner. He has made his will, and that with many other papers is deposited with a friend for safe keeping. The document is a long one, but is much more of a political character than anything else. He has also written long letter to the clerk of the Northwest council, Mr. V. E. Foggett, in which he recounts his battle together in the Halfbreeds and Indians, and which is said to be an admirably written document, though it as yet has not reached Mr. Foggett's hands. Your reporter was permitted to see him in his cell, but not allowed to speak with him, nor has, I am told, any newspaper man since his arrest been allowed that privilege, and the alleged interviews with him are bogus productions. He looks well and hearty, though he saw a stranger passing by his door he gave a sharp glance and a friendly nod. At that time he was eating dinner, and seemed to be enjoying it as well as though at liberty. He is a good eater, but is said hardly to sleep at all. The guard who stands outside of his door day and night, sees him pacing the floor at all hours.

The Canadian Pacific Railway

This great international highway has at last been completed, and trains have been run from ocean to ocean on a purely Canadian railway. The last spike was driven by the Hon. Donald A. Smith, on Saturday forenoon last, in the presence of Mr. Manager Van Horne, Sanford Fleming and others, who arrived at the spot by special train. After connections had been made the train proceeded on its way to Port Moody, the western terminus of the road.

The road was to be built in the first place as a part of the bargain by which British Columbia entered the Canadian confederation in 1871, and it was then stipulated that it was to be built in ten years from that date. In the latter part of 1873 Sir John Macdonald was driven from power for scandals in connection with the letting of a contract for its construction. During the Mackenzie administration the work was proceeded with, the surveys and much of the most difficult portion of the road being completed or well under way. This work was all done under Government control. On the return of Sir John to the capital to power in 1878 the work was still continued as a Government work till 1881, when it was given into the hands of the present Canadian Pacific Railway Company with Mr. Geo. Stephen at its head. The amount given to the company was large, being nothing less than all the completed portions of the road, and all that was then under contract to be completed by the Government, but in addition $25,000,000 and 25,000,000 acre of the choicest lands. Since then a further sum of $30,000,000 has been given or loaned the company, and an additional loan of several millions at the last session of Parliament. The road was to be fully completed in ten years from the letting of the contract viz.: in 1891, but we will be finished in about half that time. Although rails have been laid and connections made now, it is not to be supposed that the road is complete, and it will not be in order for the regular running of trains before next summer.

Though built at an immense cost, Canada has reason to feel proud of possessing a trans-continental railway, and one which offers the shortest route from ocean to ocean. Its early completion is certainly very much to the credit of the present administration, and will do much in the eyes of the people to cover up the sins they are charged with by the Opposition.

United States Treasurer Jordan is going to make a savage kick upon the Bland silver dollar in his annual report. He has about half a dozen clerks hard at work collecting matter for the report now, and he is himself at work night and day. He is going over all the old records, and is having a document compiled showing just what it has cost the government annually for the transportation of silver. He is accumulating many other facts detrimental to the dollar with which he expects to surprise Congress, and he will sum up the whole with an exhaustive argument to prove it impossible to continue and detrimental to the financial welfare of the country.

Free education and the disestablishment of the church are the questions which above all others seem to occupy the attention of the people of Great Britain in the present political struggle raging in that country. In Canada where we have no established church, and where we have long enjoyed the blessing of free schools, we are naturally surprised at the opposition shown to the proposed change in our mother country. To any country desirous of maintaining the supremacy in the industrial and commercial world free education is now the present age a necessity. A state church is opposed to the very essence of true liberalism, and to the principles of religious justice and equality. The church free from state control can fulfil all its functions with unfettered energy and greater effect.

It is gratifying to notice that the temperance cause is making headway not only in Canada but all over the civilized world. In Great Britain the views of temperance men, and at whose head stand such distinguished chiefs as Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Cardinal Manning, Canon Farrar, are an important factor in the present political struggle. Lord Salisbury is in favor of Sunday closing which has proved such a blessing in Ireland. Many prominent statesmen of both parties are ready to concede local option which is the equivalent of the Scott Act in this country. This shows the trend of public opinion in the mother country. Germany, the land of beer and lager, has become alarmed by the fearful death-rate caused by intemperance, and equally with France is introducing legislation for the suppression of the deadly liquor. Switzerland has pronounced for local option. The great powers are regulating the traffic in Africa. In the United States the temperance people are gaining victory after victory, and their vote and influence are wooed by crafty politicians who are the first to correctly gauge public opinion. The Church, too long indifferent on this great question, is now wheeling into line, and there is every probability of greater victories still ahead for the cause so long despised as vulgar and fanatical.

TERRIBLE SHIPWRECK.

37 LIVES LOST.

On Saturday morning last the C. P. R. steamer *Algoma* was wrecked on Isle Royal, Lake Superior, and out of about fifty souls on board, including passengers and crew, thirty-seven lives were lost.

Capt. Moore, who was saved, gives the following account of the disaster:—The *Algoma* passed through the St. Mary's Canal bound for Port Arthur last Friday afternoon. Soon after reaching Lake Superior the wind began to freshen up from the northwest, and a bank of leaden clouds along the horizon denoted the approach of stormy weather. Realizing, however, that the *Algoma* was one of the strongest and most powerful steamers afloat, and well able to cope with even a severe gale, Capt. Moore kept her on her course. But as the night approached the wind continued to increase in violence, and by dark had developed into one of the fiercest and most destructive gales ever experienced on the upper lakes.

As the gale increased the sea rose, and before midnight Lake Superior was lashed into a mass of seething foam. While the tempest raged unabated every precaution was taken for the struggling steamer. The situation was made more terrible by a blinding snow storm that had set in. Before morning it was impossible to see the length of the steamer. The passengers and crew were mustered on the quarter-deck with their affairs expected to see the steamer plunge to the bottom.

By instructions of Capt. Moore the officers went among the passengers and tried to allay their fears. They were panic-stricken, however, and huddled together in the cabin, where the screams and prayers of the women and children could be heard above the thundering of the gale. On Saturday morning Isle Royale was sighted, and Capt. Moore headed the steamer for Rock Harbor, where he hoped to gain shelter. The Island forms a natural harbor of refuge, but near the entrance there is a dangerous reef, and just as the steamer was nearing the entrance she struck the reef. The passengers rushed out of the cabin and besought the officers to tell them what had happened. "We are on a reef," replied Capt. Moore, "but if you will only keep as calm as possible I trust all will be safely landed."

Just then one of the crew reported that the steamer had been punctured and she was filling with water. The boats were at once got in readiness and all started to leave the steamer, but just as they were about to lower them the steamer slipped off the reef and disappeared with an angry roar.

The water was covered with struggling forms of men and women and then all was over. Only 14 lived to tell the tale. These got into one of the boats, but were powerless to save themselves, as they were without oars. Capt. Moore, however, wrenched the foot board from the bottom of the boat, and with that as a paddle succeeded in working the boat to the island, where the survivors were picked up by the *Alabaster*.

Mr. Bently, manager of the line, has sent out tugs from Port Arthur with instructions to search Isle Royale for any survivors that may possibly have got ashore, and to pick up and take care of any bodies that may be found.

PORT ARTHUR, Nov. 10.—Tugs are now at the scene of the wreck. One of the rescued passengers gives a graphic account of the terrible scenes before and after the wreck. "It's no use to describe the scene," said he, "nothing worse ever occurred on earth. In their madness, when the waves were washing the deck, a number threw themselves into the foaming billows. Others, where a great wave would pass off the deck, which was swayed from side to side, were swept into the sea like a feather. A few hung on to the ropes or to the masts, but the majority seemed to abandon themselves in wild alarm and despair. Even the crew seemed powerless, so stricken were they with the awful suddenness of the disaster. Meanwhile the boat rapidly went to pieces, dashed against the rocks.

The crew, all of whom except a waitress, had clung to the rigging, managed, during a lull in the storm, to place themselves in a life boat, cut the fastenings, and in an instant a wave swept them from the ill-fated wreck. Amid the roar of the wind and the dashing of the waves, the boat was borne onward. Two of the passengers had managed to place themselves in the boat before it was cut away from the wreck.

Any efforts that had been made to launch the boats during the early confusion and horror had failed. Meantime the life-boat and its occupants had a terrible experience on the lake. All who could, bound themselves to the boat, while the remainder held on to the sides, expecting every minute to meet their death by drowning or from exposure and cold. Once the boat was turned over by the waves, and one of the crew washed away, but the frail craft righted itself and was swept on in the comparative darkness.

After half an hour the boat suddenly struck some rocks. The inmates feared all was over with them, when the craft capsized, but to their surprise when thrown out, the water was only a foot deep, and they discovered that they were on land.

After remaining there an hour or more exposed to the elements, the storm abated and the sky cleared. They then discovered that they were on Isle Royale and that the vessel had been wrecked about a mile from shore on great boulders near the channel. The crew remained there until late in the afternoon, when the *Alabaster* came along and picked them up."

Among the lost are two brothers by the name of Buchanan, from Trenton, and a Mr. Mackenzie, purser of the vessel, who was a nephew of Hon. Alex. Mackenzie.

The steamship *Brooklyn* of the Dominion line, was wrecked on the island of Anticosti, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, on Sunday morning last. She had a crew of seventy, and no passengers, all of whom were saved. It is supposed that the vessel will be a total loss.

War has been formally declared by Great Britain against Burmah. All foreign subjects remaining in Burmah are requested to come into the British lines. The British army of invasion is about 15,000 strong, the greater portion being on steamers. The first military operation will be the bombardment by the ironclad flotilla of the Mahla ports.

Talking about lieutenant-governorships, it is not a little strange that Sir Leonard Tilley, since his first entrance into political life, has always been able to hold official position. He has always been on deck; no matter which party was in power. Sir Leonard Tilley has been in office. When the Conservative party was in power before 1878, Sir Leonard Tilley was in office. When it came back to power Sir Leonard Tiley was in office. When it quits power, Sir Leonard Tilley, if he is alive, will be in office. It is a peculiarity of the man. Respectable beyond question, honest above suspicion, still he always holds office. Of course it is better thus than to get suspiciously rich, as Pepper has done. The man who can hold office in Canada, no matter who is in top, must be a mighty sharp politician. Sir Leonard has never made money; he is always honest, never rich, never poor; but chiefly is always on deck. When Sir Leonard Tilley is dead and has not an office paying from $6,000 to $10,000 per annum, we may conclude the end is near at hand, and that the Canadian section of the battle of Armageddon is soon to be fought.

THE LABRADOR DISASTER

Terrible Sufferings of the Survivors.

A despatch from St. Johns, Nfld., states that the survivors of the terrible gale which occurred on the 11th and 12th ult. on the bleak coast of Labrador continue to arrive from the north, each bringing the story of their sufferings is and indeed. Those who passed through the gale describe it as the most awful hurricane ever witnessed even by those hardy fishermen who frequent that storm-beaten coast. It first blew from the north-east, and gradually increasing in violence, then it suddenly veered to the northeast and the cold became intense, the fierce blasts began to hurl the snow-flakes on their wings of gloom, and at intervals the whole atmosphere was darkened by the drifts. It was a scene of awe and terror, which the imagination can but faintly realize. In the midst of this war of elements a fleet of little craft, mostly schooners, was struggling for life. Some were caught on their homeward voyage, laden deeply with the product of the season's toil—others lay at anchor, loading, in the exposed roadsteads and harbors, where there was no sufficient shelter. On board were hundreds of fishermen, many of them with their wives and children, for it is their custom to take their families with them to aid in handling the fish. As the storm continued and increased in violence the vessels were pressed nearer and nearer to the land rocks with their affrighted freight clinging desperately to the doomed hulks, while one and then another were dashed against the rocks, the human mass hurled into the singing surges, some sinking to rise no more, others clinging to fragments of the wreck, some flung ashore, more dead than alive, on the huge rollers. Thus perished some 80 human beings.

The saddest scene of all was at White Bear island. Here two vessels, the *Release* and *Hope*, with all their anchors out, were struggling to ride out the storm. They held on till Monday morning, when the moorings gave way. The *Release* drifted on an island to lee-ward, and was speedily dashed to pieces. Twenty-five of those on board were drowned, all but six being women and children. The *Hope* was carried on a ledge of rock near the shore. Two punts were launched and filled with those on board who reached the shore in safety, but before the remainder could be secured the vessel broke up and fourteen met a watery grave, most of them being women and children. The scene is said to have been appalling. Four people were seen clasping their children to their bosoms in speechless agony, and children crying for aid and clinging the more tightly to their mothers to save. The merciless billow rushed on them and covered all with a winding sheet of foam. Thirty-nine in all perished at this single spot. One man lost his wife and four children.

Another touching story is told of a fine manly little fellow of 12 years who was in his father's vessel when she was dashed to pieces. The father tried to save the boy by swimming with the lad fastened on his back. He struggled hard, but again and again with such a burden on his shoulders he was nearly overwhelmed. The poor boy begged his father to let him go and save his own life; and when he saw that his father would not do this he managed to work himself free and struck out towards the shore. A huge wave came and flung father and son on the shore and both were saved. When asked afterwards by a lady if he felt afraid he answered, "No ma'am, I was only a little bit frightened. I thought I was going to be drowned, and he thought what would mother do then—so I got off his back."

The dark tragedy is relieved by some traits of genuine heroism. A young man named Reardon had escaped from a wreck by swimming. He had barely reached the shore when he heard the wild shrieks of despair from a woman on board another vessel that was fast going to pieces. The brave fellow did not hesitate a moment. He dashed into the boiling surges, and after a fearful struggle with the waves he reached the wreck and swam ashore, bringing with him the rescued woman. Just before he reached the wreck two women on board were killed by the falling of a gunt upon them. Surely if ever a hero merited the Victoria Cross for valor this Newfoundland fisherman deserves such honor.

The Government has sent a boat to the scene of the disaster reached St. John's, at once sent out vessels to bring the survivors back to the island. The people are as they arrive are in a pitiable plight, but thankful to reach home alive. Many of them have lost everything. All their hard-earned catch of fish is gone, and they come home to face the long, cold winter with hardly anything in their houses. They will receive all the help that is possible both from private charity and out of the public funds, but with all that can be done for them their privations and sufferings will be great.

The London Scandals.

Mr. Stead, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and others, have lately been tried on the charge of abducting one Eliza Armstrong. The trial was a lengthy one and was concluded on Saturday last. Judge Lopes, in his charge to the jury, urged them to be careful in a verdict according to law, and not to allow their personal sympathy to influence their decision. Mr. Stead, Justice Lopes said, filled the *Pall Mall Gazette* with filthy, disgusting articles of an obscene nature, the publication of which was not connected with the present charge. The only material question for the jury to decide, was whether the child, Eliza Armstrong, was taken away from her home against her father's will. They were also to determine whether the mother sold her child to the prisoners, as alleged by the defence.

The jury retired at 3.40 p. m. The foreman asked the judge, before the jury left their seats, to allow them to distinguish between Mrs. Jarrett and Mr. Stead, as to their criminal liability in the case. They concluded that Jarrett had disobeyed the instructions of Mr. Stead. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty against Stead and Rebecca Jarrett, and acquitted Booth and Jacques.

The jury agreed that Stead and Mrs. Jarrett took Eliza Armstrong from her home without her father's will, but could not agree whether Mrs. Jarrett obtained the child by false pretences. They also agreed that the mother did not sell her child, as alleged by the defence, and that Booth and Jacques were not parties to the abduction. The judge deferred passing sentence on the convicted prisoners until after the trial of an indictment for indecent assault against Stead, Jacques, Jarrett and Mourg.

The prisoners were admitted to bail to appear on Tuesday next. The jury admit that Stead had been misled, and they urged that the laws for the protection of women and children should be enforced.

The friends of Stead are very indignant over the severity of Justice Lopes in summing up against the prisoners, and accuse the justice of having followed the bias of the prosecution. Neutral opinion, however, is to the effect that the judge's charge was admirable in every respect, and especially for its absence of prejudice and its clear exposition of the points of law involved. The trial leaves Stead in the position of an impudent enthusiast, who will be considered the dupe of Mrs. Jarrett and the man Jacques. It was the latter that first induced Stead to go into the revelation business. The social purity associations maintain their full faith in Stead, and argue that he did nothing but his duty. Bishop Southwell published a letter in which he says that Stead was in no way responsible for the disclosure of these horrors. The perpetrators of the horrors were now responsible and but for the work performed by Stead it is doubtful if parliament would ever have amended the criminal law. The Bishop further concludes with the statement that it may be doubted whether the motives which prompted the prosecution of Stead in the criminal action were really, as claimed, honorable and those of sincere indignation.

Mr. Stead has been sentenced to three months imprisonment. He says he will not appeal against the sentence of the Court, but will serve out his term.

A Gigantic Railroad Monopoly.

The railroad corporation of the United States are contemplating the important step of uniting in one gigantic organization under a central body in which each of the trunk lines will be represented, and which will have control of the administration of all business. An iron-clad contract has been drawn up on an elaborate scale, under which, should it be finally accepted, the entire railroad system of the country will be welded together in a compact though complicated mechanism, combining the connecting and affiliated roads as well as the great through lines of travel. The central governing body will fix all rates on a basis form scale, and any special agreements, rebates or modifications by which individual roads may seek to offer favorable terms than those fixed by the united body are prohibited. To secure adherence to the terms of the proposed agreement, each party to the contract is to deposit a large sum of money from which fines imposed for violating the rules are to be deducted.

The prospect of this creation of a railway empire is naturally viewed with a good deal of misgiving and misgivings by the American people, who have suffered so greatly in the past from extortion on the part of the railroads. Hitherto pooling arrangements between the leading lines have usually been of short duration. By means of these combinations the railroads were able to deprive the people of the advantages of competition, and to charge extortionate rates on freight, and conduct their business with utter indifference to the public interest. But disagreements and jealousies were of frequent occurrence and combination was often succeeded by a period of vigorous rivalry, during which the public had the advantage which proverbially accrue from the falling out of rogues. But under the proposed new deal under which all the railroads in the country will have one executive head, the people may reasonably expect that the worst abuses of the railroad monopoly will system will be intensified. What has been the experience as the effect, hitherto, of the centralization of railroad interests has not disposed the public to regard the scheme at all favorably. They have no reason from the past to hope that the railroad league will use its immense powers justly or be guided in their administration by any other consideration than that of realizing as much as possible from the traffic of the country. In one respect, however, there will be an improvement. Discrimination being forbidden by the agreement, the oppression of the centralized monopoly will fall equally on all, and no man will get more favorable terms than his neighbor. This will no doubt be vastly higher than they need be, but the bressure will be equitably distributed, and the uneasiness arising from constant fluctuations and tariff changes avoided.

There is another point of view, moreover, from which the proposed combination may be favorably regarded by those who look forward to ultimate tendencies rather than at immediate consequences. It is a step, and a very long one, towards government ownership of railroads. With the railway system organized as a unit it will will be much easier for the general government, when public opinion is ripe for the change, to step in and take possession than if it had a number of independent interests to deal with, and the course of the gigantic monopoly will be more likely to force the people to demand such a remedy than if they remained under the delusion that some day or other they would find relief in competition. The new league extinguishes that hope forever, and so renders the public mind receptive for the idea of government ownership.

The same process of a combination of interests has long been going on in Canada, and every indication points to a virtual amalgamation of the two rivals who now divide the field between them. There, as there, the ultimate solution of the problem will be found not in the vain expectation of competition, but in the ownership and administration by the government of what is, in the nature of things, a public and not a private interest.—*News.*

There was a heavy snow storm in Nebraska and westward on Saturday last, and trains were blocked on the Union Pacific Railway.

The Prince of Wales was forty-four years old on the 9th inst. The question may well be asked, will that the 9th November ever be as popular as the 24th of May.

All the people in the service of the province, from the premier down, will have to be vaccinated, an order to that effect having been passed by the lieutenant-governor in council, at the request of the provincial board of health. Every school child must present a certificate of vaccination to the head of his department.

The introduction of Prince Henry of Battenberg—who, as the offspring of a morganatic marriage, is regarded by foreign courts as "not born"—into the royal family of England has caused not only several squabbles and misunderstandings on the tiresome subject of precedence, and there is the prospect of serious trouble about the same matter. The Prince of Wales holds very decided views on all these court questions, and feels very strongly about them. He will have the rules to be fixed and immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. The queen has thought proper to create Prince Henry royal highness, and is thereby held by the recognized authorities on the subject to have stretched the prerogative a little too far. The German courts will not recognize this procedure; and if Prince Henry happened to visit Berlin or any other German court he would be regarded as a royal personage, nor would he be allowed any precedence whatever.

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THE FARM.

Timely and Practical.

The Advance in Wool.—An authority says there seems no doubt that the advance in the price of wool will be sustained. The demand for goods is active, and manufacturers have large contracts for future delivery that must be filled. Some of the large mills have a six months' stock on hand, but have orders for goods for about the same period. Some of the small mills have contracts ahead, but have only a few weeks' stock on hand, and will be compelled to go to market often, and purchase from week to week.

Feeding the Fowls.—Keep the fowls well at this season, says an experienced poultry fancier. If you expect to get eggs from your hens in December, they must be amply fed with egg-producing provender. Give them bones in granulated form; have plenty of lime and clean gravel within the houses, to which they may have full access; twice a week give them cooked, coarse meat, chopped up; and don't forget the occasional allowance of green food—cabbages, turnips, etc.—while they are housed in confinement.

Cutting Seed.—As the season for feed-stock is again at hand, it is in order to remind our readers that there is great advantage in having a hay-cutter in the barn. By its use straw and other coarse fodder can be so mixed with meal that stock will eat all readily; and thus the capacity of the farm to keep stock and make manure may be largely increased. The stubs of coarse corn-stalks will not be eaten unless steamed; but it is worth while to cut them up, if only for the advantage of having fine manure to be evenly spread during the Winter and Spring.

Keep Fences in Repair.—Some one makes the timely remark that fences should not be allowed to get out of repair in the Fall season, and the stock permitted to jump and become breachy in consequence. A good many farmers repair their fences in the Spring, and then pay no more attention to them during the year. In the meantime, many rails, etc., become displaced, and make low places in the fence for the stock to break into grain fields or into neighbors' premises. It is always the best plan to look after the fences every little while, and especially after a wind storm.

Salt and Water for Sheep.—According to a London agricultural journal, Mr. Russell, of Horton, England, provides salt as well as fresh water for his sheep, so that they may have access to it whether the weather be wet or dry. If this were done generally, those wholesale losses which are now suffered would not be experienced. Salt acts as a condiment, and is no doubt an appetizer; but it also does something more in quickening the action of the internal organic system, and prevents the generation of internal parasites.

Barb-Wire Fences.—The farmers in convention assembled recently made a complaint against the use of barb wire for fences as cruel to animals and injurious to the skins that are sent to be tanned. Commenting upon which the *Indiana Farmer* says it would indicate that cattle frequently get caught in the wires, or are driven against them with such force as to tear their skins. And it adds that a strip of board, three inches wide, nailed under the top wire would prevent this in most cases; and some such safeguard ought always to be used where the barb-wire fence is made use of to enclose cattle.

Rat-Proof Cribs.—As a matter of economy and good management, says the *Rural Messenger*, be sure to have a rat-proof crib. This can be done at very little trouble or expense. Build the house of skinned poles or lattice work plank; let the sills rest on small blocks, four feet high, capped with sheets of tin or large tin pans inverted, and be careful to leave nothing leaning against the the house but a step-ladder; and this must be kept under the house except when in use to get to get out corn. This being done, you will no longer be pestered with the filth and waste of rats and mice. This is the year to have a cheap rat-proof crib, and help to save your corn crop.

The Gapes.—It is asserted that every species of bird, large and small is subject to the gapes. The young of the robin are often greatly troubled with them. It is also believed that many chicks thus effected die from starvation, on account of their inability to swallow. This parasitic disease is occasioned by a number of small worms in the throat, producing inflammation. The fowl is oftentimes relieved by a stiff horsehair, or a quill striped of its feathers within an inch of the end, which, when carefully used, will remove some of the worms. Care and proper attention to fowls will ward off the disease. Pure water, wholesome food, and sufficient room for exercise will seldom fail in preventing its appearance.

Chaff in an Animal's Eye.—Prof. Low says the best method of removing chaff from the eye of an animal is to pick it off with a pair of pinchers, the head being held steadily by an assistant having hold of the nose, and the eyelid being held open by the opposite hand. In the absence of pincers or forceps, cover a pin with a single layer of a soft handkerchief, and scrape off the chaff, with the head of the pin so protected. The eye will suffer much more from the continued presence of the chaff than from pretty active scraping. Keep a rag, wet in cold water, over the eye for a day or two after removal; then touch it daily with a feather dipped in a solution of lunar caustic, five grains to the ounce of distilled water.

Charcoal for Turkeys.—A California paper recommends charcoal for fattening turkeys, and says that it should be pulverized and mixed with mashed potatoes and corn meal, as well as fed to them in small lumps. It mentions that, in two lots of four, each treated alike, and one lot given this mixture and the other not, there was an average gain in the weight of the first of a pound and a half each. In commenting upon this another writer says: "While we condemn the practice of mixing the pulverized charcoal with other food for turkeys, compelling them to eat it whether they want to or not, we have no doubt of the excellent effects of supplying them charcoal broken into small bits, especially when fattening for market."

REMARKABLE RIVERS.

Streams that Present Unique and Curious Features—A River of Ink.

A number of rivers that can be found in almost any atlas possess remarkable characteristics which entitle them to rank among the natural curiosities of the world. In Algeria, for instance, there is a small stream which the chemistry of nature has turned into true ink. It is formed by the union of two rivulets, one of which is very strongly impregnated with iron, while the other, meandering through a peat marsh, imbibes gallic acid. Letters have been written with this compound of iron and gallic acid which unite to form the little river. In Colombia there is a river which, by admixture with sulphuric acid, becomes so sour that it is appropriately named Rio de Vinagre, or Vinegar River. Many varieties of fish abound in the large Orange River of South Africa until the river passes through a rocky region containing copper ores, below which the water is said to be poisonous and to kill the fish that venture into it.

"China's Sorrow" is the name that has been given to the great Hoang Ho, which rises in the mountains of Thibet, and follows a wonderfully circuitous channel for 2,500 miles to the sea. The waywardness of this mighty volume of water makes the river a constant source of anxiety and danger, instead of wealth, to 170,000,000 of people inhabiting the central plain of China. It is known to have suddenly changed its course nine times. It has moved its mouth over 4 deg. of latitude each time, emptying its vast floods in different directions and digging a new channel for itself where scores of villages had stood. It has greatly changed the physical character of a wide area, turning fertile regions into a sandy waste or making shallow lakes of them, in which nothing grows, and over which nothing can sail. Whether it is within the power of western science to save this great plain from disastrous overflows, and changes of the river bed is a question that has been considerably discussed in England of late years.

Some recent explorers of Alaska tell us that the Mississippi can no longer be regarded as the largest river of the North American continent. They claim that distinction for the great Youkon River, which, according to Mr. Ivan Petroff, who spent two years in Alaska collecting materials for the last census, empties into Norton Sound one-third more water than the Mississippi pours into the Gulf of Mexico. The Youkon basin comprises the most of southern Alaska, and is a mile wide 600 miles from its mouth. Many centuries before it was visited by white men it very likely served as the highway into the interior of tribes who are believed to have crossed from Asia to this Continent.

A very curious river is the Webbe Shebeyli of East Africa, a deep and rapid streams abounding in fish and crocodiles. Though it flows for hundreds of miles through fertile lands, the immense volume of water never reaches the sea. A little north of the Equator the river loses itself in a desert region a few miles from the Indian Ocean.

Very few great rivers have ever been thoroughly explored by going up stream. Travellers tried for 2,000 years to find the sources of the Nile by ascending the river. By the time they had reached the difficult part of the stream they could go no further. It was only by seeking the fountain heads first by overland routes that Schwatka was able to float down the Youkon, that Stanley mapped the Congo, and that Speke solved the secret of the Nile.

HERE AND THERE.

A great deal of land around Winchester, England, may be leased for 25 cents an acre.

A naturalist, who has just returned from Spain, says that the natives keep locusts in cages for the sake of their "music."

The Countess De Rochefoucauld and the Countess de Bethune appear on the real estate assessment rolls in New Orleans for over $100,000.

There are between 300,000 and 400,000 cyclists in England, and the ancient city of Coventry is the chief seat of the cycle-making industry.

The other day there died at Turin Padre Giacomo, the confessor of Count Cavour. It was to Padre Giacomo that Cavour addressed his dying words, "Father, a free Church in a free State."

Holloway jail seems to suit Mrs. Weldon, the eminent London litigant, far better than it suited Mr. Yates. There she has remained all summer without making any plaint to the world without.

Since 1852 $373,000,000 has been laid out in rebuilding and embellishing Paris. The new Town Hall cost about $60,000,000, and $40,000,000 has been spent on the four parks—the Bois de Boulogne, Bois de Vincennes, Pacs Monceaux and Montsouris.

A growing disposition in Episcopalians to call in question the utility of Sunday schools is discerned by the *Church Press*, which does not share in these misgivings and objections, and sees no reason why the school should be discontinued or decried.

Ten physicians, who have had an opportunity for personal observation, report diversely as to the deadliness of leprosy. Four feel certain that it is absolutely incurable, three are in doubt, and three believe that chaulmoogra oil may prove a specific, as they have seen remarkable results from its use.

No class in England has in the past thirty years seen such an improvement in its condition as the army. The modern barracks have admirable sanitary arrangements, baths, libraries, five courts, and gymnasiums; in fact, are so comfortable that many of the men do not go outside for days together.

In the garden of a residence whose lawn slopes down to the bank of the Delaware, near Chester, a ship's yawl has been set upright, painted red, and turned into a flower holder. Living blossoms and foliage plants fill it from stem to stern, and flowering plants climb its one mast and twine about the stays.

When the late Lord Shaftesbury was Lord Ashley, by which title he was long prominent, there were some 400 peers, and probably 200 had grown-up sons; and yet, out of this large body of men, he is about the only name standing out as that of a nobleman who gave his time, energy, money, and the prestige of his position to the cause of benevolence.

The Jews of the world numbered 6,377,602 last June, according to the statistics gathered by the Geographical Society of Marseilles and were distributed as follows: Europe, 5,407,602; Asia, 245,000; Africa, 413,000; America, 300,000; Australia, 12,000. Nearly a third of the European Jews live in Russia. Austria and Hungary come next. In the three Scandinavian kingdoms, Denmark Sweden and Norway, there are 7,000 Israelites all told.

A heavily loaded street car in Philadelphia was stopped last week by the falling of one of its horses from exhaustion. The poor beast was lifted to his feet, and was about to be reharnessed, though his shoulders were raw; but no one protested until a young lady vehemently warned the driver that she would procure his immediate arrest if he persisted in trying to drive the horse. The driver sneered and swore, but took the hint, and the horse was sent away.

If the corners of the mouth are habitually drawn down in a frown and the brows wrinkled in perplexity, those features will gradually assume an aspect of repellent seriousness. On the other hand, the man who smiles a great deal will acquire a pleasant expression. A Yankee has invented an apparatus to be worn at night, which he fancies will not only lend an agreeable expression to a face that has not yet become set, but will obliterate and rearrange the unpleasant lines that time and circumstances have established.

A Birmingham (England) paper says: "Not long ago the wife of a prominent gentleman in this town called at a leading shop and noticed a beautiful camel's hair shawl. She inquired the price and was informed £40. She admired the shawl very much, and, upon being solicited to buy it, said that her husband would never consent to pay £40 for it, 'but,' she continued, a bright idea striking her, 'I will pay you £20 on it, and the next time you see my husband passing show him the shawl and tell him it is only £20, and I am sure he will buy it.' The proprietor readily assented, and a few days afterward the husband, on passing the shop was called in, saw the shawl, and in a little while consented to give £20. A few days later, while walking in the street, his wife observed the identical shawl upon the shoulders of a woman for whom she long suspected her husband entertained more than a neighborly regard.

Dr. Ferran, the Spanish inoculator for cholera, has had the fullest measure of praise followed by a deluge of abuse which the facts do not seem to justify. Reports as to the efficacy of inoculation have now been received from seven Spanish towns, containing an aggregate of 41,641 inhabitants. Of these 20,382 were inoculated, leaving 21,259 not so treated. Of the latter 7.45 per cent. were attacked with cholera, and of these 52.02 per cent. died. Of the 20,382 inoculated 1.13 per cent. were attacked, and of these 32,33 per cent. died. Some of the medical writers consider this a remarkable showing in Ferran's favor. They say that he considered two inoculations, a "mild" and a "massive" one, necessary to assure success, and these could not always be given in the confusion attending the onset of cholera in the towns specified. Again, the pressure upon him was so severe that he could not always ascertain whether his inoculations had taken or not.

HOW PATIENTS ARE TREATED.

Terrible Revelations of one of the Sufferers in St. Roch's Hospital.

Facts concerning the treatment and experience of the patients in St. Roch's hospital, Montreal, which have just come to light, are revolting in the extreme. Mrs. Borland, the daughter-in-law of the Rev. John Borland, well known in this city, who entered the hospital on Sept. 29 last, says when she was sent to the hospital she was placed on a bed in which was one sheet to lie on and then a ragged, dirty blanket for a covering. For the first few days she suffered from the cold owing to the window just above her head being partially open and a too scanty supply of clothing. While she was still suffering from cold, as were several others, a man of the hospital was applied to for additional covering, when he brought up several ragged blankets, which he distributed, saying as he did so not to let the nuns know, or "they would play hell with him." Dr. Nolin gave no medical attendance, simply looking at the cards over the beds in the morning, dropping here and there an occasional remark, and thus passing along and out. Mrs. Borland and Mrs. Hopkins, who were both patients, declared that Dr. Nolin gave them no professional attention until in Mrs. Borland's case she asked for some aperient medicine, when he gave a dose of what he called mineral water, the effect of which for four days was that the most painful diarrhœa was experienced, which was followed for five consecutive days by hemorrhage, which was so profuse as to run through the bed on to the floor of the ward. Dr. Nolin then gave her a powder, which, while it stopped the hemorrhage, nevertheless gave her a pain in her side which she experiences to the present day. There was no attendance given by the regular nurses, that being principally done by convalescent patients. Cries of the patients for a glass of water were heartrending, to be met by the response: "Shut up, you." The stench of the place was most revolting, and anything in the way of deodorizing or disinfecting was never thought of. The heartlessness, they said, with which patients are treated in the St. Roch's hospital was remarkable. In the case of a Miss Norris, to relieve a choking sensation, application was made to Dr. Nolin. After much entreaty he made his appearance and gave her some relief. This was about 10 o'clock at night, and nothing more was done or attempted. The following day she was removed to the black smallpox ward, and without any further attention was allowed to die a couple of days afterwards. No attention was paid to anybody the moment they entered the black smallpox ward, and the cries that came from that awful place were heartrending. After the first night of Mrs. Borland's stay in the hospital a poor woman after her death was rolled out of the bed on which she had died and allowed to fall like a log of wood on the floor. The first evening Mrs. Borland spent in the hospital a woman, who had been a cook of the Rev. Mr. Wood, died under terrible circumstances. For hours previous to her death, and as long as she could speak even in a whisper, she cried, "For God's sake give me water," but the only attention given her was to tell her to shut up. She died during the night. Previous to her death she writhed in her agony and fell out of bed. Two men were called, who lifted, and throwing her into bed, said: "Now sit on her and keep her down." When dead a sheet was placed on the floor and she was rolled on to it like a log. Then they pinned up the sheet around her and two men dragged her down stairs. Her body thumping on the stairs could be heard in the ward. On throwing the corpse of this woman down off her bed her bowels burst open and the contents were spilled all over the floor, which were allowed to remain there for several days, the stench being abominable. A number of similar cases could be given. There was only one nun to four wards and with eight in each ward, the patients could not be attended to. The food was often not fit to eat.

MAXWELL AND HIS FATHER.

The Interview Between The Aged Man and His Wayward Son.

Samuel N. Brooks, the schoolmaster at Hyde, England, and his son Hugh, better known as W. H. Lennox Maxwell, met in the Circuit Attorney's office at St. Louis the other morning. The previous arrangements which had been made for bringing father and son together in the quiet of the jailor's parlor were abandoned, and at 10 o'clock the old gentleman sat in a chair in Mr. Clover's back room attended by his counsel. The old gentleman was laboring under intense nervous excitement, the result of the mental strain to which he has been subjected, and it was apparently only by great effort that he retained a semblance of composure. The door opened, and Hugh Brooks, alias Maxwell, entered, accompanied by Deputy Sheriff Kenefick. At the sound the father turned in his chair, and for the first time in many long months the father and son looked upon each other.

At sight of his father the young man, whose face was pale with suppressed emotion, moved rapidly towards the chair in which he was sitting, and the father, springing quickly to his feet at the same moment they met. The old man flung his left arm around his son's neck and drew him to his breast. Maxwell's arm enfolded his father, and for a few moments they stood there silent. When they parted each buried his face in his hand and wept bitterly. A chair was handed to Maxwell, and the father and son sat down and soon entered into conversation which lasted over an hour. The sight of the old father and his son meeting so far away from their home under such circumstances brought tears to the eyes of several of the bystanders. After the interview with his son the old gentleman bade him an affectionate farewell and left the building. He said he found his son but little changed.

"I first thought my son was connected with this case in May last," said he, "when I read an article in a Manchester paper in which my son's name appeared. Then came little corroborative circumstances, articles that I knew my son had, and finally the letter from my son's counsel telling me the prisoner was my son. He never studied medicine, and knew nothing about, nor do I know anybody named Maxwell. My son was fond of natural science, and liked chemical experiments, carpentry, and other little amusements to pass away time. He never attended a college, but passed through the grammar and high schools. I attribute his present trouble to the curate Evans, who, I believe, had a bad influence upon him, and whom I would hold responsible if I could meet him. I never knew any of Preller's family, but I have private and reliable information that his life was insured for $6,000. Whether this money was paid or not I will find out when I return, but I heard that the insurance company was contesting the claim.

"I have not spoken to my son about his defense. He is a lawyer, and he and his counsel know best what to do. I am, and have been from the first, satisfied of his innocence, and if he has gotten into a scrape through bad associations an explanation will clear it all up. I will advise him that if he has entered into a conspiracy to defraud an insurance company to tell the truth, no matter who suffers."

MECHANICAL ITEMS.

A forge hammer driven by gas instead of steam was recently invented in England.

A London boot and shoe paper is indignant that an American firm should presume to ship fine boots for Londoners to wear.

It is said the coming roofs will be of terra-cotta tiles. The terra-cotta manufacturers are adapting their wares to a variety of purposes.

Mainsprings of watches break most frequently in the fall of the year, and watchmakers are said to put in more new springs in two fall months than in all the rest of the year.

Brick makers have heard of a brick-making machine that has a pressure of from 5,000 to 300,000 pounds, and which can turn out from 8,000 to 20,000 bricks per day.

Tool makers will be interested in knowing that a process has been discovered and perfected by which old rails, at a cost of $17 per ton, can be turned into good edged tools.

Not ten years have elapsed since the first paper mill was started in Japan, with the latest appliances of European and American machinery, and now we are told that there are a dozen mills in operation in that country several of them making good dividends. It may be put down to the credit of Japan that she was a few hundred years in advance of the United States in making papers from wood fiber.

Statistics concerning the new American postal card are now in order. The material used is twenty-five per cent. wood pulp and seventy-five per cent. fine rags. It takes about twelve hours to convert the raw material into the cards, and between 1,000,000 and 1,500,000 of them are turned out daily, giving employment to about 130 women and girls. They come from the press in sheets of forty cards each. It costs $100 a month for the little paper bands that are placed about the bunches of twenty-five each. The new card has a watermark that will aid in the detection of counterfeits. Even with a million turned out daily the demand is greater than the supply.

OVER THE OCEAN.

The Sultan is as devoted to Wagner as the King of Bavaria. Much of his time is passed at the piano, and two of his sons are accomplished musicians.

Ozone baths are a specialty at Eastbourne, England. The bath is filled with long, green seaweed, steeped for an hour before use in boiling water. The bather remains in about twenty minutes, and the bath is thought very invigorating.

A Scotchman is suffering from a painful disease of the hand and wrist, brought on by the pressure against the palm of a round-knobbed cane. The surgeons say that the thing to carry is a stick with a plain, smooth, cylindrical handle.

The proprietors of London restaurants and hotels are taking to music. At the Holborn restaurant sweet music has been discoursed during dinner hours for some time past, and quite a number of hotels and restaurants have now applied for a license.

The London police have received orders not to take into custody a person about to commit suicide, but to apply for a warrant to apprehend him on a charge of misdemeanor. The medical journals call this "locking up the stable after the horse is stolen."

It seems almost useless to warn people not to take overdoses of opium and its alkaloids. An English clergyman, who had been accustomed to take morphia pills for sleeplessness, continued the habit against his physician's express instructions, and one night took a number of them equal to a grain and a half of the drug. He went to sleep and never awoke.

Asia possesses the most powerfully equipped hornets. The *Indian Medical Gazette* tells of a man who was bitten on the neck by one of them. Within ten minutes he became cold, pulseless, and unconscious. He was a robust man, but the use of active remedies only brought him to after a couple of hours. The hornet was of medium size, bright yellow and striped with black.

The immense gun constructed at Elswick for the British government has a total weight of 200 tons, being considerably in excess of previous undertakings. Its length is stated at some forty-four feet, though with an extreme diameter at the breech of but five feet six inches, a very elongated chase or barrel tapering down to twenty-eight inches, with a slight swelling at the muzzle.

A curious public house is among the latest attractions in Paris. It is called *La Taverne du Bagne*. The walls are hung with paintings representing the horrors of convict life, interspersed with portraits of notorious Communists. All the waiters are dressed in convict uniform, and wear the chains and *boulets* of the regular *forcat*. The landlord is Citoyen Maxime Lisbonne, one of the leaders of the insurrection of 1871.

Sir James Paget has been tracing the course in life of one thousand medical students, taken at random from an English institute. He found that 23 out of the 1,000 achieved distinguished success; 66 had considerable success; 507 made a living; 124 had a very limited success, not having made a fair practice within 15 years after graduation, and 56 failed utterly. Nearly 10 per cent. (96) of the whole number left the profession after beginning either study or practice; 87 died after entering practice, and 41 died when students.

The merry little mosquito has arrived in Dublin. The interesting tourist from this side had already turned up in London, evidently with the notion of staying. He is reported at opposite outskirts. Ever since the memorial day, some seven years since, when the first intruder of his race waylaid an Irish M. P. in Piccadilly, the bloodthirsty insect has not only lurked around London, but has considerably increased and multiplied, though it is doubted whether he will ever prove formidable. His development there promises to form a curious chapter of natural history.

In about the centre of the Island of Trinidad, a dot in the Carribbean sea, just off the coast of Venezuela, there is an asphalt lake. It is said to cover about 100 acres, and is apparently inexhaustible. It is a black sand substance and is believed to be crude rotten petroleum. A singular feature of the substance is that, although about 30,000 tons are taken out of this lake annually, it constantly fills up so there is no lessening of the supply. This singular lake of paving material is owned by the Venezuelan government, but is leased to a company in Washington.

The special correspondent of the London *Times* says of the Italian army: The Italian soldier always seems contented, cheerful, and willing, while, as to his conduct, it is remarkably good. I have not, during the more than a fortnight I have been living in the midst of the troops, seen or heard of a single drunken soldier, nor have I been told of misconduct of any sort. The Italian, indeed, as was proved by Napoleon, makes a good soldier, though he is not quite so military in his style, bearing and talk as the Frenchman; and the army has been a great civilizer of the more uncouth portions of the population, as well as a great fuser of the different races which inhabit the peninsula and the islands.

The imperial meeting at Kremsier, which lasted twenty hours, cost the Austrian Court Treasury upwards of $300,000. It is a proof of the morbid state of terror and apprehension in which the Czar exists that, on arriving at Kremsier, he refused to occupy the splendidly furnished apartments which had been prepared for him, and installed himself in a couple of rooms at the other end of the palace, which had been destined for some other members of the suite. There must have been frightful waste, or else the whole company must have indulged in a great orgie, for 1,000 bottles of Rhine Cabinet wines, 3,000 of champagne, 2,500 of claret, 300 of liqueurs, and 300 of brandy were consumed by 800 persons at two meals.

One morning twenty-nine years ago, the body of Mr. John Sadlier, a celebrated Irish financier and speculator was found lying stark and cold near Jackstrews Castle, on the Hampstead Heath and near it the little vial containing prussic acid with which, in the depth of his despair, he had rid himself of life. An inquest was held, and the medical witness on the occasion was Dr. Edward Staunton. About ten days ago again another body was found, stark and cold on nearly the same spot, and the fingers still gripped a small bottle which had contained prussic acid. It was taken up and recognized as that of the same Dr. Edward Staunton, whom the weary passage of twenty-nine years had brought to the same end.

HOUSEHOLD.

Oysters.

Brown Oyster Soup.—Take a quart of water, add to it a tablespoonful of rich brown gravy or a teaspoonful of extract of beef, thicken with a dessertspoonful of flour and let it simmer ten minutes, to cook the flour thoroughly. Then stir in an ounce of butter, season to taste, and add a dozen oysters. Bring to boiling point and serve.

White Oyster Soup.—Take four toast biscuits (English), roll them fine, and mix with a pint of water; add another pint of good milk, an ounce of butter, pepper and a dozen oysters and serve.

Oysters a la Creme.—Open a dozen oysters carefully and save the liquor; take a half pint of milk, add to it a piece of butter the size of a walnut, thicken with flour, and simmer ten minutes. Add the oysters and their liquor, and seasoning to taste. Have some nicely browned slices of toast, take up the oysters carefully, lay them on the toast, pour the mixture over, and serve.

Steamed Oysters.—Lay them in a potato steamer over boiling water, cover with a plate to keep the steam in, and cook for ten minutes. Then serve quickly in the shell, and on a very hot dish, with fried brown bread and lemon or vinegar.

Stewed Oysters.—Take a pint of milk thicken with a dessertspoonful of corn-meal, and stir in an ounce of butter; season well, add a dozen oysters and stew gently for half an hour. When serving, garnish the stew with sippits of bread soaked in lemon juice and fried in butter.

Oyster Patties.—Make first a rich puff paste with half pound of Vienna flour and half pound of butter. Press all the moisture out of the butter with a clean cloth, then rub half of it very lightly into the flour, mix with sufficient cold water to form a paste, roll, and put on the remainder of the butter, fold in three and roll out: repeat this, then fill the patty-pans and bake quickly. Beard and drain a dozen oysters, add a few drops of lemon juice to the liquor, and then thicken with flour, butter and the yolk of an egg. Cut the oysters into dice, stir them into the mixture with a few drops of anchovy sauce; warm up and fill the cases.

Fricasseed Oysters.—Take a teaspoonful of cream and the beaten yolk of an egg. Mix them well together, then drain the liquor from a dozen oysters, thicken it with butter and flour, add the egg and cream, season to taste, and simmer for five minutes, stirring all the time. Lay in the oysters, let them warm through, then pour over slices of buttered toast.

Escalloped Oysters.—Butter some scallop shells and line them with bread crumbs soaked in milk, drain the oysters and lay them in (four are enough for one shell), season with pepper and salt, cover with a thick layer of crumbs also soaked in milk, put tiny bits of butter on top, and bake on a quick oven fifteen minutes.

A Wife's Expenses.

Many married men blunder in the management of home expenses, although not one bridegroom in a thousand, standing proudly at the altar with the woman of his choice, would believe the thing possible were some truth-telling prophet to whisper to him, "In one, or in two, or in five years, your wife will want things for needful expenses, personal to herself, or for your common advantage and comfort, and will shrink from asking you for it, lest you should upbraid her for extravagance or chide her for folly."

What a blush would mount to the cheek of an ingenuous, well meaning young man at such an aspersion! He is quick to resent it. Nevertheless, in half the homes in the country, because the husband holds the funds and the wife must ask for her share, there is exasperation, there is false shame, there is undreamed-of distress. And the trouble springs not out of the greed of penurious men (for men are usually open-handed, generous, and anxious to treat their wives and daughters with liberality), but has its genesis in a mistaken principle at the beginning. Indulgence, liberality and generosity are terms wholly inapplicable to the situation when we are speaking of the relations of husband and wife. The one does not dispense an alms; the other does not accept a charity. They are partners in the business of life. It is his part to do the providing, and hers to look after the use of the provisions. He attends to the out-door economy; she to the interior; economy being taken in its root sense of systematic government. "In true marriage lies nor equal nor unequal;" yet there can be nothing but the farce of equality where the wife must account to her husband for every farthing, and the husband, forgetful of the consideration due his wife, allows her to be fretted and worried, worn to shreds, and subject to petty mortifications, because five days out of seven she is the possessor of an empty purse. Entire openness and confidence as to the resources of the firm, a definite and exact method of keeping household accounts, and a recognition of the fact that bricks cannot be made without straw, and that a certain approximating annual expense must be proportioned to the position the family occupies in the community, would so far bring in a millenium in British homes.

IN FEAR OF THE REDSKINS.

Frontier Telegraph Experiences.

The telegraph operators at some of the exposed points in Arizona and other western regions are valiant fellows, but it frequently happens that they cannot be convinced that duty demands of them a strict attention to the company's business regardless of self. One man up at Derrickville—Tommy Dyer—lost a week's pay and experienced considerable hardship by abandoning his post, and three or four others of the boys have had trouble of various kinds since the Apaches set out on their last scalping tour. A letter from Dragoon says:

Last week the operator here received a brief message from Dyer, saying: "I'm off. Injuns two miles north." Nothing more was heard from that quarter for three or four days, though the operator here called the place regularly about once an hour. At length one afternoon he got a feeble and uncertain sort of an answer, which, the best way he could make it out, was to the effect that a detachment of troops were in that neighborhood, and that the operator, who was nowhere to be found, had probably been carried off by the hostiles, as Indian trail, were everywhere to be seen. The boys here felt very sorrowful over Dyer's fate and they were on the point of sending off a flattering biography of the missing telegrapher, when a lively rattle from one of the receivers was heard, and everybody paused to listen. The ticking continued for a minute or two, and then somebody ejaculated: "That's Tommy, now. Where is he?" An inquiry or two over the wires sufficed to locate the missing operator at Talbot's Mill, about thirty miles from his own office, where he said he had gone for shelter and found deserted by the operator. Tommy's last message before closing his key and starting on his journey again created some amusement here, and was:

"There hasn't been an Injun within forty miles of this place, and yet the operator can't be found with a fine-tooth comb. They've got too many plugs in this country. They're n. g."

The boys tried to tell him that he had deserted his own office without cause, but as they got no reply they concluded he had gone.

The same night a new man at Pikestaff edified the boys all along the line by sending messages describing the progress made by the Indians in that neighborhood, and saying that it was his intention to stay there and sell his life as dearly as possible. After he had assured everybody to this effect several times, he broke in with:

"Hostiles killing and burning east of here. Think I'll go out and help clean them out."

Toward evening the next day he announced that a squad of troops had arrived; that they had seen no Indians, and that, as he was getting lonesome, he would go along with them.

Speaking about the nervous condition of the boys at these and other points, Henry Welter, an old operator, said to me: Of course it's fun to sit around an instrument in a place of safety and laugh at these fellows, but it's not very humorous to be in one of these offices all alone and feel that a redskin or two may come in on you at any moment. I had an experience two years ago at Pender, over in the Mogollons, which I won't forget right away. The savages had been moving around pretty lively for several days, and nearly everybody had left the country or was ready to leave. I didn't have any business to do except to answer inquiries from citizens, newspapers, and soldiers. About twice an hour I'd get a 'rush' message asking for Indian news. Sometimes the inquiry would convey intelligence to me that I had no other means of knowing, as, for instance, when somebody would say that the redskins had done so and so, and then ask me for particulars. When I got those inquiries I would step out in front, look around for a minute, and then go inside and forward the particulars of the Indian situation. I wrote a good many pretty fair war sketches in that way, but at length I found that I was getting nervous and excitable. Every time the wind made a noise I'd jump. Then I would get up and look out on the deserted country. Perhaps a party of volunteers would call on me for a few moments and advise me to clear out, besides giving me information of some atrocity perpetrated near at hand. I got so finally that when my instrument would click I would almost fall out of the chair, and then I sent word to headquarters that if they wanted me to stay they would have to give me a couple of guards. This was done, and we got along all right after that."

THE LMIE-KILN CLUB.

Knowing that all the local officers and committees would be appointed at the first meeting after the annual picnic, the majority of the members have during the past week labored under more or less excitement. As the appointing power is entirely in the hands of Brother Gardner there was but little chance to wire-pull and log-roll. Nevertheless, several instances of devotion to country cropped out. Sir Simon Rainbow called upon Pickles Smith and offered him a dog that would sell on the weakest market for $2 if he would use his influence to get the Rainbow family the position of librarian. Sir Simon can't read, but is a great hand to look at pictures.

Prof. Cauliflower Cooper made a midnight call at the house of Shindig Watkins on pretense that his wife was ill and must have mustard. After securing the mustard he offered Brother Watkins a wheelbarrow built on Corinthian ideas of architecture if he would just drop a hint that the Cooper family wanted to carry the key of the club safe during the next year.

Judge Backdown Johnson bought a pair of roller skates for the eldest daughter of Waydown Bebee, and slyly intimated to her that if he was appointed janitor of Paradise Hall he would turn it into a roller rink for her benefit.

THE OPENING.

Every member of the club living within seven miles of Paradise Hall was on hand as the triangle sounded and Brother Gardner arose and said:

"My frens, dis am de beginnin' of anoder y'ar wid us. While we kin look back ober six y'ars of success an' harmony, we hev reason to believe dat we kin look ahead to greater success an' mo' perfeck understandin'. Dis club was organized on de open street one rainy day, an' its fust roll-call included six men an' a dog. At de present date our membership would make depopulashun fur a city, an' if ebery member doan' own fo' dogs it am not de fault of our constitushan and by-laws.

"Doorin' de past fiskal y'ar death has bin busy in our ranks, an' de b'ar traps hev never bin free from de insigna of mournin'. Three members were devoured by alligators; two were run ober by butcher carts; three fell off de roofs of barns; two died fur luv, an' seben owed deir deaths mo' or less directly to roller-skatin' rinks.

"When we organized dis club de charges fur whitewashin' a kitchen ceilin' ranged all de way from thirty cents to fo' dollars, accordin' to de standin' of de family in society an' de hardupness of de whitewasher. De charges fur blackin' a stove depended on de state of de weather. If an eminent citizen wanted a fence whitewashed he might hev to pay fifty cents or $5 a rod. If a lady wanted some flower-beds in de side yard de spadin'-up might cost her fifty cents apiece, or de cull'd pusson who did de spadin' might want a deed of de house an' lot. It was de same about beatin' carpets an' layin' 'em down, an' de same about drawin' ashes out of de back yard. We were in a state of anarchy an' wildness.

"What was de status of culled society in dis kentry befo' de Lime-Kiln Club was organized? Three millyon people war chucked in a hole, so to speak. Dere was no upper crust—no lower crust. De wife of de whitewasher could call on de wife of de barber an' fell perfectly to home. De barber went ober to see de head-waiter of de leadin' hotel an' feel on terms of soshul equality wid him. All am now changed. Our society am graded as sharply as wid white folks. We has our patronizin' ways to our inferiors same as if our complexion was of de purest alabaster.

"What did de cull'd people of dis kentry know about art an' science an' hygiene when dis club held its first meetin'! Why, none of us knowed a tea sto' chromo from a Rembrandt an' we did not know as much about harmonizin' colors in de house as a mule does of music. Lots of us would leave de parlor walls bare an' put a velvet carpet down on de kitchen floo'. We would hang a Brussels lace curtain at one winder an' a chintz at de next. We all reckoned dat de airth was flat. We supposed dat de sun moved. We supposed dat de wind blowed simply to dry out de clothes on de lines. If anybody had told us dat de moon was inhabited we should have stopped on him. Think of de change a few brief ya'rs hev wrought! De aiverage cull'd man of to-day names his dog arter some prominent astronomer, an' his mule am fed accordin' to de changes of de moon. Six y'ars ago we didn't know any better dan to sleep six and eight in a room an' stow our dogs under de bed. We reckoned dat sewer gas was good to kill off de aiger. We enjoyed de smell of taller dropped on a red hot stove.

"My frens, when we look back frow de misty past, an' den ahead to de rosy fucher we can't help but feel dat it was a good thing to be born a cull'd pusson. While we may justly feed proud an' elated, I want to warn you not to bust your suspenders ober de fack. Doan' go and git de idea dat white folks am poo' trash who hev no perticker rights in dis kentry. Doan' emagine dat all de sidewalks was laid down fur your benefit, an' dat de time has arrove fur de white man to stan' back an' speak only when spoken to.

"If tobacco is an evil," observes the Detroit *Free Press*, "why does Providence permit such thumping big crops?" Providence, we believe, is not responsible for the manufacture of cabbage leaves into Havana tobacco.

Three-fourths of the grazing land to the west of the Colorado river in Texas is eaten bare and about 100,000 cattle are without anything to feed on. They are kept out of New Mexico and Arizona by alleged quarantine restrictions. There is plenty of grass across the border and the Texas cowboys are getting ready to appeal to the rifle and the revolver.

The one cheap thing in Japan is the washing, which is well and beautifully done at the laundries in every foreign settlement at the moderate rate of 2.50 for 100 pieces. The skirt or single piece of the most elaborate frilled and puckered dress is counted in at 2½ cents, as well as a single handkerchief, and the smallness of the laundry bills is a perpetual surprise and the greatest comfort in life.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Who Was the Culprit?

"Your sums are wrong again, Walters," said the master. "And the mistakes are precisely the same as Leslie's, figure for figure. You've been copying again. Stand out, sir."

Walters, a grave-looking boy, did as he was desired, and the master took up his cane.

"Hold out your hand."

John Leslie half rose; he was trembling and he could not speak, though his lips moved.

"Sit down," said the master.

Leslie sat down mechanically, and James Walters received the punishment.

After a time he brought up his sum corrected.

"And yours, Leslie?" said the master.

"I can't do it, sir."

"There is no such word as 'can't,'" answered the master. "You will not go home until it is done."

II.

It was a half-holiday. John Leslie, locked up in the school room, sat at one of the tables, his face buried in his hand and his slate beside him.

"I'm stupid, and I'm a coward," he said to himself.

He was faint and dizzy, for he had had nothing to eat since breakfast time, and it was now 4 o'clock.

Suddenly he heard a footstep in the next room. Perhaps it was the master. He shuddered. Suddenly a hand was laid on his shoulder. He could bear his dread no longer, and uttered a wild shriek.

"Do be quiet, Jack; no one's going to kill you. The master is out, and I'll try to help you," said James Walters.

"Jim," replied Leslie, "it's no use to try to help me; I'm stupid, and a coward. I should like to die, and not be a trouble to any one."

"Nonsense, Jack; you're clever enough in some ways, and you'll get over your fear in time."

"You've been caned twice for me now," murmured Leslie.

"And will be caned again," said the master, who, having suddenly remembered John Leslie, had come to look after him. "How dare you come here?"

And he turned to Walters.

But at that moment Leslie, overcome with fear, and faint with hunger, fell to the ground.

"He's fainted, sir," said James Walters.

Perhaps the fainting saved both the boys, for when Leslie had recovered, the master bade Walters take him home.

III.

"Jim," said John Leslie, "what do you think I can do?"

"Why there ain't a fellow in the school can draw as you can. You can make likenesses of us all, and the master too, with your bits of chalk, only you have to rub them off the walls for fear of being seen."

John Leslie sighed.

He had worked away out of school hours, and his sums were oftener right. He longed to confess his delinquency, but did not dare to do it. He sketched the scene on bits of paper; he sketched it on his slate, and then rubbed it quickly away. But to-day, with his great gift for drawing, he had sketched it more elaborately; he had become absorbed in it, insomuch that he did not notice that the master's eye was upon him, nor that he had risen from his seat and was close to him before he could efface the sketch.

"So this is the way you spend your time at school, Leslie—in drawing caricatures!" John Leslie went red and white. The choking feeling came, but he made a great effort.

"If you please, sir, it isn't a caricature—it did happen—I was a coward. I copied the sum; Walters did not. He wouldn't tell of me, so he was caned; and I've been trying to be braver. Will you cane me now, sir?"

And the thin delicate hand was put out.

But the master was gazing upon the slate, and every moment growing more and more surprised at the sketch before him.

"I will take the caning now, sir," said John Leslie in a tremulous voice.

"I'll see to it," said the master, taking the slate and paying no heed to John Leslie's speech.

And he did see to it. John Leslie was not caned.

And the governors of the school gave him the advantages necessary to carry on his education for an artist.

"It's all through you, Walters," said John Leslie to his friend. "If you had not stood by the poor coward, and taken the caning, I should never have made that drawing. If I ever am an artist, the first picture I paint shall be of you and me at school, Jim, and the poor frightened fellow who could not do his sums shall be peeping at his brave friends slate. And we'll be friends for ever and ever, Jim Walters, for you will have made a man of me."

"Told a Lie With His Finger."

A little boy, for a trick, pointed his finger to the wrong road when a man asked him which way the doctor went. As a result the man missed the doctor and his little boy died because the doctor came too late to take a fishbone from his throat. At the funeral the minister said that the little boy was killed by a lie which another boy told with his finger.

I suppose that boy did not know the mischief he did. Of course nobody thinks he meant to kill a little boy when he pointed the wrong way. He only wanted to have a little fun. But it was fun that cost somebody a great deal; if he ever heard the result of it, he must have felt guilty of doing a mean and wicked thing. We ought never trifle with the truth.

Curious Place for a Bird's Nest.

In the picture gallery of Charlton Park, Lord Suffolk's place, near Malmesbury, is a glass case containing the skin and feathers of a big crow. The creature had been caught and nailed to a tree with other vermin, a fate which so many thousands of crows share yearly that there is nothing in it. The extraordinary part of the matter is that in the shelter of his wings, where his body was before it decayed, a little wren had built itself an exceedingly neat little nest. With wonderful dexterity the tiny bird had contrived to fasten together the wings of his dead enemy, whose body he proposed to utilize; the entrance to the nest was where the crow's breast had been, and here the family of little wrens was reared. The nest was observed, and when its occupants had flown away, Lord Suffolk had it carefully removed and placed in his picture gallery.

Ethel: "Mamma, I think Frank means business." Mamma: Why, what a way to talk, child? But tell me, what makes you think so?" Ethel: "He gave me a pair of sleeve-buttons last night, and they were linked."

One crank's hobby is to induce the wealthy residents of cities to open their spacious, ventilated homes during their own summer absence as lodgings for the poor. He argues that it is wicked in the millionaires to let thousands of innocent children die unnecessarily in tenements.

Americans visiting London complain of tradesmen's exactions and attempts to defraud. The best shops will cheat in making change, and the shopkeepers do not scruple to admit that they have one scale of prices for their own people and another—and higher—for Americans.

The old-fashioned spinning wheel was introduced a short time ago into the Isle of Man Insane Asylum with the idea of amusing the patients. The latter seemed delighted that they could in this way contribute to their support, and became so absorbed in their new occupation that their nervous symptoms no longer predominated. As Dr. Richardson, the medical superintendent expressed it, the direction of the nervous force was changed, and their condition was improved. The experiments is to be tried in other asylums,

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Eggs sell in Panama for 30 cents apiece.

The shamrock is growing scarce in Ireland.

Complaint is made that nothing fit to eat can be had in Cuba.

Trained seals in Paris lie on their backs and smoke a pipe.

Homer, a place in Georgia, hasn't had death in three years.

Narrow streets are said to be promotive of murder in Baltimore.

The cultivation of the bamboo has proved quite successful in California.

The largest fortunes accumulated in Ireland have been made in the liquor business.

The London *Truth* tells of a dog that loses all desire to get out of a Sunday after being shown a prayer book.

Charles XII., of Sweden was killed at 36, after having spent eighteen years in command of his army.

A Cincinnati husband who threatened to cut his wife's heart out and carry it around on a shingle got off with a fine of $5.

A scheme is afoot in France to convert Paris into a seaport town. It is proposed to build a ship canal from the seacoast to the capital.

The oak tree planted by Lord Byron at Newstead Abbey is large and flourishing, although the alder on which he cut the names "Byron and Augusta" long since died.

The largest apothecary's establishment is said to be that of Waldemar Ferrain of Moscow, in which 800 laboratory and other assistants are employed, and over 1,000 prescriptions are dispensed daily.

The same flag was used at Vallejo, Cal., during the celebration of the recent Admission Day anniversary that was flung to the breeze when the news of the admission of California as a State was received thirty-five years ago.

In several villages of the Viatki province, in Russia, the peasants manufacture wooden watches, which work steadily, though they do not keep very accurate time; all the parts of the watch are of wood, except the axles, which are of horn.

The Canadian Pacific.

A few more miles of track-laying and the Canadian Pacific Railway will be completed. In a few days the iron band will unite the east with the west, British Columbia will be only a few hours' from Nova Scotia. As a triumph of engineering skill our great trans-continental line stands unrivalled in the annals of railway building. The history of the work from its inception to its grand consummation will be interesting and instructive reading when it is written by the unprejudiced historian. In the prosecution of such a work, involving, as it has, millions of money it would be scarcely possible to carry it through without some attempt at jobbery. The building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has been carried forward by the Company with commendable energy, and if they have succeeded in getting a big price for their work they should be allowed to enjoy the benefits of their good bargain. What is matter for sincere regret, however, is the exceeding sparseness of the population along the line of the railway in the Northwest. Before the concern can ever pay a dividend the number of settlers will have to increase millions. At present, scattered through a thousand miles of the territory through which the line passes, there are little over 200,000 people, whilst the resources of this vast region lie practically undeveloped. But the completion of the road will increase the tide of immigration in that direction, and villages, towns and cities will multiply until Manitoba and the North west will be peopled by the millions for which there is ample room.

The Principles of Color.

BY W. A. SHERWOOD.

There is no element in nature more widely diffused, or more infinitely developed, than the element of color. Look around you everywhere and it abounds. It, indeed, is the medium through which we look and see, for the sunlight itself is a component of the three primary colors. Of this fact we are every day convinced. The three primary colors are, viz., Red, Blue and Yellow, and these, by their various combinations, produce what are termed secondary colors, and the secondary colors, by a union of any two, produce a Tertiary. Red and Blue of the primary will give you Purple, a secondary; Blue and Yellow, Green; Yellow and Red, Orange. The range or scale from light to shade must more or less be apparent to all. Take Red, for example, follow it through in all its varieties from pale pink to deep crimson; to what an infinite degree may not its range run, yet, preserving all its primary characteristics, for the red of the pink is equal to the red of the crimson; the presence of the lighter or deeper tone in nowise affecting the primary. And the law that governs the one governs all colors. The scale of tones in Yellow is apparent to every lover of flowers. You know how pale the the Primrose is, and how deep and rich the yellow of the "Marechal Neil" Rose, yet since that degree of depth does neither add nor detract from the primary, they both are equally yellow. There are many flowers, the Tulip for example, that will illustrate this truth. Indeed almost every flower is in itself an excellent illustration, the more secluded parts being invariably darker than the outer portions. The terms we use to express these varied hues do not lessen the fact of their being but one in color. Of Blue—we know the pale hues of the little "Forget me not" and the deep hues of the Convolvulus, and both are equally blue. Thus to know and understand the first principles of color is to know and understand the whole range, whatever variety it may assume. A little observation will well repay the time spent in the pursuit of this most charming study, and can there be any study more beneficial in all of nature's schools than the study of the beautiful as exhibited in the principles of color? We all have our favorite color in nature—it may be associated with a tree or a flower, a mountain or a lake. It may be at the rising or the setting of the sun—for both are beautiful. And when nature exhibits our favorite color, it is then we admire her most.

THE WISDOM OF JOSH BILLINGS.

To learn yure offspring to steal make them beg hard for all that you give them.

Tow remove grease from a man's karakter let him strike sum sudden lie.

Angels handle the dice when doublets are thrown in the cradle.

Flattery is like colone water, tew be smelt ov, not swallered.

If a man haint got a well-balanced head I like tew see him part his hair in the middle.

There is only one good substitute for the endearments ov a sister and that is the endearments ov sum other phellow's sister.

Piety iz like beans, it seems to do the best on poor sile.

Going to law iz like skinning a new milk cow for her hide and giving the beef tew the lawyers.

About the hardest thing a phellow kan do is tew spark tew girls at once and preserve a good average.

I had rather undertake tew be two good doves than one decent sarpent.

A good wife is a sweet smile from Heaven.

A lie iz like a kat—it never cums tew yew in a straight line.

We often hear of goats eating circus posters and other luxuries, but they have one in Dracut that chewed up a horse's tail. A sort of swallow-tail goat, we should say.

AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE

A Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon Startling Revelations in the Career of Arabi Pasha.

By the Author of "NINA, THE NIHILIST," "THE RED SPIDER," "THE RUSSIAN SPY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

GRAND CAIRO—THE CHOUBRAH ROAD AT SUNSET.

It is the celebrated Choubrah Road of Grand Cairo, the favorite European ride, drive and promenade in the cool of the evening, which is already here, for the great golden sun of Egypt is fast sinking below the neighboring desert sands, encrimsoning a heaven that crimsons again the boundless plain of burning sand till it looks like a vast lake of blood, with Sphinx and Pyramids rising like the grotesque shaped rocky islets from out its midst.

They, too, are bathed in the same fierce, ensanguined glow, which, shooting athwart the entire exanpse of pale ultramarine sky, like the streamers, reddens even the crumbling walls of the citadel and steeps in a rosy blush the alabaster dome and heaven-inspiring minarets of the Mosque of Mehemet Ali.

But the Choubrah Road, bordered and in places almost overarched by its broad leafed sycamore and magnificent larch trees, is pleasant and agreeable, gay and animated, a nineteenth century fragment of Europe plumped down in the midst of a land that seems to have remained stationary ever since those long past ages when the little ark of the outcast Hebrew infant and the golden barge of the gorgeous daughter of the Ptolemies gloated over the lotus and lily studded river, whose yellow waters are now plowed by many a steam launch under the euphonious name of dahabeeyah, and re-echo instead of the clash and clangor of Pharaoh's war timbrels, the last catching opera bouffe or blatant music hall air, as bored on the flute or blared on the cornet by some average sample of American or British tourists

But, thanks be, there are few of this class of gentry on the Choubrah Road the evening in which our tale opens, but the most showy turnouts that Paris or London can supply are there, as well as ladies and gentlemen mounted and attired as they would be in Central Park, the course at Longchamps, or London Rotten Row, and neither is music wanting to enliven the scene, for almost within sound of the muezzins' voices, as from every minaret top of the adjacent city they throw out their arms toward the setting sun and chant in sonorous tones, "God is great, and prayer is better than sleep!" a brass band is playing selections from "Pinafore" and "Les Manteaux No.."

Yet the scene is not all European, for it would be impossible to plant London or New York beside Grand Cairo without the population of the one overflowing occasionally into the other, and thus it is that along with European carriages and horses, ladies and gentlemen, grooms clad in showy liveries and of course, better mounted than their masters or mistresses, we behold also the swarthy Egyptian officer in his dark blue uniform and red tarbouch, taking an airing on his thoroughbred Arab stallion, for well he loves to look upon the unveiled women of the west, with every now and then some "Light of the Harem," mounted on a painted Ca'rene ass, which is led by an armed eunuch, who (a perfect study in black and white) scowls savagely at any Feringhee who dares to gaze too fixedly at his mistress, albeit that there is nothing to be seen of her save a shroud-like mass of drapery and a pair of lustrous eyes, that gleam like stars through the slits of her yashmack.

Then, too, there is the wandering Bedouin, with a turban as big as a pumpkin and a spear of prodigious length, who is mounted on a great gaunt camel and is making his way desertward with what speed he may through the fashionable crowd, cursing them all under his beard, as unclean dogs and unbelievers, and frequently muttering some such pious wish as that "jackasses may defile the graves of their burnt fathers," for the amiable Bedouin has been stifling in the close city all day, and even the gay Italian villas, each standing in its own grounds, that still border the island on either side, seem to him like prison walls. He pants to reach the boundless sands and freedom.

Here and there also are a few scantily clad Fallaheen, the peasantry of the land, a peasantry who are always working and yet ever on the brink of starvation, by reason that three-fourths of their earnings are ground out of them by iniquitous taxes for the building of palaces and the feting of strangers. They have to help pay, too, for the construction and maintenance of that wondrous ship canal, connecting two seas, which has given to France glory, to England wealth, and to poor Egypt simply a debt which will weigh her down for generations yet untold.

CHAPTER II

A ROMANTIC RESCUE—THE MYSTERIOUS EGYPTIAN BEAUTY.

On the Choubrah road at the rosy sunset hour there is no time for further moralizing, and here comes one who deprives us of all desire to do so.

She is a most beautiful girl of some eighteen years of age, and she is driving a pair of cream colored ponies in an elegant little phaeton that is shaped almost like a shell.

She manages her whip and ribbons very prettily with the tiniest of hands, that are cased in dainty buff gauntlet gloves, and she is dressed in the very height of Parisian fashion.

Surely that peerless girl, with her spirituelle violet eyes, golden hair, porcelain pure complexion and sweet, swaying form, will not be allowed to run the gauntlet of so many eligible cavaliers without a single challenge.

Nor is she, for presently a tall, manly looking, curly haired and laughing eyed young fellow, who sits his horse as though he and the animal were one, curvets toward the elegant little equipage, and as he gets into close proximity thereto, lifts his hat and exclaims in accents of evident delight:

"I felt sure it was you when you were ever so far off. When did you return to Cairo?"

"Last night. And you? You have been away also, have you not?"

"I went simply because you went. Daylight cannot long linger when once its mistress, the sun, has disappeared. So, not knowing how to kill time, and having no desire that time should kill me, I went up the Nile with half a dozen friends, and we enjoyed ourselves immensely."

"What, without me? Are you aware that the conclusion of your speech has completely spoiled the effect of its commencement? In the beginning you declare that my absence has almost killed you, and the result is that you go away and enjoy yourself immensely."

"Oh, I meant to have said that the other fellows enjoyed themselves immensely. If you'll let me be your charioteer, Nellie, I'll tell you all about the affair and send Simson back with my groom. You don't want to finish your drive this early?"

"I am not very particular, and I don't think mamma will scold much if I don't return for another half hour. Anyhow, in consideration of our not having met for five weeks, I'll take a turn down the road with you and chance it."

The result of this "chancing it" was that Captain Donelly called up his groom, Pat Monaghan, dismounted, threw him the bridle, ordered him to be sure to take the horse in cool, and then entering the little phaeton he relieved the fair charioteer of the white enameled reins, wheeled the ponies sharply round, and after a faint show of rebellion on their part, made them trot back on their tracks.

"Well, Frank, I wonder what brought us back to Cairo almost together?"

"I'll tell you what brought me back, Nellie. It was the conviction that you would return for the fete at the Gezirah Palace to-morrow night. It will be a grand affair. Three thousand guests are invited and it will be gotten up regardless of cost."

"Then I've a great mind not to go, for the immense amount of money that is to be wasted thereon, will be first wrung from the wretched peasantry, who are the only working class of the entire community, and whose honey is stolen from them as fast as they can accumulate it by their idle and cruel rulers, who leave them only the wax."

"The shucks, you mean. Well, perhaps so; but anyhow they grin and bear it remarkably well, which is more than I should do your absenting yourself from the fete. Oh, you must promise you will go. I shall not let you alight until you do."

"Then, for my ponies' sake, I will give you the promise—there."

"In the name of the ponies and my own as well, I thank you. And now tell me for how long a time have you been studying Egyptian political economy?"

"I have given a few stray thoughts to the subject ever since I made a delightful acquaintance at Alexandria in Arabi Pasha, the war minister."

"Whew! His is a name offensive to European nostrils just at present. Why, Nellie dear, he is a dark schemer, a reckless adventurer, an unscrupulous soldier of fortune."

"My opinion of him is that he is a man in a thousand, a true patriot, if ever there was one, the sole living Egyptian whose heart bleeds for the degradation of his country and the misery of its people, and who would willingly die to exalt both or either."

"You little rebel," laughed the young officer. "You will make me jealous before long if you rattle on at that rate. But I'll tell you what, Nell, I don't feel at all up to discussing politics with you, of all folks in the world. I'd much sooner talk about to-morrow. You'll go to this fete of the Khedive's and you'll dance the first round dance with me. Come, that's all settled, is it not, dear?"

"Why, yes, if you will have it so. But isn't it a shame, Frank, yes, a burning shame I call it, that whilst the Kedive and all his officers of state dance with us European girls and enjoy it so that they keep their wives, sisters and daughters and—and—and in short, the whole of their womankind locked up in what can only be called prisons, where they can see nothing of what's going on or enjoy themselves in the least?"

"It is the custom of the country, and all countries have some absurd customs, you know."

"Then why don't the men observe the customs of this especial country as well as make their women do so? I'm sure an Egyptian looks as much out of place in a round dance as one of their Nile crocodiles could do. And if they drank sherbet instead of champagne they'd be a deal more closely following the laws of their prophet. Oh, dear, what it is to belong to the weaker sex! Do you think their women can be so very lovely? They never give us Feringhee girls a chance of judging, for in the street they look like bales of merchandise. Mamma, who has been inside a harem, was only received by the older ladies, whose charms had altogether flown."

"I should say that none of the younger ones would compare in beauty with you, Nellie."

"Oh, I might have known that you would have made some such reply, though I don't believe that you have ever seen one, and so can be in no position to judge."

"Then permit me to inform you, Miss Nell, that not only have I seen one, but that not a fortnight ago I held what I should take to be a very favorable specimen of the genus in my arms, who was clad in nothing more shape-destroying or beauty-concealing than one of those scant bathing costumes that are in common use at Trouville or Biarritz. It was a wonder that the black rascal who was in charge of her didn't slice my head open with his scimitar, for so it was his duty to serve any one who gazed on his mistress unveiled."

"I don't feel at all sure that it wouldn't have served you right if he had."

"He'd have used his scimitar and his silver inlaid pistols as well to better purpose if he had attacked with them the crocodile that was on the point of making the pretty bather its prey. Had he done so I might not have interfered, but as it was I threw Mohammedan etiquette to the winds, by first shooting the crocodile from the bank with my rifle and then plunging into the river to preserve from drowning the woman whom its advance had frightened out of her depth into deep water. I saved her, carried her back to her dahabeeyah, and deposited her therein, and then waded and swam ashore as best I could with my water-saturated clothes on and a current running at the rate of very nearly four miles an hour."

"Well, all things considered, you did not deserve to have your head sliced off. I'm very glad you saved the poor thing. And so she was not so very, very beautiful?"

"Certainly not. She had the most splendidly lustrous eyes, magnificent hair and a most perfect form, but though her features were also good in the main, her lips are like those that we see in the pictures of Pharaoh's daughter, and to an exaggerated extent in the Sphinx, and they are certainly the reverse of lovely to European taste."

"Yet they mark her as being a real Egyptian, and one of pure blood and ancient lineage."

"Such is my impression, and I should say that she was the wife, sister or daughter of some very great man, for her dahabeeyah was also a magnificent one, and her eunuch was most gorgeously attired, whilst she herself wore on neck, wrists, ankles and arms almost sufficient of golden ornaments to have sunk her with their weight even had she been able to swim."

"I declare, Frank, I think I have as much reason to be jealous of your interesting bather as you have to be of my war minister. Pray, how did she thank you?"

"She pressed my hand, and then slipped on to my little finger this ring, which she took from off her thumb. She accompanied the gift with these softly murmured words in broken yet perfectly intelligible French, 'Tis the jewel of the month, so wear it ever, and be sure that as long as you do so during this month of the year, death nor misfortune will ever find you.' Then she looked me full in the face with a world of sentiment in her dark, lustrous orbs, and added in still lower tones, 'Answer the summons of the lotus flower,' and immediately drawing the curtains that surrounded the little cabin of the dahabeeyah, I saw her no more."

"A very pretty adventure, I declare; but what did she mean by the summons of the lotus flower?"

"I'm sure I cannot say. Some mere flower of speech, I should imagine, Nellie."

"If I were at all jealous or suspicious I should feel positive that it bore reference to some future meeting that she intended to have with you. However, I possess neither feeling, so let me have a nearer look at the ring which she gave you."

"Frank Donelly passed the whip into his rein hand, and his hastily drawn off glove along, and held up the other for his companion's close inspection."

No sooner did Nellie's gaze alight on the gem, however, than she exclaimed:

"Oh, it's a fire opal, and it glares like a conflagration. Why, Frank, it is the most unlucky stone that one person can possibly give unto another."

As Nellie Tregarr uttered the words, still holding Frank Donelly's hand in hers (indeed she was unable to let it go, so great was her horror) she happened to look up and round, and was instantly fascinated by the glance of two eyes that were fixed upon her from within a rapidly passing carriage, and whose expression filled her with more unaccountable dread than even the opal ring had done.

"Frank," said she, hastily dropping his hand, "who was inside that carriage?"

"What carriage? The Khedival affair that just flashed past us, do you mean? I declare, I never noticed. Not your war minister, you may be quite sure of that, Nellie."

"War minister? Who is thinking of such nonsense? It was two yashmacked women who were inside, and one had the most beautiful eyes, but they glared on me like those of a fury."

Frank Donelly looked around on hearing this, and beheld the huge face of a Nubian negro, with a scarlet and white turban stuck sideways on the top thereof, and a hideous grin on his thick blubber lips, staring back at him across the top of the heavy, cumbrous vehicle which they had just encountered.

"Confound it," he ejaculated, "that fellow perched beside the driver on the box is the very eunuch who had charge of the bathing lady whom I saved from the crocodile."

"Then it was your bathing lady who glared at me through the eyelet holes in her veil as though she would like to kill me. Frank, her fierce, vengeful eyes and that ring together have given me such a turn. And see how dark it has suddenly grown. It is like an ill-omened something suddenly overshadowing our young lives. It may be foolish of me to think so, but I can't help it. Oh, do let us turn around and drive home."

"By all means, if you desire it, darling; but pray, how long have you been so superstitious?"

"I don't know, not for long, I think, but this strange, mysterious land forces me into weird strains of thought that are even opposed to one's common sense. Frank, I have never doubted your affection or your constancy, and yet do let me hear you say that you will never in the future love any one else as well as you now love me."

"If I so far humor you, you will be quite sure to go to the palace fete to-morrow?"

"Quite sure; in fact, I would not miss going there now on any account."

"Then, Nellie, may I die a death of shame if I even learn to love any one else a quarter so much as I now love you," and he raised her gloved hand to his lips and kissed it.

Let us picture the remainder of the homeward drive, and the tender leave taking of its termination, a beautiful Italian villa called Mount Carmel, the abode of the rich English countess, whose only child our pretty heroine is; afterwards accompanying in imagination the young Irish dragoon guardsman (who is wintering in Egypt for his health's sake) in his solitary walk back to his quarters at the world-famed Shepherd's Hotel.

CHAPTER III.

THE ILLUMINATED FETE AT THE PALACE.

Pass we over an uninteresting twenty-eight hours, and then change we the scene to the illuminated palace of Gezirah, on the opposite bank of the Nile, a vast Saracenic structure standing in the midst of many acres of park and shrubbery and beautifully laid out gardens, in which a fete is being given by the Khedive on the mere occasion of his birthday.

Out of the three thousand guests who have been invited, there are at least two thousand five hundred present, the hundreds being represented by the fete-giver's fellow countrymen, and the thousands being drawn from the most influential and opulent of the Christian population, who, of late years, have made the land of the Pharaohs their home, and who, the Khedive knows full well, are the sole supporters of his throne.

The gardens are adorned with a thousand flower beds, whose shrubs are the myrtle and the minosa, with orange, lemon and citron trees showing the blossom, the green fruit and the ripe, at one and the same time, whilst high above them all the feathery forms of the palm, the dusky foliage of the olive, and the broad waxen leaves of the fig wave in the gentle breeze that comes laden with the hot air from the distant desert.

Here and there, too, are perfect groves of roses, whose fragrance is almost overpowering, and in and out through flower beds and emerald leaves, like silvery scaled serpents gliding in all directions, trickle rills of bubbling water in tiny terra cotta canals, for flowers, grass and shrubs are ever thirsty in such a clime, and would soon fade and perish but for this tribute drawn from the neighboring Nile.

Nor without it would even the leaves of the tall trees be so green, or the gaily plumaged birds warble so blithely in their branches, thinking that another day has dawned before its time, and little wonder, for the outlines of every bed and path are traced with little, colored lamps, and thousands of gaudy Chinese lanterns hang like Brobdignagian fruit amidst tree and shrub, whilst every fountain (and there are many score) tosses high in air water of the most brilliant and ever changing colors.

But let us quit this scene of fairyland until the fairies arrive to people it, and entering the palace, take up our position unseen in the gorgeous Hall of a Hundred Mirrors, from whose azure-domed roof a thousand stars of glass gleam down on an assemblage that is well worth contemplating.

The superb band of the Khedive's favorite regiment of zouave uniformed lancers is discoursing the most modern dance music in a shell-shaped gallery, which is entirely coated with mother of pearl, and in the vast space beneath, the Khedive's guests are already nearly all assembled. Seventeen out of the twenty foreign consuls, each of whom brings his own laws to Egypt, and insists that his countrymen shall be amenable to no other, are there with their wives and families, a swarm of locusts that certainly form one of the seven plagues of modern Egypt; but they by no means exclude the other six, who are also present in full force, comprising men who have grown fat on the spoiling of the Egyptians, and whom one can only feel half inclined to forgive, because so much of the loot has gone toward enhancing the charms of their comely wives and pretty daughters.

Nellie Tregarr is there, looking as beautiful as a Peri, but not quite so happy as one, for she is under her mother's wing, and her mother is essentially worldly.

Like many mothers, so she has a pet aversion for the man whom her daughter loves better than all others, and in heart (and herein we hope that she is unlike the majority of mothers) would rather see her fair child even the fourth wife of a rich Egyptian or Turkish pasha than married to a penniless Irish dragoon.

"But Frank is not penniless and he has, besides, great expectations," Nellie had pleaded as they were crossing the Nile by the especial pontoon bridge that spanned it for the occasion, on their way to the palace. "Yes, mamma, he has very large expectations."

"I never knew an Irishman who had not, my dear, and expectations they in general remain to the end of the chapter. But as to Captain Donelly, I have objections to him on other grounds, for he is volatile to a fault, extravagant, reckless, and in addition that most detestable thing, a male flirt."

"Oh, mamma, I am sure that his worst enemies cannot say that of him."

"Then I will say it for them, my dear. I'm sure that ofttimes his attentions to me have been of a most devoted nature, yet no sooner have you come up to us than he has transferred them to you as lightly and easily as he could change his gloves."

"But, mamma, dear, he was only attentive to you because you were my mother."

"Nellie, I'm really surprised at your self-conceit. I'm sure I'm still a very presentable woman, and therefore it is by no means a necessity that a gentleman should pay attention to me merely for my daughter's sake. I've known queens of society at sixty, and how a man of taste and discernment can suffer his attention to be lightly diverted from the conversation of a cultured woman to the commonplace inanities of a mere girl is more than I can comprehend. No, Nellie, I have a very poor opinion of Captain Donelly, and I fear with grave reason."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC R. R.

5,300 Feet up the Rockies—Scenery the Finest in the World.

The High Commissioner has returned from a tour of inspection of the entire transcontinental route from Coal Harbor, the Pacific terminus, to the city of Quebec, and, with the exception of an incompleted section of thirty miles in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, the whole journey of 3,200 miles was over the rails of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. The grades in the Rocky Mountains will not exceed 116 feet to the mile. Some of the work on the western side of the mountains is of a difficult nature, and it is said that twenty-five miles of this section cost $125,000 per mile. The Fraser River on the same section is bridged with a cantilever steel bridge which cost $400,000. The number of tunnels is unusually large. Between Port Moody and Yale there are five, sixteen between Yale and Lytton, six between Savona's Ferry and Kamloops, and two between Kamloops and Luckamous Narrows. Through the Rockies the road runs between precipitous mountains rising 3,000 and 4,000 feet above the line. It follows the course of the Fraser River, a large and rapid stream, running at the rate of from ten to fifteen miles an hour, whose perpendicular banks sometimes rise to a height of 300 feet. Notwithstanding these engineering difficulties, the trains make good time round the sharp curves. Some heavy tunnelling and excavation occurs near the summit of the Kicking Horse Pass, which necessitated the construction of a temporary line passing round the foot of the mountain, to be eventually replaced by a tunnel 1,800 feet long, and the cutting above referred to. The work, however, has been lighter and less costly than the first estimates provided for, and a saving of some millions of dollars has been effected.

The altitude of the track in the mountain section on the Coast Range is 1,200 feet above the level of the sea, in the Cascade or Gold Range 1,700 feet, in the Selkirk Range 4,300 feet, and the highest point in the Rockies is 5,300 feet. Kicking Horse Pass and the pass through the Selkirks, discovered by Major Rodgers, an American engineer, as affording an example of the operation of geological forces on a gigantic scale. Success in discovering a pass could never have been achieved but for his skill, pluck, and determination.

One of the most interesting events of the inspection was the visit to the wonderful sulphur springs near Banff, situated on the eastern slope of the mountains and in the centre of a vein of cretaceous coal-bearing rocks. The springs—for there are two of them—are found in a subterranean cavern measuring about forty feet square, reached by a small aperture through which the visitor descends by means of a ladder. The springs rise from the rocks in the centre of a natural basin of considerable dimensions, and with an average depth of five feet, forming a natural hot sulphur bath capable of holding about twenty people at the same time. At the spot where the springs rise bottom could not be found. The temperature of the water in one of them is 73 degrees, and in the other 90 F. The latter is 200 feet above the level of the valley. Its medicinal properties are very great. The water has a strong smell of sulphurated hydrogen, and to the palate is decidedly unpleasant.

The scenery on the road north of Lake Superior is described as being even grander than that in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. The country between Port Arthur and Telford has been pronounced the "land for the true lover of the picturesque." For a distance of 180 miles are found a constant succession of lakes of exquisite beauty, shut in by rocky hills of the most varied and fantastic shapes. The Kaministiquia River, which runs through this district, has been called the Rhine of the New World.

From Sudbury junction, a point 440 miles from Montreal, where the branch line to Thunder Bay on Lake Superior starts, the road leads through an uninteresting level waste extending for some 200 miles. Beyond this the country again becomes very grand. The railway winds in and around tremendous mountains and rocks. When the vicinity of Lake Superior is reached trestlework becomes frequent.

Nearing the lake, the road winds round the base of the mountain, and from the windows can be seen the rugged scenery, flanked by the blue water at a giddy distance below. The entire region to the north is, comparatively speaking, a *terra incognita*, and, except the population stationed at the mining camps, the region is uninhabited save by the Chippewa Indians. Hudson Bay forts are established at a distance of 200 or 300 miles apart, and to these the Indians repair with their furs. From the discoveries of silver, iron, and copper along the lake shore, there is every reason to believe that the interior, extending to Hudson Bay, is rich in mineral resources.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood has got back to Washington, and is lecturing there about her transcontinental trip.

Professor Tyndall's gifts of money to various American colleges will be handed over to the institutions this month.

The Rev. John N. Dalton, appointed to succeed the late Canon Anson at Windsor, was long governor to Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales.

The Prince of Wales is entitled to wear about seventy-five different uniforms, and the *Evenement* (Paris) is astonished at his moderation in never wearing more than one at a time.

Mr. Joseph Arch explains that he has had the privilege of reading the works of Shakespeare, "having been born and bred within a short distance of that writer's birthplace."

The Boston *Transcript* announces that Miss Harcourt of London, accompanied by valets and maids, is registered at the Vendome. It takes an English girl to travel with every convenience right at hand.

The venerable Andrew Mercer of Montreal walked into the Health Office and requested to be vaccinated, stating that he was 96 and doubting if the operation would succeed, but expecting probably that his good example would take if the vaccination didn't.

Edward Eggleston is with his family at a little town in Canton Vaud, Switzerland. He has been taking a two or three weeks' vacation—almost the first rest he has had since he began work upon his history of "Life in the American Colonies," five or six years ago. His health is improving, but he is not able to work more than three hours a day.

After the review at Stuttgart the Emperor William was told by Prince Hermann of Saxe Weimar that a 93-year-old veteran who had served under him sixty years ago was present, having made a long journey just to see his commander again in this world. Kaiser Wilhelm was much moved, and insisted upon alighting from his carriage and walking over to that in which the veteran was seated, when he held some conversation with him and shook hands cordially at parting.

Lord Wolseley ought to be the staunchest defender of Mr. Gladstone's Egyptian policy, for it has brought him two peerages within three years. Such honors come cheaper now than they used to. A Viscountcy—which Wolseley now enjoys—was considered a sufficient reward to Nelson for the Baltic and the Nile. Wolseley, too, has secured his title with a special remainder to his only child, a daughter, something the illustrious Collingwood was unable to get, his well-won coronet decending to his tomb instead of to his daughter's head.

Lieutenant Schwatka and Engineer Melville are again laying their plans to find the north pole. It would be easier for them and less expensive to go to bed and blow the gas out.

In Paris women wear high-heeled shoes when they don't expect to walk, and low ones when they do.

FALL FOLLIES.

Note shavers use soft soap entirely.

Music of the spheres—The grindstone.

An accessory before the act—The orchestra.

A lie has no legs. Neither has a cheese. Some cheeses are living lies.

When the prisoner heard his sentence, he was visibly moved—by two policemen.

Bronze is a very fashionable hue nowadays, but brass has not entirely gone out.

Society is a fraction whose numerator is clothes and whose denominator is cash.

They have patented an automatic milkstool at last. Shuts up when the cow kicks.

Jumbo will get a monument before Grant does. This is the advantage of being widely known.

"Mother Hubbardville" is the name of a new town in Georgia. It must be a loose place.

An exchange asks, "Why do people have poor teeth?" Probably because they can't afford to buy good ones.

A farmer wants to have his body burned. He has only to get upon his haymow and light his pipe.

It is a little strange that none of the mystery wells in the oil country have ever been called "The Sausage."

Maine's potato crop is said to be worth $8,000,000 this year. What heaps of backache there must be in that crop.

If the height of a fall bonnet was proportionate to its price the roofs of theaters would have to be raised.

The world may owe a man a living, but it is always best for him to go out and collect it by a little hard work.

Bridgeport has a church that has opera chairs instead of pews. The "drop curtain" has not yet been painted.

Italy is now sending canned oysters to Canada. If it were not so mean we might retaliate by sending some organ-grinders to Italy.

An exchange heads one of its columns, "Men and Things." The women ought to rise in arms in indignation at being called by such a name.

Siberian cats are the newest agony in pets. A Siberian cat has a cold and searching voice, and is a valuable addition to the backyard orchestra.

A new novel just issued is said to have been written between the hours of 2 and 6 o'clock in the morning. The evils of late hours seem to be accumulating.

Scientists are interested in the discovery that extreme cold converts tin into a semi-crystalline mass containing large cavities. Now when a man looks for "tin" in his pockets and finds only a large cavity he can attribute it to extreme cold—which inflates coal and plumbing bills.

"Hush, Johnny," admonished the mother as the scion of the family grew clamorous for something to eat. "You must remember that older people take precedence at the table." "Let 'em take proceedins; I want some of the muffins," Shouted Johnny.

"You are charged with kissing this young lady in the dark," said the judge to the prisoner, a good looking young man. "Merciful heavens," he gasped. "Is that the young lady?" "It is." "Then I plead not guilty, your honor" "Not guilty?" "Yes; and I desire to enter a plea of insanity."

Doctor—Have you, sir, tried the seashore? Invalid—Yes. I tried it once, but it's two hard work. Dressing and undressing is very tiresome. Doctor—I don't quite understand. Invalid—Well, you see, the doctor I had there said I must take a toddy after each bath. "Yes; but suppose he did?" "It kept me in bathing all the time."

WOMAN'S WAYS.

It is reported that Princess Kung of China has been converted to Christianity.

Mrs. Van Cott has more magnetic power than any other lady preacher in this country.

Mme. Modjeska brought over sixty-five pieces of baggage, and had to take an oath to $20,000 worth of wardrobe.

Col. Pat Donan, speaking for Dakota, says that the flourishing territory can accommodate 10,000 girls with husbands on ninety days' notice.

Ex-Empress Eugenie writes: "I am left alone, the sole remnant of a shipwreck, which proves how fragile and vain are the grandeurs of the world."

Mme. de Stael, who was plain and quite stout, once said: "I would give half my knowledge for a few personal charms and consider them cheaply bought."

The meanest man in Louisville gets up early and cuts the drygoods advertisements out of the morning paper, leaving nothing but the ordinary reading matter for his devoted wife.

Gold knitting needles tipped with pearls are the latest. They are thought very becoming to a Queen Anne piazza, and really look very well in a modern drawing-room by the canopied lamp light.

One of the innocent tricks of the Philadelphia shop girls is carrying their dinners disguised in a muslin roll. It looks as though they belonged to the conservatory and were going for an early music lesson.

Extraordinary Discoveries of Honey.

For the last 16 or 18 years a colony of bees has taken possession of a niche between the walls of the Hautboy and Fiddle publichouse at Ockham, near Ripley, in West Surrey. The outer walls of the building are about 3 feet in thickness, and the bees made choice of their storehouse at the very top of the building, which is three storeys high. The landlord and landlady, with their daughters, resolved this year upon finding out the exact whereabouts of the colony. A diligent search was made one morning under the roof of the house, and a piece of comb was found immediately below the slates, but in such a position that it could not be reached. Mr. Smith, the landlord, then descended to the bed-room, and with chisel and hammer removed a number of bricks from the wall, where the whole stock of bees was found. More than 2ft square of the wall had to be removed, when a wonderful sight presented itself. A large mass of comb, about 2ft in thickness, filled with honey was exposed. The bees were fumigated, after which large pieces of honey were cut out, until dish after dish was filled with a total quantity of about 120lb. Another and still more extraordinary take of honey has been secured at Winter's Hall, Bromley, the seat of Mr. George Barrett. Some men were sent to take some bees which had got between the ceiling of the coach-house and the granary. They succeeded in taking 3 cwt. of honey. The bees had been engaged in their novel hiding-place several years.

The Business Outlook.

The business situation is the subject of a good deal of discussion by press and people. But while there is a steady though slow improvement indicated in almost every branch of trade and industry, there are many who can see nothing encouraging in the outlook. Farm produce is low, especially wheat, but that is now considerably above the minimum price for last year. Its cheapness has, however, had one effect that will tend to increase its price. Low wheat has made cheap flour, and the result has been that it has been more largely consumed, so that the stock in hand has been reduced. One very encouraging indication is found in the increased earnings which are monthly reported on the Canadian Pacific Railway. This shows that the north-west farmers are buying goods as well as selling their products. On the whole, we see the most hopeful signs of a general revival in business in all sections of the country. Securities are firm, and while crops have been almost abundant, they are not drugs in the market, but are finding ready sale at prices which, if too low, are not by any means starvation prices.

A GIRL JUMPED HIS CLAIM.

How a Young Settler Lost his Farm and Won it Back with a Wife.

A year ago last spring a young man named Belden went to Dakota, took up 160 acres of land, and built himself a shack. Two weeks later a girl named Helen Chapman took up the claim adjoining his on the west, and also built a cabin. The neighbors became slightly acquainted, but both were too busy to do much visiting. Belden was an easy-going fellow, none too fond of work, and Helen was an active, aggressive, good-looking, and ambitious young woman. She did two days' work to his one, and had a better farm at the end of sixty days than he would have had at the end of a year if he had kept on in the way that he was going.

After Belden had been on his place about three months he became weary of the monotonous life, and, going to town to have some fun, found so much enjoyment that he came pretty near forgetting to go home. When he had been gone longer than the time permitted by the Land law, Helen, who had been watching her opportunity, jumped his claim, and in less than ten hours had a shack of her own standing on his farm. Belden returned at last, and, finding that a woman had jumped his claim, he said nothing. If it had been a man it would have been his duty to go out and fight him to the death, but as it was a woman, and a rather comely one at that, he thought he would say nothing and trust to luck to get rid of her. Occupying his own shack, he was not more than 300 feet from her new habitation. She held her ground well, treating him as an interloper, and never acting as though she had any idea that he belonged there.

Belden's wrath began to rise finally, and when he reflected on the comments that would be made if he permitted a girl to jump his claim he grew furious. Knowing that the temper of most settlers would brook no interference with a girl farmer, he went to town for consultation. First he talked with some of his friends who drank his whiskey. They shook their heads and said it was a mighty bad job. Then he consulted a lawyer who gave him some hope.

In the course of a day or two he got two of his friends and a lawyer to go out to his place with him to see what they could do toward patching up a settlement. Once on the ground it was agreed that the lawyer should go and see the girl. He was absent an hour and a half, and when he returned he said it was no use. The girl was posted, and he didn't see what could be done about it.

"If it was a man," he said, "we could go over there and throw him by the heels into the next county, but it won't do to harm a woman."

The four talked the matter over, and it was finally agreed that the lawyer should call again in the morning, and represent to her that Belden's friends were coming to his assistance, and that if she wanted to avoid serious trouble she had better abandon her shack and leave his claim alone. The lawyer started out on this errand the next day, but he was back again in fifteen minutes with a lump on his head the size of a horse chestnut, where he said she had hit him with an axe handle.

After talking the matter over, everybody being mad, it was decided that they would give her a scare as soon as it became dark. At about 9 o'clock all hands went over to the girl's new shack and surrounded it. At a given signal they yelled and fired their revolvers in the air. The reports had hardly died away when a shotgun was discharged from one window of the shack, and a moment later another shot was fired from the other side of the house. The men waited in silence for a few minutes, when two more barrels were fired. This convinced them that the girl was not to be frightened, and they crawled away as stealthily as they could. All that night the girl's shotgun thundered at regular intervals, until her adversaries, who were vainly trying to sleep, wished that it would explode, and blow her and her shack into next week.

In the morning Belden's lawyer and two friends started for town, leaving the jumped farmer alone in his misery. After their departure Belden did some work on the place, taking care not to run across the girl, and though they saw each other frequently they both avoided a meeting.

Things went along in this way until fall, Helen worked on her own farm a good part of the time, and Belden passed many days in hunting. He had made up his mind that he could tire the girl out, and he believed that after she found that he was not to be got rid of, she would voluntarily abandon the claim. In this he was mistaken. One day, while out on a hunting expedition, he discharged his gun accidentally, and received several shots in his arm and side. He got home without difficulty, and, examining the wounds, made up his mind that he would go to town in the morning to have them attended to. The next day he was in no condition to move, and was obliged to keep his bed. Growing rapidly worse, and fearing that his injuries would result seriously if not attended to, he watched for his next door neighbor, and when he saw her he signalled for her to come to him. The girl came up and heard his story, and volunteered to go to town for a doctor. When the physician arrived and dressed Belden's wounds Helen told them that she would look in occasionally and attend to the sick man's wants, and she kept her promise religiously. For nearly a month she visited the Belden shack regularly, cooked and served Belden's meals, dressed his wounds, and helped him as tenderly as a relative could. When he got so that he could sit up and help himself, her visits became shorter and at longer intervals, and at length they ceased altogether.

This last spring it became necessary for somebody to put in the crops if anything was to be done. Belden had had no settlement with the girl, and she appeared to be making preparations to work his farm as well as her own. He didn't want to give up beaten, and he could not quarrel with a woman, especially one to whom he was under so many obligations. Finding that things were becoming intolerable as they were, he called on her one evening in May and they had a long talk, the result of which has just been discovered. After that consultation they were frequently together. They worked both farms this year and made big crops, and last week they were married.

The Reading of Newspapers.

It will not be difficult to decide this case, submitted to us by a young man in the West:

"A dispute arose between a friend and myself as to whether the reading of newspapers would in the long run prove of more advantage than disadvantage to a young man. My friend stoutly upheld the former, while I as persistently contended that the constant reading of papers would ultimately have none but deleterious effects on young men. Finally, we agreed to refer the question to your esteemed paper."

Reading newspapers a disadvantage! What do you mean? How can an intelligent man get along without reading them? Of course there is much other literature he ought to read, but, first of all, he must keep himself informed about what is going on in the world by reading a good newspaper; and he must read it constantly from day to day or week to week, or else he falls into a condition of deplorable ignorance.

It is nonsense to talk about the harm of reading good newspapers. They give the public the best and most profitable literature that they are able to get. Your friend is right, and you are altogether wrong, though we are glad to know that you do not carry out your silly theory in practice, and will compliment you by supposing that you only advanced it for argument's sake.

A policeman attacked by cholera morbus lost so much rest that he was forced to go on duty again to recuperate.

"Will you please give a sick man a few cents to buy some medicine with?" whined a tramp on the station platform. "Sick, are you? What's the matter?" "Been sleepin' in barns, an' I have a bad case of hay fever."

ADVERTISING NOTICES

In the local column will be charged as follows: To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.

To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 20c.

Our Club List.

We have made arrangements to club THE NEWS-ARGUS with the following journals for 1886. We expect to make arrangements with other papers within the next two or three weeks:—

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the *Weekly Globe* from now to the end of 1886 for $1.75.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and *Canadian Live Stock Journal* from now to the end of 1886 for $1.75.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and *American Agriculturist* (subscription price $1.50 per annum) for 1886 for $2.00, and in addition we will send the NEWS-ARGUS for balance of 1885 free to new subscribers.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the New York *Independent* for $3.00. The price of the *Independent* alone is $3.00 per annum.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the *Rural Canadian* for $1.60. The latter is one of the best agricultural papers published.

All new subscribers to THE NEWS-ARGUS will receive the paper from now to the end of 1886 for one year's subscription, namely, ONE DOLLAR.

Now is the time to subscribe.

HOME MATTERS.

See our club list at the head of this column.

The muskrat weather prophet says it is going to be a mild winter.

Send your pictures to the NEWS-ARGUS office to be framed. A large stock of mouldings to select from, and well assorted.

A Picton paper says an aged mendicant who has been soliciting alms in that town, has a good farm in the township of Hungerford.

The country is said to be full of tramps, and there is a great amount of petty thieving going on. The question is to find a remedy for the evil.

Mr. W. A. F. Campbell, of this village, is about to start a branch law office in Marmora, and intends visiting that village regularly every week.

We will send THE NEWS-ARGUS from now to the end of 1886 to all new subscribers for $1.00. Call in and see us, or send money by P. O. order or registered letter.

The Rev. G. W. Dewey, of Tweed, will (D. V.) preach in the Methodist Church, Stirling, next Sabbath, morning and evening, and at Carmel Methodist Church at 2.30, p. m.

Wolves are said to be numerous in the back townships and have already raided farmers' stock yards. In many localities, settlers are compelled to keep night watch to protect their cattle.

Dr. Hamilton, of this village, left at our office the other day a couple of carrots which grew side by side, and whose roots had branched and interlaced with one another in the most artistic manner.

The roller rink men have invented something new in the way of attraction. Mr. Caverley announces a candle race to take place this (Friday) evening, the 13th inst., for which a prize is to be awarded.

The adjourned meeting of the committees from the County and City Council was held in the Shire Hall on Friday afternoon last for the further discussion on the equalization of the expensed justice for the county but no agreement was arrived at.

There will be sold by auction at the Stirling House, in this village, on Saturday next, the 14th inst., a quantity of farm stock, implements, etc., the property of the late George McCurdy. Sale at 2 o'clock, sharp. Chas. Butler, auctioneer.

Ladies who intend to pay a visit to the other side of the border, will have to have their baubles searched. Smuggling by such means has been carried on so extensively that the Canadian authorities have issued an imperative order to that effect.

The Sunday School papers published by Mr. Blackett Robinson, Toronto, are well adapted for Canadian Schools. They are three in number, beautifully illustrated, well printed and at low prices. Send for specimen numbers, which are sent free of postage on application.

The Emma Wells company is coming, and will exhibit in Bennett's Hall on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Nov. 16th, 17th and 18th. This company is well known through this country, as they visited here last winter, and their entertainments have made them favorites wherever they have been.

By an arrangement with the publisher of the *Rural Canadian* we are enabled to club that valuable farm journal to all prepaid subscribers to the NEWS-ARGUS for the small sum of $1.60, thus effecting a considerable saving to the readers. Renew your subscription now and get the *Rural* FREE for the balance of this year.

The subscribers to the building fund of the Methodist Church, (late M. E.) are reminded that all subscriptions are now due, and that they will be called upon soon for payment of the same. The committee hope that all the friends who made these kind promises, will cheerfully and promptly fulfil them when asked to do so.

On Wednesday morning, the 4th inst., as Andrew Pickens, of Percy, was engaged in cutting bands whilst threshing on the farm of James Grant, the table on which he stood slipped and he fell head first into the cylinder. His head was severed from his body, and his body otherwise was horribly mangled. Deceased was 30 years of age, and leaves a wife to mourn his untimely end.

Dr. Boulter went to Kingston on Monday last to attend the sittings of the Medical Commission for the examination of wounded volunteers for this district. Ten cases were examined, some of them having sustained serious injuries, probably disabling them for life. Their report will be submitted to a board of officers who will decide as to the amount of compensation or pension to be allowed each person.

Among the forthcoming books of special interest is the "History of the Presbyterian Church in the Dominion," by Rev. Professor Gregg, D. D., of Knox College, Toronto, who has been gathering information for the work for the past dozen years. From the well-known ability of the author, the care with which every fact has been verified, and the interest which naturally attaches to the history of a great denomination, we have no doubt the publication of this work will prove the literary event of the year. The publisher is Mr. Blackett Robinson, 5 Jordan street, Toronto, who will be glad to hear of a reliable agent in each congregation.

The latest trick in the way of swindling is thus described by the *Intelligencer*:—A man goes through the country purchasing farms. The *modus operandi* is to contract in writing for the purchase of a farm, the purchaser to have the right to pay the mortgage and take possession within a month. When the month has nearly expired the would-be purchaser returns and demands immediate possession, when the farmer is not only unprepared to give immediate possession, but has in many cases raced his bargain. The would-be purchaser then offers to compromise for a sum of from two to five hundred dollars, and threatens suit if the contract is not fulfilled. A case of the kind has occurred in this neighborhood, and our farming friends should be careful when they sign their names to any kind of document.

The Queen has sent her congratulations to the Dominion Government on the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Facts Worth Remembering.

That P. Welch is selling 18 lbs. of sugar for $1.00.

That he is selling below Belleville prices.

That he buys for cash and sells for cash, which enables him to give from 10 to 20 per cent better value than credit dealers can.

Tea a specialty. Come and see.

Springbrook is the place.

Marmora News.

From Our Own Correspondent.

A social was held in the Methodist church, Zion, on Monday evening, and notwithstanding the unfavorable weather was very well attended. Proceeds, to aid in removing the church debt, $24.

The post office boxes are here at last, and are being put in. The dilapidated state of the old office has been a standing grievance, and we are glad that we are to have something better.

Promotion examinations are being held in the schools this week.

Miss Adams returned from Guelph last week While there she had a serious attack of illness, from which she has yet scarcely recovered.

Rev'ds. Andrews and Cleworth are holding a series of special services in the Methodist Church.

Chatterton Chips.

We hereby make our bow as a collector of chips. As the darkey sang, split all knots from oak to gum, so we collect all chips from oak to gum. This is a new place, having been christened five or six weeks ago, so that news and information have not begun to center here much yet.

We understand that Edward Sine of this place has sold his house, lot and blacksmith shop to John Seeley, who will soon move here. Sine goes west—not very far, however.

Our friend, Wm. Badgley, of the 6th con., has been getting married lately, and did better than the most of us do, for he got a wife and three children at one bag, which must have pleased his neighbors, for they turned out to welcome him home, and filled up on elixir, so they could hardly get home.

There's Millions in it.

A week or so ago, our worthy townsman, Mr. E. Maybee, received the following letter from Montreal:—

DEAR SIR,—I beg to inform you that heirs are wanted for four hundred million dollars in money and estates in the old country.

Fifty thousand persons have been advertised for by the Court of Chancery of Great Britain to claim the above sum of money.

All rights to the money descend to surviving members of the heir.

R. Robson, a laborer at Hexham, England, has lately recovered from the Court, one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, left 138 years ago.

I find, upon examination of the list, that your family name appears among those who are entitled to claim money and property.

Upon receipt of two dollars, I will furnish you with the information necessary to lodge claim, and if poor, with instructions how to proceed free of cost, until the amount claimed is recovered.

If you desire the information it is not necessary to register letter.

Yours, etc.

Mr. Maybee inclines to the belief that the whole thing is a scheme to get money from willing dupes; and we think he is about right.

A terrible accident occurred on the C. O. R. on Friday evening last near Wilkins' Grove. The ballast train was coming in from the south, followed by a wood train. When near the company's dock the former came to a stop, as the northern train was leaving off some grain cars, and sent back a man to warn the wood train. Owing to the dense fog he was not noticed until they were close to the ballast train, in the caboose of which were a number of Italians. They started to jump out, but unfortunately one poor fellow fell under the engine and had both legs cut off above the knee. As we go to press he was still alive, but cannot survive. Another was badly cut on the head, but not seriously.—*Trenton Advocate.*

The Best Family Paper.

THE DETROIT COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER, now in the 25th year of its existence, is the very best general family weekly published in the United States or Canada. It numbers more old subscribers on its lists (subscribers who "could not do without the paper") than any other journal in the country, and it has become a maxim rarely disproved, "once a subscriber always a subscriber" to this magnificent weekly. It is ably edited and the wants of all classes of readers are well supplied, while it retains that marked individuality of purpose which alone is the stamp of true success in either the press or pulpit. In the words of its prospectus it is truly independent; fearlessly commends all that is evil in political or social life."

It is a journal of 8 pages, 7 columns to a page, and is printed in excellent type, on good paper, a matter of great importance to readers. The following description of the general contents of its pages and various departments will not be amiss.

On page 1 over a column of excellent poetry is found, and right here we will say that the DETROIT COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER has a great reputation among lovers of poetic gems. Short articles, humorous or wise, and occasionally a short story, make this page very interesting. Page 2 is the story page proper. At this season the stories are concluded in the same number, but with the first week of November a fine continued story will be commenced, running through two or three months. Page 3 is by far the most unique and popular department we have ever seen in any paper. It is called The Sitting-Room, and at its round table all are at ease, and have any subject of merit or value to present for the discussion or edification of their fellow readers. It was added as a feature a few years ago, and at once became wonderfully popular with its fellow subscribers. Pages 4 and 5 are the editorial and news pages, and greatly add to the value of the paper as a dissemminator of all the important news of the day. Page 6 is filled with pleasant and instructive reading for the Young People. Page 7 is the market page, wherein are given current prices of all the important Detroit markets, as well as elsewhere. Page 8 is the Farmer's department, and contains a vast amount of useful information for the farmer, the dairyman, the stock and poultry raiser.

In 1886 the publisher adopted the plan of giving his subscribers cash premiums instead of books, chromos, etc. This plan met with such continued popularity that there has been an annual award to the subscribers of the COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER every year since. The Award of Premiums is taken in entirely from those present at the time of the award. The 23rd Annual Award included a list of $40,000 among 100,000 subscribers. A sample copy and prospectus will be sent free to any address on receipt of a postal card request by the publisher, William H. Burk, Detroit, Michigan.

TO OUR READERS.

We cannot too strongly urge upon our readers the necessity of subscribing for a family weekly newspaper of the first-class, such, for instance, as *The Independent*, of New York. Were we obliged to select one publication for habitual and careful reading to the exclusion of all others, we should choose unhesitatingly *The Independent*. It is a newspaper, magazine and review, all in one. It is a religious, a literary, an educational, a story, an art, a scientific, an agricultural and a political paper combined. It has 32 folio pages and 22 departments. No matter what a person's religion, politics or profession may be, no matter what the age, sex, employment or condition may be, *The Independent* will prove a help, an instructor, an educator. Our readers will be no less than send a postal for a free specimen copy, or for thirty cents the paper will be sent a month, enabling one to judge of its merits more critically. Its yearly subscription is $3.00 or two years for $5.00.

Address, THE INDEPENDENT, 251 Broadway, New York City.

The postmaster at Whitby, Mr. Charles Nourse, has been found to be a defaulter to the Government to the amount of several thousand dollars.

A Mrs. William Friend, wife of a prosperous farmer near Napoleon, Ohio, gave birth on Monday to five boys. This remarkable statement is corroborated by reliable persons. At last accounts mother and children were alive. Mrs. Friend is only thirty-four years old, has the misfortune to have twenty-one children, having given birth to triplets on former occasions.

The militia department has ordered an investigation into the condition of those who were made widows and orphans by the Northwest rebellion, with a view of providing for their future. The male orphans will receive a pension each year until they reach the age of sixteen, and the females will be looked after by the state until after they have scored their twenty-first year.

Toronto has long been noted as the headquarters of the horse-stealing and the concealed victuallers association of the province. But this citadel is to be attacked by the Canadian Pacific railway, which has given notice that it will open up the country, and compel the thieves to take their ill-gotten gains elsewhere for a market. The road will be built through the heart of the province, and will be in operation next summer.

A week ago, in the township of Portland, near Kingston, Stephen Hickey, farmer, called the neighbors together to raise a building. Plenty of whiskey and beer was served. After the workmen had been well charged with liquor, Thos. Hickey and Henry Kenehan, of Verona, quarrelled and fought. During the battle Hickey drew a jack knife and plunged it into Kenehan's breast and shoulder. As soon as the stabbing was done Hickey fled. He was one of those implicated in a cutting affair at Verona some years ago during an altercation.

Births.

In Stirling, on the 12th inst., the wife of George Phillips, of a daughter.

In Rawdon, on the 5th inst., the wife of George Bolton, of a daughter.

Marriages.

At Marmora, on 4th inst., by Rev. C. M. Harris, William James Hamilton and Isabella Cook.

Stirling Markets.

Wheat, Fall, per bushel	$0 00	to $0 80
Wheat, Spring, "	0 00	to 0 80
Barley, "	0 48	to 0 71
Rye, "	0 00	to 0 50
Oats, "	0 00	to 0 30
Peas, "	0 00	to 0 55
Potatoes, per bag	0 35	to 0 40
Apples, per bag	0 40	to 0 50
Butter, per lb.	0 17	to 0 20
Eggs per doz.	0 00	to 0 14
Beans, per bush	0 00	to 1 25
Hay, per ton	8 00	to 8 50

IMPORTANT.

When you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other hotel in the city.

CATARRH—A NEW TREATMENT.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern medicine has been attained by the Dixon treatment for Catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissue, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination—this accomplished, he claims the Catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures affected by him two years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure Catarrh in this manner, and the other treatment has ever cured Catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple, and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King street, west, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on "Catarrh."—MONTREAL STAR, Nov. 17, 1882

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From now till 1st January, 1887,

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The Bobcaygeon Independent styles the RURAL "The agricultural authority of the Dominion."

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THE INDEPENDENT is one of the best papers in the world. Its good points are many and striking. They may only be stated to be appreciated; and for proof of our claims appeal may be taken to any of its fifty-two issues of the year. THE INDEPENDENT will show that its contents are marked by

ABILITY, VARIETY & INTEREST.—The great thinkers, the great story-writers, the great poets, men of the highest reputation in all departments of human knowledge, make up its list of contributors. Religion, philosophy, science, literature, art, travels, discoveries, stories and all concerns of mankind are embraced in the contents, and everybody, old or young, learned and unlearned, without regard to sex, employment or condition, will find something specially interesting in every issue

COMPREHENSIVENESS.—It is a religious, a literary, an educational, a story, an art, a scientific, an agricultural, a political and a political paper combined.

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THE INDEPENDENT,
P. O. Box 2787. New York.

There are said to be at least forty cases of small-pox in Ottawa, principally, if not altogether, in the Lower town, which is inhabited chiefly by French Canadians. These people do all they can to hide the disease, therefore its presence amongst them is only now becoming known.

Many of the Northwestern papers think some of the prisoners captured at the late rebellion have been too leniently treated. As an instance, the Edmonton Bulletin says: "Big Bear's jury returned a verdict of guilty with a recommendation to mercy. It would be a mercy to put some of Big Bear's jury in the camp of Big Bear's followers about April next for one short hour."

THE FOUR CARDINAL POINTS of regulating the system are the stomach, the liver, the kidneys and the bowels. When any one of these organs sickness cannot occur. Burdock Blood Bitters acts promptly upon these organs, restoring them to a healthy action.

Dr Miller, of Montreal, concealed a small-pox case, and has been arrested.

THE PAINS OF LUMBAGO, aching back and aches with all weakness and soreness, will speedily vanish under the treatment of Hagyard's Yellow Oil, in a remedy which may be taken internally and applied externally. It is a positive cure for pain.

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP will remove all kinds of Worms from children or adults.

The Marchioness of Lansdowne has sailed for Canada on the steamer Circassian.

A faint, weary, sick and listless feeling, with aching back and shoulders, and irregular bowels, proclaim a diseased liver. Try Burdock Blood Bitters, which cures all forms of liver complaint.

PEROXIDE OF HYDROGEN MAGIC SULPHUR SOAP.—Healing, soothing and cleansing for all active diseases of the skin. Delightful for toilet use.

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS are safe in all cases. They destroy and remove Worms in children or adults.

Incendiaries fired a priest's house at Collingwood, and an investigation will be held.

MCGREGOR & PARKE'S Carbolic Cerate is invaluable for Wounds, Sores, Salt Rheum, Cuts, Burns, Scalds and Festers, as a healing and purifying dressing. Do not be imposed on with other useless preparations, recommended to be as good. Use only McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. Sold by PARKER & BUTLER.

NATIONAL PILLS are unsurpassed as a safe, mild, yet thorough, purgative, acting upon the biliary organs promptly and efficiently.

AT OWENSound on Friday afternoon a young man by the name of Thomas Cochrane, of Kingston, fell down a hatchway of the C.C.R. steamer Athabasca, and was instantly killed

The discovery of the instantaneous process of taking photographs has been quickly followed in the medical world by a perfect and instantaneous remedy for all acute aches and pains, as Neuralgia, Toothache, Rheumatism, etc. This valuable remedy is called Fluid Lightning, and is sold at 25 cents a bottle by PARKER & BUTLER, Druggists.

URIC ACID.—When the Liver and Kidneys fail in their action, this acid in excess is thrown into the blood, causing Rheumatism and other painful conditions of blood poisoning. You may cure this condition by a prompt resort to the purifying, regulating remedy Burdock Blood Bitters.

Rev. J. G. Falls, Dutton, certifies: "For some years my wife has been troubled with Dyspepsia, and has tried one thing after another recommended with but little or no effect till advised to give McGregor's Speedy Cure a trial. Since taking the first bottle I have noticed a decided improvement, and can with confidence recommend it to be one of the not the best medicine extant for Dyspepsia. This invaluable medicine for Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Biliousness, Costiveness is purely vegetable. Sold at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store. Trial bottle given free.

Two men, attempting to cross Niagara River, above the Falls, in a small boat, were drawn down into the rapids and swept over the Falls.

PLEURISY AND LUNG FEVER.

Inflammation of the Lungs, or the pleura covering them, is the result of sudden colds. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam relieves the sore chest, loosens and clears the throat, and makes difficult breathing, and allays all irritation arising from colds.

PAIN IN THE SIDE, from whatever cause, may be quickly relieved by Hagyard's Yellow Oil, which cures Scalds, Burns, Aches and pains, and all soreness and lameness of the flesh—applied and taken inwardly.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE MATTER OF GEORGE MCCURDY, DECEASED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN PURSUANT to Chapter 107 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, as amended by 50 and 51 Victoria, Chapter 9, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of George McCurdy, late of the Township of Rawdon, in the County of Hastings, in the Province of Ontario, farmer, deceased, who died on or about the twenty-third day of August, 1885, are required to send by post, prepaid, or to deliver to A. W. A. F. Campbell, of the Village of Stirling, in said County of Hastings, agent for John McCurdy, administratrix of all and singular, the personal estate and effects, rights and credits of the said George McCurdy, deceased, on or before

Saturday, the 5th day of December, A. D., 1885,

their names and addresses and a full statement of their claims, and of the securities (if any) held by them, and that after the said last mentioned date the said administratrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, regard being only to the claims of which notice has been given as above required, and that she will not be liable for the assets of the said assets or any part thereof, to any person or persons of whose claim notice shall not have been received by the said Administratrix at the time of such distribution.

Dated at Stirling, October 27th, 1885.

W. A. F. CAMPBELL,
Agent for Jane McCurdy, the above-named Administratrix.

All Kinds of Grain Wanted.

THE UNDERSIGNED WISHES TO INFORM this and the farming and surrounding townships that he is now prepared to buy all kinds of Grain at Marsh's Station. Highest prices will be paid for all good samples.

C. CRANE.

Farms for Sale.

THE EAST HALF OF LOT 6, IN THE 8th Con. of Rawdon, and
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TIME TABLE:

Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa to Toronto.

Stations.	Express.	Mixed.	Stations.	Exp. from Toronto	Express.	Mixed.
Montreal	9.00 a.m.		Ottawa	11.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	
Ottawa	12.35 p.m.		Smith's Falls	2.45 a.m.	11.00 "	
Smith's Falls	2.10 "	7.27 a.m.	1.00 a.m.	Renfrew	5.00 "	10.08 "
Renfrew	5.00 "	10.08 "	Ces. Junc.	5.18 "	10.25 "	4.13 "
Ces. Junc.	5.18 "	10.25 "	4.13 "	Bissett	6.50 "	10.39 "
Bissett	6.50 "	10.39 "	Haveloek	7.50 "	10.55 "	4.45 "
Haveloek	7.50 "	10.55 "	4.45 "	Norwood	8.02 "	11.07 "
Norwood	8.02 "	11.07 "	Peterboro'	6.42 "	11.48 "	5.31 "
Peterboro'	6.42 "	11.48 "	5.31 "	Norwood	3.18 p.m.	7.50 "
Norwood	3.18 p.m.	7.50 "	Toronto	9.45 p.m.	2.00 "	8.27 a.m.
Toronto	9.45 p.m.	2.00 "	8.27 a.m.			

Toronto to Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec & Boston.

	Express.	Mixed.		Express.	Mixed.
Toronto Union Stn	9.25 a.m.		Ottawa	8.00 p.m.	
North Toronto	9.36 "		8.06 "	Smith's Falls	10.00 "
Peterboro'	12.31 p.m.		10.56 "	Renfrew	1.00 a.m.
Norwood	1.04 "		Haveloek	1.20 "	11.49 p.m.
Haveloek	1.20 "		11.49 p.m.	Biarton	5.26 "
Biarton	5.26 "		Central Ontario Junc.	1.44 "	12.15 a.m.
Central Ontario Junc.	1.44 "		12.15 a.m.	Ivanhoe	2.00 "
Ivanhoe	2.00 "		Smith's Falls	4.55 "	3.21 "
Smith's Falls	4.55 "		3.21 "	Ottawa	6.30 "
Ottawa	6.30 "		4.48 "	Montreal	10.00 p.m.
Montreal	10.00 p.m.		8.18 a.m.		

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P. S. All outstanding accounts must be settled by the 1st of Dec. next either by cash or note.

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Have just received a Job Lot of

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Which they are selling

25 PER CENT. BELOW REGULAR PRICES,

All new patterns, suitable for Men's and Boys' Suits and Ladies' Ulsters.

Don't fail to see them before buying.

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SPRING BED

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He has the best and cheapest made Also, all kinds of

FURNITURE VERY CHEAP.

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Must be settled at once, I will not put off the collecting of them as I have done before. So all that are indebted to me for reaper repairs will govern themselves accordingly and save costs.

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HARDWARE.

We wish to inform all who are indebted to us that their accounts must be paid in full during the month of October. We have large payments to meet, and must insist on all accounts being paid.

JAS. MILNE & CO.,

STIRLING

TIN SHOP!

H. & J. Warren,

CRAIGE'S BLOCK.

STOVES, STOVES, STOVES,

COAL, PARLOR, COOKING & BOX OF ALL KINDS AND SIZES,

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NEW STOCK OF

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Will sell as cheap as any man in Canada, and don't you forget it.

Machine Needles, Oil, and everything pertaining to the trade, constantly on hand.

FRONT STREET, - - STIRLING.

W. C. REID,

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Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines,

—ETC., ETC., ETC.,—

ENTERPRISE, - ONTARIO.

Wishes to inform the public that he is the authorized agent for the Niagara White Grape Co., as they are now selling it for the first time without restriction. Vines to be good two years old at $2.00 each. Vines delivered by mail when price is sent with order. See salesmen for full particulars.

Enterprise, Ont., March 4th, 1885.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

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The Stirling News-Argus

$1.35 per annum. $1 in advance. STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1885. Vol. VII, No. 10.

THE
Stirling News-Argus

Is published every Friday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Parker & Butler's drug-store, by

JAMES CURRIE.

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Two inches, $10 per year; for shorter periods, $1 per month. One inch, $6 per year. Professional cards, limited to six lines, $4 per year. A column measures twenty-two inches.

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Transient advertisements, 8c. per line first insertion, 3c. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

C. S. HAMILTON, M. D. C. M.,

GRADUATE McGILL COLLEGE, 1868,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR.

Special attention paid to diseases of women and children. Office and residence opposite the old C. M. Parsonage.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,

BARBER—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE.

Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets in the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk

FLINT & SHERRY,

Barristers, &c., - - Belleville.

BRANCH OFFICE:

Opposite Mine & Clute's, Stirling.

W. A. F. CAMPBELL, Manager.

Money to loan at lowest rates.

Stirling Lodge

NO. 69,

A. F. & A. M.,

G. R. C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, North street, on

Thursday Eve., Nov. 26, '85,

Visiting brethren welcome.

M. SEELEY, Jr., Sec.

STIRLING LODGE

NO. 239,

I. O. F.

Meets in the Lodge room O'Hara's Block,

Every Wednesday Evening

At 8 o'clock. G. D. TURNER, R.S.

J. R. IRISH, L.D.S.,

DENTIST, TRENTON,

Will be at the STIRLING HOUSE, STIRLING, every Monday, from 9 a.m. to 4 p. m. Vitalized Air used in extracting teeth without pain. The best and satisfactory thing furnished in artificial teeth. Due attention to treatment of teeth filling, &c.

Geo. W. Walker,

DENTIST,

Front Street, Belleville.

Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel.

VITALIZED AIR,

Which we only use in the Belleville office is to extract

TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.

Mr. Walker visits Stirling the Three last Days of every month. Rooms in Stirling House.

STIRLING HOUSE,

Stirling, Ont.

Good accommodations for travellers. Spacious Sample Rooms. Comfortable stables and careful hostler. The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked. MUSIC HALL on the premises. 20 ft. ceiling, 12 ft. stage, seating capacity 400.

ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

MEDICAL HALL

A COMPLETE STOCK OF

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Genuine Coloring Stuffs, School Books, Crayons, Stationery, Druggist's Sundries and Fancy articles. All of which will be sold at lowest cash prices.

All parties having unsettled accounts are requested to call and settle without delay.

G. H. BOULTER, M. D.

FARMERS, ATTENTION!

Insure your Life and Buildings.

An Agent for seven first-class Fire Insurance Companies.

Also Agent for Canada Life Insurance Company.

OVER $70,000

Company and Private Funds to loan' Terms to suit borrower. Lowest Rates.

W. A. F. CAMPBELL,

STIRLING.

1885. FALL. 1885.

FIFTEENTH TAILORING SEASON.

CHAS. CRAIGE & BRO.

Beg to announce that they have received their

COMPLETE FALL STOCK

—OF—

WOOLLENS, GENTS' FURNISHINGS,

And General Dry Goods.

Their long experience in business, and facilities for buying goods in the best markets, enable them to offer their customers special advantages not possessed elsewhere; and their aim will be to retain the reputation which they now possess of turning out nothing but first-class goods.

The Ordered Clothing Department

Is in charge of Mr. FRED. WARD, and his old staff of experienced hands.

A Choice Stock of HATS, CAPS, FURS, BOOTS & SHOES FRESH GROCERIES, SHELF & HEAVY HARDWARE, IRON, COAL, SALT, Etc.

CHAS. CRAIGE & BRO.

LADIES' FEATHER WEIGHT CROQUET GOSSAMERS,
At W. S. Martin & Co's.
THE GYPSY IMITATION SANDAL,
At W. S. Martin & Co's.
LADIES' & GENTLEMENS' FELT OVERSHOES,
At W. S. Martin & Co's.
MEN'S LONG FELT BOOTS, CHEAPEST IN TOWN,
At W. S. Martin & Co's.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

Come one, come all, and examine my Stock of

Tweeds, Overcoatings, Flannels, Mantle Cloths, Shawls, Table Covers, Comforters, Clouds, Grey Blankets, Indian Blankets, Linen Horse Blankets, Suits, Overcoats, Robes, Caps, Muffs, Fur Trimmings, Etc., Etc.

LADIES READ!

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

In full blast, with all the latest styles, which will be sold Cheap for Cash. Cheapest House in Town, and don't you forget it.

G. W. FAULKNER.

NEW FALL GOODS

M. G. VANDERVOORT,

OF HAROLD,

Has opened a lot of NEW GOODS, consisting of

TWEEDS, FLANNELS, HOISERY, GLOVES & MITTENS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

ALL AT THE LOWEST PRICES. ALSO,

A Large Stock of Groceries,

which will be sold very cheap for cash.

SUGARS AWAY DOWN.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR SALE his House and Lot at Springbrook. The house is new, having been built last fall. Terms easy. For further particulars apply to

E. CANNIFF, Harold.

STOVES! STOVES! STOVES!

Coal Oil Stoves,

The very best in the market, call and see them.

Milk Cans, the very best,

Pans, Pails and Strainers.

Parties wanting a first-class Furnace will do well to give us a call, as we are handling one that will give satisfaction every time.

MARTIN & TURNER

STIRLING.

RIEL EXECUTED.

He Meets his Fate Calmly.

Riel, the rebel chieftain, has at last reaped the penalty of his crimes, and was executed at Regina, on Monday morning last. The special messenger bearing the death warrant did not reach Regina till Sunday evening, so that he had not long notice of the final decision of the Government, but that he had expected it was previously been made, and the hanging was performed shortly after eight o'clock in the morning, in the presence of the jail officials and a few witnesses. The execution was performed with decorum and despatch, and the rebel chieftain died without a struggle. Riel did not make a speech on the scaffold as he at one time intended, having at the last moment yielded to the advice of his spiritual advisers, and died calmly without saying anything.

There can be no question amongst all true lovers of our country but that Riel deserved his fate. We believe, as we have said before, that he should be tried by his peers, fifteen years ago, at the time of the first rebellion in Manitoba. Pardoned for that crime he had only yielded to the advice of his spiritual advisers, as the Montreal *Gazette* says:—

"Shorn of the sophistries, the misrepresentations, the forgeries, the play of passion and prejudice by which the case of this man has been surrounded, how stands it? A citizen of a foreign country, without a particle of stake in Canada, enters the Northwest, incites a portion of the people to rebellion, induces Indian tribes to massacre, pillage and plunder, makes prisoners of priests and helpless women and children, causes the loss of a hundred lives, the destruction of many, many homes built up by years of patient toil, and lays our young settlement in ashes. The murder of priests, outrages upon women, the slaughter of settlers and soldiers, the devastation of a wide section of country, at the instigation and under the guidance of a man who had not a scintilla of interest at stake and not one plea to offer in extenuation of his crimes would surely merit the severest punishment of the law, but the offence becomes all the more heinous, when, having aroused his dupes, the author of all this misery seeks to extort money from the Government as the price of peace. There can be no genuine sympathy with such a wretch, and there will be none. The law must be upheld. Inciters of sedition and rebellion must be taught that the people will not be tolerant of their crimes. There is no consideration of race or creed in such a case as Riel's. When he massacred priests and laymen, made prisoners of all who would not be in subjection to him, he knew not nationality or religion."

The Government have done just right in allowing the law to take its course, and however the French Canadians may fume and threaten over the matter, the English speaking population of Canada upheld the Government, and there is no doubt Sir John will stand more popular in Ontario now than at any time within the last half dozen years.

War in the East Begun.

A Conference of the great powers has been holding at Constantinople for some time at Constantinople trying to patch up a peace between Turkey, Bulgaria and Servia. They have been unsuccessful in their efforts, however, and Servia has declared war against Bulgaria, and invaded the latter country.

The cheerful alacrity with which Servia lights the flame of war, which may devastate half Europe before it is again extinguished, would be astonishing but for the fact that she also began the war which ended in the Russo-Turkish conflict, and which all but involved England and Austria before it close. The hostilities between Servia and Bulgaria are of little account. The Servians, who are veteran soldiers and have long had independence, will drive the Bulgarians, who are raw troops and are not very steady-minded, before them like sheep. Unless the Bulgarians offer a more determined resistance before Sofia than, we believe, they are capable of doing, the Servians will hardly be stayed in their triumphant progress by its capture. They will attempt to conquer all Bulgaria. Servia is under the patronage of Austria, however, whose hand is in her premature movement, and Russia will not stand by and see Bulgaria, which is under her protection, completely conquered. It is for the hankering of Russia and Austria for suzerainty over these rival principalities there would be no danger of a great war, but their game is to use this fight to advance their own power, the one at Constantinople and the other to Salonica, by way of the territories of these young princes.

The following are some of the latest despatches:—

BELGRADE, Nov. 14.—The Servian army is marching in three divisions on Sofia, Gen. Horvalvoich commanding the left wing, Gen. Leschjanin the right wing and King Milan the centre. The whole force is expected to concentrate at Sofia on November 22nd. The roads are covered with snow, retarding the progress of the army.

Despatches from the front state that a sharp fight occurred between the advance guards of the Servian and Bulgarian armies on the road between Tern and Blaenia. The Bulgarians retired.

LONDON, Nov. 16.—The *Daily Telegraph* says:—In consequence of the massacre of five Mussulmans at Kirdschal a Mussulman rising against the Bulgarians is imminent.

It is reported the Servians have captured Adlilehkala. The report current on Saturday night that they had captured Tern is revived. It is said both places were taken after a brief hand-to-hand struggle.

The *News* considers the Marquis of Salisbury's unfortunate utterances precipitated the conflict between Servia and Bulgaria. King Milan's conduct, it says, is an evil omen for the Balkan states. If all the Balkan states had hailed the Bulgarian union as a step toward the consolidation of Turkish rule from Europe, they would have acted wisely. The present confusion is only likely to strengthen Turkey.

The *Telegraph* says:—"We have to bear in mind that the real contention at the bottom of this business is not so much Russia and Austria. Could they be excluded, which in the nature of things cannot be done, a sanguinary quarrel between the Balkan States would be a small evil. Whether Austria, and through Austria Germany, wants or does not want a solid path to the sea is the real question.

BELGRADE, Nov. 17.—Gen. Tossalovitch, with the Moravia division, has had a decisive battle with the Bulgarians at Irn. The latter were totally defeated. The Servians fought with great gallantry, and captured two guns and many prisoners. Three battalions of Bulgarians surrendered. A battalion of Bulgarian volunteers, stationed at a position on Timok river, capitulated without firing a gun to Col. Djokentitch, commanding the Servian Timok division. The Bulgarians yesterday evacuated their fortified position at Dragoman, which the Servians attacked on Sunday.

The Servian main column of the Dragoman Pass by the Servians show that the Drinia and Shumadja divisions, under Colonel Mikhailovitch and Benicky, were engaged, and attacked the Bulgarians in force, completely routing them. Hordes of Bulgarians laid down their arms, being panic-stricken. Several guns were captured and the Pass abandoned.

Archibald McFarlane, aged 85, was killed at Napanee on Saturday while driving across the Grand Trunk track. He was struck by an express train.

The New Crusade.

The great purity crusade which is sweeping over England is, perhaps, the most wonderful manifestation of modern times. It was thought to have reached its culmination when a meeting of the friends of the Amendment Bill and in the gigantic mass meeting in Hyde Park last August, with its score of speaking stands and its one hundred and fifty thousand of an audience—the largest city gathering since 1867, when the Reform Bill riotings went down—but this is apparently the case as regards London it is otherwise in the provinces, where, more than night else, the crusade bids fair to become a leading factor in the parliamentary election now pending. These new crusaders are not fighting their own battle, nor have they any selfish ends to serve. They are not demanding protective duties, nor unionist food, nor the electoral franchise, nor are they engaged in party strife over office and spoils. They are seeking protection for helpless girls, even unto the poor and rich alike, moral legislation and clean administration. While dignitaries greater and lesser of the Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches are still in the fore-front, with a sprinkling of Peers and members, the work is now being carried on now being taken by the Nonconformists and by the leaders of the so-called working classes, and it is well to be repeated; that no longer to promote empty petitions to Parliament. These workers now attend election meetings and demand public declarations from candidates as to where they stand on those great moral questions which are presently before the country. Nothing can be more distinct than the issues as presented by them. Their determination is that immoral laws shall be repealed; that protective legislation shall be equalized until the poor and friendless are placed, at least, on a par with the rich and guarded; that the vice-traffic shall be suppressed; and that betrayers of trusts shall be made legal criminals. And, as regards the personal character to be required of public men, the spokesmen for the great Wesleyan Church, the venerable William Archer and Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, are no less emphatic. The former, with a very "tongue of fire," in effect demands that immoral men shall not make laws on behalf of the mothers of England, nor legislate for the girls of England, and that such men shall not be judges in England. That criminal court shall no longer favor procurers and screen adulterers, and that neither seducers nor unclean livers shall be permitted to hold the Queen's commission or the people's mandate. No one can condemn the methods Mr. Stead thought himself justified in adopting in order to make up his pretended case of abduction more heartily than he has done himself, and no one has worked harder than he to procure a clear legal remedy. The broad farce remains that a system of administration that screens criminals like Mrs. Jeffries should be used to prosecute an acknowledged though mud-bespattered reformer. The authorities have always so treated reformers who have found it necessary, in order to open the world's eyes, to sacrifice themselves to their cause. William Lloyd Garrison and his fellow workers were mobbed and imprisoned in Boston; John Brown was hanged in Virginia, and now American negro slavery is an abomination of the past. All this is fraught with lessons for us. We have still in operation in Canada perhaps the worst enactment that disgraces the statute book of any civilized community. We have now the example of the Mother Country, which has lately had enacted what the Queen has called "a much-needed amendment to the criminal law." Moreover, we have a new and experienced Minister of Justice, and we have a general election in the near future. Past efforts to reform the laws have been paralized by obstruction on the part of the Department of Justice and of the Senate. Will the friends of moral reform see to it that the new Parliament shall do something for the protection of helpless girls, more particularly for those who are both orphaned and poor?—*Montreal Witness.*

The War with Burmah.

The war between Great Britain and Burmah has been entered upon in earnest, and operations are being pushed by Lord Dufferin, Governor-General of India, with vigor. A Burmese war vessel has been attacked and captured. The capture of the Burmese man-of-war will prevent the Burmese from placing further obstructions in the river or moving troops and guns by the river route, and will disabuse the minds of the natives of the idea that the King is invincible. The steamer *Doowoon*, recently sent to Mandalay to bring away Europeans, and detained by the Burmese Government, has escaped from there and reached the British lines. When the authorities at Mandalay discovered the *Doowoon* moving out into the river they opened a heavy fire on her and sent a force to board her. The boarding party were repulsed by the crew of the *Doowoon*, and having got a full head of steam on the vessel ran the gauntlet and escaped with little injury. The Italian Consul and other Europeans are still detained at Mandalay, not having been able to get on board the *Doowoon*. The city was quiet on the 11th inst., but at the palace a revolution was expected.

RANGOON, Nov. 18.—the British forces have carried the forts in the vicinity of Minhla, and captured the city after three hours' firing from floating batteries, armed launches and heavy guns on board steamers. The British lost four men killed and 27 wounded. Minhla was the most strongly fortified position on the river, and by its capture the way is cleared for the British advance on Mandalay.

Sentenced for Life.

At the Ottawa assizes held last week, there were tried two cases of rape of the most atrocious character, in which eight young men appeared in the prisoners' dock, five in one case, and three in the other.

The first case occurred last winter, when a Miss Trunian, who was returning to her home accompanied by a young man, was taken a short distance from her father's house, was seized by three ruffians while two others seized her escort, and prevented him from rendering assistance. All the five then outraged her person, her mouth being stopped with a filthy rag to prevent her being heard. In the trial of this case the jury, after being out till 3 o'clock in the morning, returned a verdict of guilty.

The other case occurred in June last, when a Miss Graham was assaulted and outraged by three young men. The jury in this case also brought in a verdict of guilty.

The reports says that the scene in the court at this moment was very painful. The mothers of the young men, crying, begged the judge for mercy.

Mr. Justice Rose then proceeded to pass sentence on the eight young men. After commenting on the atrocious nature of the crime of which they had been found guilty, he stated each prisoner was to be imprisoned for life in the Kingston penitentiary. But for the recommendation to mercy, he would have had which he imposed the death sentence.

The court room was crowded, and when the sentence had been passed the screams of the relatives of the condemned men were pitiable in the extreme.

We do not think the sentences at all too heavy, as the crime of rape was becoming of very frequent occurrence of late. It is hoped all our judges will impose equally severe sentences, till crimes of this nature are completely stamped out.

The Editor's Duty.

The following excellent editorial from the Catholic Telegraph of Cincinnati, O., of Nov. 5th, should be republished by every paper in the land. The editor who dare not thus challenge a verdict from his readers fails to understand the importance of his office, and is unfit for the trust he has undertaken:—

It will be universally confessed that the press has become one of the most important and effective means of influencing public opinion.

The editor has supplanted the orator, who, of old, swayed multitudes by his burning words. The power of the press is more far-reaching than that of the orator ever was or could be. Every one now must have his newspaper before his breakfast. It is the vehicle of public sentiment; it gives tone and direction to that sentiment.

From the vast influence wielded by the press of the country necessarily arises a corresponding responsibility. A beautiful opportunity is thereby afforded to each editor to influence his day and generation in the interests of religion, morals and all that is good and praiseworthy.

He holds a position far above that of mere teacher, educating, controlling and directing public sentiment in its proper channels. It is not only his prerogative; it is his duty, not to follow a false or dangerous public sentiment, but to do all that lies in his power to mould public views with a bias for God and truth and the right, the opinions of his readers.

There are times when it becomes him to be fearless. To be straightforward, candid, not disposed to compromise the *minimum* of a great truth, is always obligatory upon him.

By adhering to these landmarks of his course he will always be consistent. There will be a harmony between all his utterances.

Should he fail in these essentials he falls fearfully short of the demands of his position, and is not only a useless, but what is worse, a highly dangerous laborer in the journalistic field.

For many years in this country too many public journals came to be made subservient to the purposes of mere politicians—we do not refer to real statesmen—to promote their elevation, by all means, those of a foul description not being excepted. They were paid for their work and they were compelled to play any tune for a money consideration. We have some of this description yet, but the number is, happily, gradually diminishing.

Each year adds to the number of what are known as "independent" journals, those who swear by the caprices or dishonest views of no man, or *body of men*, and whose views are their own, prompted by an individual sense of what is right in each question that may arise. This independence leads to a higher standard of journalism. The partisan journals, with their code of unscrupulous morals will, by degrees, fall in the public estimation.

There is another, and a still more dangerous class of journals than those of the basely political sort.

We refer to those who spare no pains or expense to lay before their readers, day by day, not only all the social scandals that their agents may obtain track of, but to this august a decent public with every filthy detail.

Such newspapers are not fit to be introduced into any household in the land. They will corrupt, and are constantly corrupting the young.

In order to make perhaps a little more money, the journalist *has no right* thus further to deprave the morals of the public.

Here comes in his responsibility.

But each of them—say most, if not all—have no principle except that of Horatio, "put money in your purse." In this world, they may prosper for a time; but an Eternity awaits them, and Hell gapes wide for their entrance. Let them tremble. We have no mercy for such wretches.

The French-Canadians Excited.

The French-Canadian population of Montreal, Quebec, and other places, have been endeavoring to work themselves into a fury because the Government has seen fit to do its duty and hang Riel, whose crimes should have consigned him to the gallows long since. After the news of his execution was received at Montreal the French-Canadian students, to the number of about 500, carrying tricolor flags, paraded through several of the city giving vent to cheers for Riel and denouncing Sir John.

The *Post* and the French papers are raving. Flags are half mast everywhere. The French journals appear in mourning. The streets were crowded all the afternoon with excited Frenchmen, who roundly abused Sir John Macdonald, Sir Hector Langevin, Sir Adolphe Caron, Col. Ouimet and the Orangemen.

A meeting of the city council was also held, at which a motion was passed condemning the Government for the execution of Riel, and the Council then adjourned as a protest against it. At night a large crowd of several thousand persons marched through the streets, carrying French flags, transparencies and effigies of Sir John Macdonald, Sir Hector Langevin, Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Sir A. P. Caron, Col Ouimet and others. On the Champ de Mars, Chapleau's and Langevin's effigies were burned. While on the Champ de Mars revolver shots were exchanged with the police but no one was hurt. They then proceeded to Victoria square where Sir John's effigy was burned in front of the Queen's statue on the square. Quite a large body of police were present, but did not seem to care to interfere. When the effigy was burned a party cut it down with the remark, "Ce maudit serpent!" (These goes the accursed serpent). The Queen's statue was much blackened. After marching through the west end of the city the crowd dispersed.

At Quebec there were similar scenes; and at Ottawa a large crowd gathered on the market square, lower town, at 8 o'clock, and burned effigies of Sir John Macdonald and Messrs. Mackintosh and Tasse, the local Members of Parliament.

Canadian Wheat in Europe.

An interesting feature in connection with this season's growth of wheat in Canada is that a number of applications have been received from Europe for samples of the cereals. Among these is one made on behalf of the Italian Government for the agricultural museum recently opened in Rome. For a similar purpose request has been made for samples of wheat, barley and oats by Dr. Wittmack, Professor of Botany at the Royal Agricultural College of Berlin. The Director of the Royal Norwegian Farm at Ryg do has also made official application for a collection to enable his Majesty, King Oscar, to test the barley varieties of cereals from Canada, and particularly the Canadian Northwest, in view of their cultivation in Scandinavia. It is expected that the honors awarded to Canadian produce at the Amsterdam International Exhibition of 1883 and at the recent Antwerp Universal Exhibition, have directed attention thus prominently in Europe to the cereals of the Dominion.—*London Times.*

Capt. Moore, of the *Alpena*, is reported to be lying at the point of death at Port Arthur.

Eight Indians have been sentenced to death for participation in the rebellion in the Northwest, and will be executed at Battleford on the 27th inst. Two others have had their sentences commuted to imprisonment for life.

The Very Latest Swindle.

The very latest swindle is thus described by a correspondent:—"About the freshest swindle which is now being worked on the guileless farmer has come to light. A chap in sable garments, a white tie and a white choker, who might be mistaken for a colporteur, or a semi-clerical organ of bookseller, enters a farm house and, if he has filled grip sack. He introduces himself by saying that he is engaged by a religious institution to distribute works of a devotional character, gratis, throughout the country, and hands out of his sack while speaking, a handsomely bound Bible, hymn, or prayer-book, as the case may be, which he presents to some member of the family. This fellow times his visit so that he may reach the house to be operated on at noon, or supper time and of course after making such a meal present is invited to dinner, or to stop all night. This he does, and after partaking of their hospitalities, insists upon paying for the same, laying down twenty-five cents if for supper, bed and breakfast, saying in reply to the host's objections to take pay, that his instructions from his employers are imperative to "pay as he goes," and to take a return of his expenses, and taking a receipt book proceeds to fill it up, and then requests the farmer to sign the document "to confirm that you know" insinuatingly explains the affable scoundrel, "that you have received the book and payment for my entertainment." The farmer is caught fairly and signs the receipt, the stranger departs, amid profusion of thanks, and three months afterwards the farmer receives a notice from a neighboring bank, that, his "note for $156.75 is due etc.," etc." Tis the same old bait to catch gullibility, but the bait is dressed with religion to suit the taste of the victim. For the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time, we advise our rural friends to have nothing to compass any stranger who approaches them with anything in the shape of an agreement, receipt, etc., for those chaps are now in their war path."

The Scott Act was voted on in St. Catharines yesterday, the 19th. There has been great excitement in the city for the past week.

Geo. J. Fryer, postmaster and express agent at Glencoe, has disappeared. The postoffice is short a small amount, and the express company loses about $6,000. He has left for the West and it is said to have taken a woman with him who is not his lawful wife.

William H. Jackson, who acted as Riel's secretary during the rebellion in the Northwest, and who was sent to Selkirk lunatic asylum as insane, has effected his escape and is in Dakota, from which he has written to his sister, and sent a threatening letter to Sir John Macdonald.

De Lesseps is a man of untiring energy, although he is aged man, and if ever the Panama canal is completed, to him will belong the honor. The progress of the work has been satisfactory, that it is expected that a few more years will see a waterway opened between the Atlantic and Pacific.

Kindness to old ladies in distress will, in all probability, receive a much-needed boom from the fortunate experience of Miss Jessie Jones, of Brooklyn, Conn., who, while employed in New York about a year ago, helped an old lady who had lost her pocket book by giving her a money order and assisting her across the street. At the old lady's request she told her name and address. A day or two afterwards she received a letter from a Buffalo lawyer stating that her aged *protegee* had died and left her $50,000.

Miss Fletcher, of Iona, Ont., has brought a suit for $2,000 against Luke Brown, of the same locality, alleging that he failed to carry out a contract made on the 20th Sept. 30. The plaintiff went so far as to invite her friends to witness the ceremony, but the expected bridegroom failed to appear. Luke asserts that he understood the date to be Oct. 6, and he was willing to continue the courtship up to that day, and then to carry out his share of the agreement all right. This Miss Fletcher would not consent to, according to Mr Brown. She would not bear the postponement, and now seeks a monetary consideration to heal her lacerated heart.

The Voting on the Canada Temperance Act in the united counties of Prescott and Russel will take place on Thursday, November 26th. If the Act is adopted there, every county in Ontario east of Toronto, except Hastings and Prince Edward, will, on the first of May, be under Scott Act rule. Much interest is felt in the result of the voting, as Prescott and Russel are the only counties in Ontario where the French electors are in the majority. Meetings in both interests are being held nightly in every part of the district. Both sides seem about equally confident of victory. Many of the most influential French electors are taking a decided stand in favor of the Act. The contest will be a close one.

A liquor dealer in East Douglas, Mass., has the following printed on the back of his business cards: "To whom it may concern: Know ye that by the payment of $2.11 am permitted to retail intoxicating liquors at my saloon in this town. To the wife who has a drunkard for a husband, or a friend who is unfortunately dissipated, I say emphatically, give no notice in person of such a case, or cases, in which you are interested, or I shall be excluded from my place. Let mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers do likewise, and their requests will be disregarded. I pay my license tax for the privilege of selling liquors, and I want it distinctly understood that I have no desire to sell to drunkards or minors or to the poor and destitute."

London, Ont., Nov. 17.—Peter Van Keuran, an old farmer living near this city, was swindled out of $700 by a couple of gray-haired sharpers on a Grand Trunk train between Windsor and London last Friday. Peter met the strangers on the train the night previous. They represented themselves as lumber dealers from Toronto on their way home. Peter was going to Windsor to meet for companions to London. When one of them mentioned that a mortgage on a piece of real estate owned by a people city was due that day, and that he would like to borrow $700 for a few days in order to cancel it, the unsuspecting old farmer consented to accommodate him. The money was passed over, and Peter got a fraudulent deed of the land as security. The pair gave him the slip here.

Mr. Gladstone has been accused of ambiguity with regard to the disestablishment of the church of England. Those who have followed his course know that he is not, and has not been, ambiguous. He has always so declared that the Church would be separated from the state, but in the dim and distant future. It was not a question of the present. In his speech at Edinburg he said the same thing, though at much greater length and with this modification, that the time was not so far distant, owing to the persistency of the Tories in striving to win a party success by practically disfranchising and making it an immediate issue. Mr. Gladstone has four great reforms to accomplish—in procedure in the House, registration, simplification of land transfer, and local government. These works are as much as the next Parliament can get through, and the Liberals are all agreed as to their urgency. Mr. Gladstone, in spite of the misrepresentation of enemies and of misunderstanding of friends, will probably convince the electors and carry the day.

Voting on the repeal of the Scott Act took place in the City of Fredericton, New Brunswick, on Thursday last, when the Act was sustained by a majority of thirteen. On its first application, in 1882, the majority was 201, and on the re-vote in '82, it was 41.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE MATTER OF GEORGE McCURDY, DECEASED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN PURSUANT to Chapter 107 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, intituled "An Act respecting Chapter 9, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of George McCurdy, late of the Township of Rawdon, in the County of Hastings, in the Province of Ontario, farmer, deceased, who died on or about the twenty-third day of August, 1885, are required to send by post, prepaid, or to deliver to W. A. F. Campbell, of the Village of Stirling, in said County of Hastings, agent for Jane McCurdy, administratrix of all and singular the personal estate and effects, rights and credits of the said George McCurdy, deceased, on or before

Saturday, the 5th day of December, A. D., 1885,

their names and addresses and a full statement of their claims, and of the securities (if any) held by them, and that after the said last mentioned date the said administratrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, regard being had only to the claims of which notice has been given as above required, and the said Administratrix will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof, to any person or persons of whose claims notice shall not have been received by the said Administratrix, or her said agent, at the time of distribution.

Dated at Stirling, October 27th, 1885.

W. A. F. CAMPBELL,
Agent for Jane McCurdy, the above-named Administratrix.

THE FARM.

The Gradual Exhaustion of Soils.

No country was ever blessed by nature with more productive soil. She made the best possible use of the long agos prior to the settlement of this country by whites, in forcing the most luxuriant growth of vegetation, and by its decay, and that of the annual crop of foliage, had filled the soil with an amount of fertility that seemed exhaustless. So thought our fathers, and so think many of the occupiers of the great fertile West. But a continual taking out and putting nothing back would exhaust even the ocean. It has exhausted the millions of acres of the older East, and it will exhaust the most fertile fields of the West. A study of the causes must convince any searcher that the produce of all our crops is year by year falling less and less. It cannot be attributed to a change of seasons for a series of years, but can be only one cause—the exhaustion of the fertility of land by our unthinking and unwise course.

This subject of husbandry the renovation of our acres, and of returning to our starving fields those elements of plant growth quite or nearly exhausted, is yearly forcing itself more prominently upon the attention of the farmers of at least the eastern half of our country, and the line is very rapidly extending westward. Millions of acres that once produced magnificent crops of the various grains, even west of the settled East, are now lying vacant, or barely paying for the most shiftless cultivation. This question cannot be seriously considered too soon, even by the farmers on the now rich and productive prairies west of the great rivers. Every train that passes eastward is loaded with a portion of their fertility, much of it in the crude and barely remunerative state of bran, of meal, and the coarser grains, and, to the shame of the farmers, even in the bones of their animals, while the returning trains carry back nothing in the nature of plant food.

Though Western farmers may think they have no need of such knowledge, they should not fail to thoroughly post themselves, and those farmers who do so and who take advantage of this knowledge, will, by and by, be looked upon as the "lucky ones" who have the richest farms in the vicinity in which they live. *Rural New Yorker.*

Notes.

Every animal on the farm should be tested—whether cattle, sheep, swine, or horses. The ordinary cow should have her mirror known to the dairyman, and he should familiarize himself with her qualifications, not only as a milker, but as to the kind and quality of food best adapted for her purposes, and the most profitable. A cow may give only twenty pounds of milk a day, and yet be an excellent animal if she can produce that amount at a low cost, while another cow in the same herd may yield thirty pounds per day, and yet prove unprofitable compared with the other.

A fall planted tree has this great advantage, that the heavy rains have a tendency to carry the earth in and around the roots, while the low temperature following is unfavorable to any vegetable growth beyond the branches. The only enemy to be feared is excessively cold and drying winds. In spring planting we not only have the difficulty of packing the earth well in among the roots, but have the possibility of heat and drought immediately following. Aside from these theoretical reasonings, the experience of the last few seasons has been favorable to the success of fall planting. As early as it can be done in the fall the better.

A peculiar kind of hard times has come upon the farmers and people of this country. If inquire what product is so short as to cause distress, the answer will be that it is not scarcity of anything that causes the hard times—there is too much wheat, too much corn, too much grass of all kinds, too much hay, too much beef, pork, sugar; too much wool, cotton, iron, steel; too much of everything. We are in distress of too much, borne down with the sad burden of superabundance. We are uncertain what advice to give—seven months is too plenty, and often can't be loaned at a low interest. We can't think of any better advice than to try up our taxes, put on a cheerful look, and go to work vigorously with a full appetite, and eat our way through this abundance, and trust to time for success.

We observe that some writers on vegetable gardening speak of the difficulty of keeping succulent vegetables, like beets, turnips and parsnips, from wilting when placed in cellars, and recommend packing them in sand, or burying them in the earth of the cellar bottom. This mode is necessarily cumbersome and inconvenient. An easier and more perfect way is to pack them in damp sawdust, placed in barrels of moderate size, or in boxes of not more than two feet in width. Place a layer of sawdust in the bottom, then a layer of the roots, then fill in all the interstices with another layer, and so on till the barrels fill, leaving no crevices. We have taken beets out of such boxes after remaining in them a full year, so fresh in appearance that no material difference could be seen between them and fresh roots. Nurserymen's moss is nearer than sawdust where it can be had, and forms an excellent purpose for packing winter cabbage in large boxes.

More Humane Treatment of Horses.

Machinery is doing a vast amount of labor for man, but horses are not dispensed with, or the contrary their number is increasing in this country every year. Not only so, but their quality is improving, both for carriage and heavy work. No creature is so valuable a servant to man. He is often ill-treated, not so much from intention as from ignorance of what is right. Don't build the manger so high as to make it unnatural, and therefore painful, for the horse to eat from it. Remember a horse is a grazing animal, constructed to take food from the ground. When the head is down near to the surface of the earth, the swallowing muscles are in a position to do their work; but when the head is raised four or five feet high the muscles are rendered useless by their action. What is supposed to be gained by high mangers in the development of high neck and shoulders is more than lost in the depressed back or "saddle back" of the horse in consequence of the unnatural elevation of the head. The bottom of the feed-box and manger should not be above the horse's knees, or, what is better, never more than one foot from the floor. The manger should be two feet deep, measuring from the top, and about two feet four inches wide at the top. Make the feed-box at the bottom of manger. Some claim that the floor of the stall should be level instead of descending from the manger toward the rear, and our more and better advocates. In so doing you not only save the most valuable part of the fertilizing of the horse, but you remove the strain of standing with his hind feet lower than the forward ones. When at rest in the pasture the horse chooses to stand with his forward feet lower than his hind feet; this he does to throw the centre of gravity nearer the fore legs and shoulders, by which the projecting neck is balanced by the rear portion of the body. The horse wants clean food and drink. Nothing is clean where a horse lives. Hens should be kept away from horses, not only from fouling their food, but from communicating lice. These parasites are difficult to remove from horses when once upon them. Don't work a horse all day upon the farm, and at night turn him out to pick up a scanty supper while he should be resting in the stable after exertion. Water is a horse requires for his drink, and he should be fed and drink, and he is cruel who denies these. There is economy in keeping a working team in the stable at night, where it can be regularly fed, and is always ready for use. Don't crimp the allowance of suitable food. All a horse needs is of hay and grain to keep in good condition, it is for the profit of the owner so supply.

A private in the Eighth U. S. Cavalry has fallen heir to $30,000.

THE DOMINION CAPITAL.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.

"Beautiful as Zion for situation, lying jewel-like within the bosom of a lovely valley where every phase of Nature's beauty, is rock and river, field and forest, mead and mountain, whirlpool and waterfall, are to be enjoyed at one broad sweep of entranced vision; wearing the noblest pile of public buildings in the colony upon her fair brow; fringed all above with mingled mansion, villa, lawn and grove, and holding the Chaudiere Falls at thunderous diapason in tawney Rideau in either hand." Thus does Mr. James Macdonald Oxley pourtray Ottawa. "Its amphitheatre of hills rises into a political cockpit." Such is Mr. Goldwin Smith's description of the same city. Between these ambitious sketch of the past and present of the Capital, according to my own understanding. A little while after the beginning of the present century there lived, amon Wright, of Woburn, Massachusetts, left his native place and proceeded to Montreal. From that place he made, with some five families, including thirty men, fourteen horses, eight oxen and seven sleighs, loaded with provisions, and with axes, ploughs and all other kinds of tools, together with a number of

BARRELS OF CLEAR PORK

of his own raising, he proceeded to the Chaudiere Falls, where he erected for himself an habitation. He built the village of Wrightville, now Hull, one of the darkest and ugliest cities in the world, in spite of all the latent illumination stored up in its factories. Hullis directly opposite Ottawa, and for a trifling sum the land upon which the city stands fell into the hands of one Nicholas Sparks, a person in the service of Mr. Wright. There was considerable nervousness for many years after the war of 1812 15, and this feeling led to the construction of the Rideau Canal, a water route which would enable the river or our troops, in time of war, to come and go upon, without interruption. The junction of this canal with the Ottawa river was made precisely at the point where Mr. Sparks had purchased the land. In a little while the mouth of the canal assumed some appearance, and then with the growth of the canal traffic, there uprose a thriving place called Bytown, so named after Colonel By, the engineer of the canal. As for Mr. Sparks, he soon found himself busy selling lots to the Imperial Government and to enterprising traders, till he became the owner of a cool half a million sterling. In 1851 Bytown boasted of no fewer than 8000 inhabitants and the great bulk of these were connected, either directly or indirectly, with the lumber traffic. To this part of Canada seemed to come from all quarters men of the adventurous enterprise, to witness the names of the Skeads, the Eddys, the Moores, the Gilmours, the Perlys, the Pattleys, the Hamiltons, the Wrights, and the many others hardly less

ADVENTURESOME AND SUCCESSFUL

in achievements. The new city now began to grow dissatisfied with her name, and longed for a more euphonious appellation, more in keeping with the sound. So Bytown was changed to Ottawa, which appellation had taken the place of the Utwa of the Indian. It would seem as if some guiding hand were preparing for this little northern town for the laurels soon to be placed upon her brow. In 1841 the old provinces of Upper and Lower Canada united into union, and the seat of the new Government was established at Kingston. But ten years later it was decided that the parliament should go "boarding round the desert," so to speak; in other words, it was resolved that the seat of government should go four years to the French province, and four to the English province, alternately. Montreal was given the honore for Quebec, it was decided, and then for Ottawa. But in 1849 a Tory mob in Montreal did itself the credit of burning down the parliament building, stoning the Governor General, and pelting sticks through a portrait of the Queen. The representatives never returned to the riotous city, but chose Quebec in its stead. In 1858 the legislature had grown tired of continuous packing, moving, and unpacking; and decided to ask Her Majesty to become arbitrator in the matter, and name a city for the permanent residence of parliament. The Queen took a map of the wild colonies, and called on one or two of her trusty councillors to her side. The Duke of Wellington with his pointer upon a little black dot marked "Bytown," and said, "That is a suitable place, Your Majesty. It stands on the border of both provinces, and it is a place of little importance in the English province." Her Majesty accepted the advice, and signed her choice to the Canadian government. Not a little excitement was manifested when it became known that the place chosen for the Capital was "a certain mosquito village, perched meekly on high bluffs and intervening valleys between the spray and roar of tumbling waterfalls." This delicate sketch brought the "arctic lumber village" into prominence; and a gentleman with a very rather and the reverse somewhat uncivil tongue, in later years, when referring to its selection said, "It was to become the century of political morality for this country." Of course the city has never considered that it received any honor in being chosen; but quite the contrary. Its very insignificance was its passport to distinction. Ever since it they has happily said, it was the "dark horse" in the contest for the capitaldip. Clever writers may amuse the public as they may to say disparaging things of our little capital; they can not alter the facts. In the beginning God made Ottawa, and neither the hostile critic nor the occasional political villainy enacted here, can blot out the grandeur of its rushing rivers, and of its thunderous waterfalls.

The population of Ottawa is now about 65,000, and comprises some 15,000 French, more or less. The latter people seem to have preferred the low ground; and therefore Lower Town is pretty much in their hands, and may be regarded as standing out as a bit of their civilization. They are hardy, industrious, and are open-hearted, courteous, and enterprising; but they are

OVER VERY MUCH IN DREAD OF SMALL-POX.

This disease, I regret to say, is a sort of institution among some of our French-Canadian people, and it has come to considerable grief among the Indian people. Vaccination is an infringement, and it is treated now and again to a little correction by the leaders of the mob. The same thing which a good many of our French brethren must have, and these are their religion, that they must have small pox. They will defend either one of these to the death. Of course, I do not wish my readers to understand that the enlightened French-Canadian or the bulk of the people have such "institutions" as his unlettered *confreres.*

The English folk are found upon the more elevated ground, and their location is a tremely healthful one. There is considerable business activity and contractors are steadily putting up new buildings. I suppose that my readers will infer an Upper Town as well as a Lower Town here from my observations. The chief business of the city is confined to one street leading from the Chaudiere Falls to the Rideau River; and this thoroughfare has various names. The portion of it in which young people given to street flirting are most interested, is very appropriately called Sparks street, on the matter of female beauty, I had imagined before visiting Ottawa, that Toronto carried the palm, from all the world, in this matter; but I must confess that I now regard the issue as doubtful betwixt her and our little Ottawa. We have the two types of beauty here, the Gallic and the Anglo Saxon, while Toronto enters the lists with only one. Our French girls have more colour than their English sisters; that is to say, they wear the carnation in their cheek, and the other wears the rose. I should judge the French girl's face to be the prettier, and her figure to be not so good. Her eyes are pretty sure to be dark, with the lustrous gleam of Northern lights in them. The English girl is usually quite a fire kindled at a star. I suppose I have made myself quite clear on these points. The stores here, with the exception of one, are not pretentious in appearance; but prices are a little lower than at Toronto. I don't know whether the Honest grocers

SMUGGLE THEIR SPIRITS

or not; but they sell a large "square" Rye of Mr. D. Kyper for 50 cents; whilst the Toronto grocer sells the same for 75 cents. In most of the stores the clerks speak both French and English.

The public buildings of Ottawa I need hardly refer to. Crowning an airy hill, overlooking the Ottawa River, stands the Parliament and Departmental Buildings, magnificent structures, costing over five millions dollars, and constructed of Ohio sandstone and Trenton limestone. The colors are warm yellow and Quaker's gray, and how long they will stand, I know not. These rockeries built in the wall above door and window arch. About the grounds are flower beds, and during late summer and large narcissus bed sweetened the whole air about with odor. Government have recently taken over the Supreme Court building. It was very beautiful in the autumn; but next year, Sir Hector Langevin has arranged, it will surpass in gorgeousness. Trenton limestone forms the city's foundations, and the contractor needs but to sink his drill under any building lot to obtain an exquisitely tinted blue-gray stone. A number of private residence and the civic buildings are constructed of this stone. The Town Hall is a handsome structure of somewhat too coldly blue about the top; and is a rebuke to the squat, humble-then pile of City hall in which the City Father's of the Queen City congregate. Little type seems to be very fashionable in Ottawa; and the names of the streets are shown in upper case letters, a little larger than the type in a novel; but not much larger. If you want to find out where any one Street painted upon a corner board, a good way is to take a ladder or an opera glass. Of course I am only talking from hearsay; as I have never seen any of the letters.

In summer, of course, it is quiet in a social way in Ottawa, but in winter there is a continuous round of parties, snow-shoe tramps, and tobogganing at the Rideau slides and Chaudiere Falls. The chief society is in the State Ball at Rideau, to which seven or eight hundred persons are invited. Tobogganing at the Falls is a night time affair, the flare of torches, bonfire and Chinese lanterns presents a very picturesque and beautiful spectacle. Their present excellencies have become very popular, and the good sense, industry and zeal which his Lordship has shown since coming amongst us will very probably pave part of the way to India. There is not any restrained social intercourse between the French and English circles here; but the social line is very, very distinctly drawn and rigid. Far costs largely prevail during the reign of parliament; and the ladies have begun, for the season, to carry their steel-pointed canes. For my part I am unable to see why a lady should not carry a cane as well as a gentleman, (I hope my words will not be misconstrued here) It is granted that there is any utility in the appendage But let me enter my solemn protest against the hideous custom of Mother Hubbard in which so many of the Ottawa maidens

HIDE THEIR PRETTY FIGURES.

One girl of four hundred can wear a dolman and look graceful, but that is all. Dolly Varden is in about the only girl that I ever knew that could do so; and that was because when if the robe would not have taken much of the poetry out of her. I believe this garment is "affected" in Ottawa because a certain not very exquisite taste is the matter of dress adopts a similar robe. Anything that tends to hide the natural curves of the female form is a hideous thing to behold; and the pinched-up back of a dolman upon a lady has always reminded me of a cancer.

A GERMAN SUNDAY.

How the Germans in Germany Spend their Sabbath.

A Sunday or so ago I came around a corner suddenly into the old market place and found myself in a throng of people, "Mademoiselle" sitting on a house top, the roof of the houses, "Mademoiselle" some body or other, "in tights," was dancing and tumbling to display her ankles and curves. Clowns were scattered around below taking up collections and amusing the people with the usual antics and wretched jokes. All this to the accompaniment of a desperately noisy drum and brassy cornet. Everybody seemed perfectly delighted and contented "quite full of billiking, their cup of joy was a-brim." Those who crave something higher drink their beer in the parks, while a band of selections from Schubert, Bach, Strauss or other worthies.

But amidst everything else the churches must not be forgotten, although many people play a more prominent part in the German's Sunday than his church. We are accustomed to speak of "Protestant Germany," and so perhaps we should from the body of Jews is large, and the Roman Catholics more than a third of the entire population. They are the people of the Rhine and Bavaria, with of course a scattering through all the provinces. The remainder is dubbed Protestant because not Jews or Papists. Protestant "is a big and wide term" for Luther is more for his services to literature than his struggle against the Pope.

Nationally speaking, the Jew is fond of amusement all such places as operas and theatres are in full blast. Public festivals and jubilees, too, are relegated to Sundays to secure good displays. The great event of the season is the illumination of the castle, and this is always on Sunday. This illumination is there, three, if I do not mistake, as near fairyland sights as any glimpse we are likely to get into that region. The castle is ideally situated for an illumination. All around the thick groves of trees as a dark background. Far away below the Neckar tumbles along, and boats decked with Chinese lanterns flag, and with band and voices chiming "Old Heidelberg." At a given signal rockets Syfrom the towers, and the castle stands out in a dazzling flood of crimson light. Tw whole is like magic, and like a dream t fades slowly away into the darkness. Then there is a perfect cannonadeof rockets, and from every buttress of the bridge showers a blaze of light, and the whole bank of the Neckar and up the sides of tie hill people are collected in crowds. Strangers have to be impressed by the views and from the adjacent towns come excursionists, for Sundays are Heidelberg's "rd letter days."

The coins bear the motto "Gott mit uns" (God with us), but with this only the significance, as the "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," on the French. The Protestants have to be divided into two parties, the orthodox, who abide fast by the old landmarks and interpretions, and those modern ones who are inclined to make Protestant, differing in their ritual, and service, and ways of thinking. In Heidelberg, both varieties are to be found, the latter vastly in the majority. In the oldest church here, and in many throughout Germany, there is a curious peculiarity, which one side is occupied by the Protestants and Roman Catholics, and the parties dwell together without brush or bickerings. The one preaching service of the day is at nine or ten in the morning, and then follow the Sacrament services, but all is over before evening, to give people an opportunity of going to the theatre! As I have said, the attendance is usually spare. Often the women and children form the entire congregation; the men get along somehow with less attendance. The old custom of separating the sexes in church and still adhered to. If a family come, the wife takes the girls and goes to one place, and the man with the boys to another. Add to this that all the peasant women appear with bare heads, and it is at once seen how strange 614.." the picture. The preacher has an appearance a German congregation presents. The minister wears a black gown not unlike a lawyer's. His sermon is of average length, and if I may judge by the specimens I have heard, hung on a text of many verses, and containing illustrations drawn from the Franco-German war. The service is all according to a prayer-book; the people stand to pray, and sit while singing. Many of the tunes are weird sort of melodies, with a solemn ring caused by the general slow singing and by having the last two notes of a line sung to the same syllable. It is noticeable, too, that the Protestants have crucifixes and pictures scattered around their houses; but a little by that things seems to be imbred in the people all through the country by the roadside one sees a terrible crucifixion, enough to make the passer-by shudder.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Hints.

Moths do not eat through paper.

Hot wood ashes applied to a stove when it is cold will remove grease.

Tea should never be made in a tin pot. Tea stains works on the tin and makes a poison.

Glass kept wet with camphor dissolved in spirits of turpentine may be cut with metallic tools.

Cooking utensils, after being washed, should be rinsed in clean water and wiped out with a clean dry cloth.

Water that has stood in a iced pipe over night is unfit for cooking or drinking purposes. Let it run for two or three minutes before using it.

In cleaning paint obstinate spots that will not wash off with soap and water will often yield to a gentle rubbing with a damp cloth dipped in ashes.

Vinegar and yeast are kept best in glass vessels. If placed in stone crocks or jugs the latter will attacks the glazing, which is considered poisonous.

India rubber bands slipped over the body of bottles that are to be packed in cars for transportation will prevent breakage and save considerable in packing material.

Choice Recipes.

CREAM DOUGHNUTS.—One egg, a cup and a half of sugar, one cup of sour milk, one and half a cup of sweet milk, a pinch of salt, two-thirds teaspoonful of soda; mix with flour. Add lemon, flavor with lemon, and fry in very hot lard.

CAULIFLOWER.—Trim off the outside leaves and put into salted boiling water. When tender take out carefully and lay on a dish. Pour over it sauce made thus: Stir into two tablespoonfuls melted butter in a saucepan a heaping tablespoonful of flour, stir till the flour is well cooked, then add milk or cream till the gravy is thin as batter, season with pepper and salt, and pour over the cauliflower.

QUINCE PRESERVE.—Select the best quinces for preserving, the others reserve for marmalade. Pare, core and quarter the quinces, or after coring cut in rings. Allow three quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Boil the quinces in just water enough to cover them till they are tender. Take them from this water and put them into boiling syrup made by putting one pint of water to two pounds of sugar. Boil five minutes and put into jars.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Take some tender pullets, fry them in the saucepan or roast them. When cold cut them into small pieces, trimming them neatly. Put the pieces in a tureen with some salt, pepper, oil, vinegar, mustard, and a little onion cut into slices. Mix all well together, cover and let stand for some hours. Then, just before serving, drain the salad, taking care to remove all bits of onion, etc., and place it tastefully on lettuce leaves, with the hearts of the lettuce on top, and cover with a Mayonnaise dressing.

PEAR JELLY.—The pears must be a juicy sort. Cut them into quarters without paring or coring. Put eight pounds in a pot with one quart of water and boil on a slow fire to a pulp, then throw them into a jelly bag, made of coarse glass cloth, and let them drain all night to drain. Next morning squeeze any remaining juice out of the bag, and to each pound of juice add half a pound of sugar and a very little lemon juice to flavor. Boil it on a quick fire till it comes to a jelly. Great care must be taken not to let this burn. It takes about two hours to boil to a jelly, but it more easily does in small quantities. Coarse, juicy pears are the best.

Some New Pickles

TOMATO PICKLE.—Take a gallon of green tomatoes and six large onions; cut them in slices, and stand them in salt and water all night. In the morning pour off the brine and put them into a preserving pan, with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, four of mustard two teaspoonfuls of ground cloves, two of cinnamon, one of cayenne pepper and one of the best curry powder. Simmer for one hour and strain off the vinegar. Add

CROW-CHOW.—Take two heads of cabbage, two heads of cauliflower, one quart of dwarf onions, two quarts of small tomatoes, one dozen cucumbers, one head of celery; cut into small pieces and boil each kind of vegetable separately until tender, then strain and take two gallons of vinegar, quarter of a pound of mustard, quarter of a pound of mustard seed, one pot of French mustard, one ounce of cloves and two ounces of tumeric. Put the vinegar into a large pot, and let them come to the boil, then mix the vegetables and pour the liquor over.

TO PICKLE SMALL YELLOW TOMATOES.—Let them lie in salt and water for three or four days, changing the brine if a scum rises; then rinse them with clear water and let them lie for a night in weak vinegar, and say half vinegar and half water. The next day prepare thus: To one peck of tomatoes allow half an ounce of cloves, a quarter of a pound of ground mustard, half an ounce of whole black pepper and six good-sized onions, cut in slices. Put the tomatoes in a jar, and strew the spices and onions between the layers of tomatoes till the jars are full. Cover the whole with cold vinegar of strength. In a week or ten days the pickles will be ready for the table

APPLE PICKLE.—Core six good-sized cooking apples and slice them into a china dish, but do not pare them. The cooking apples will form the soft part of the chutnee, and the slices of russet apples should look like sliced mangoes. Put them into a pint of red vinegar, add a pound of moist sugar and half ounces of sultana raisins; boil together till the apples are tender. Add two ounces of onions ready, chopped finely, four ounces cloaik, two ounces each of mustard and ginger, half an ounce of cayenne, half a pint of vinegar; stir these ingredients into the apple, sugar and vinegar while hot; add half a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, and if taste a quarter of an ounce is sufficient; stir the chutnee well, and then bottle when cold.

According to Thompson, the African travelling with variables so common you can pay smember of the Nassal tribe is to spit on him, or her, as the case may be.

Boston reports a fresh of nature in the shape of a child born with natural eyeglasses, the frame being of bone and the glasses of a tender skin stretched like a drum head.

A dozen years ago an Antwerp tailor fought for a franc a dirty little picture which had belonged to an old doctor then recently deceased. The tailor hung the picture upon the wall, but did not hang it with the coat of cleaning, and nobody paid any attention to it. A little while ago, however, a artist happened to see it, and induced the owner to lend it to him to clean. No sooner was the first coat of dirt removed than there was seen on the corners the signature, "Pietro Paulo Rubens, ing the world and is said to be in excellent preservation. The tailor has already received several good offers for his picture, and he is waiting until a rich Englishman

CANADA'S LONE LAND.

An Interesting Account of Dwellers in the Wilderness.

Mr. Thomas Fawcett, D. L. S., of Gravenhurst, Ont., has returned home from spending four months in a part of Canada almost unknown to the rest of the Dominion. He started out in the early part of the season for Rat Portage, with a party of four besides necessary guides having a local knowledge of the country to Lake Savanna, and to make a route survey of the boundary line of Ontario. The route traversed by him extended from Rat Portage to an almost direct river to the mouth of the English river to Lake Sallie; from there across the height of land to the Sopom Lake, and from that lake down to the head waters of the Albany River. He then turned back and followed the River up to Lake Sallie, and so back to Rat Portage in Peterboro canoes in fifteen days. Altogether the party traversed between 500 and 600 miles, the distance from Rat Portage to Lake Sallie, via the mouth of English River, 260 miles from Lake Sallie to Osnaburg, 75 miles, from Lake St. Joseph, 151 miles; from Osnaburg to Cat Lake, 145 miles.

The district traversed by Mr. Fawcett he describes as similar to that in the vicinity of Rat Portage, being rocky, with numerous lakes and rivers, and having a small proportion adapted to cultivation. The rock formation is the Laurentian and Huronian, and the timber consists of pine, spruce, poplar and pine, and generally a small size.

The only inhabitants of the country are Indians, with the exception of the officers of the H. B. posts. At Cat Lake a young man is in charge of the post, and he is the only person in sight of the establishment. Wilson, the officer, has the society of his wife and children to relieve his destitution of white companionship. He says that the remoteness of those places from the centres of civilization may be obtained from the fact that during the whole year no communication during the whole four m nths of his absence; the mail being received only twice in the year, the first, delayed, and very brown—a little scorching will not hurt it. Draw it the same as coffee and use with milk and honey or milk and sugar to suit taste.

This makes a perfectly wholesome and palatable dish and is quite a delicacy. It takes the place of tea in every family the sooner the public health will improve. In the writer's family this wholesome and really palatable beverage has taken the table for years and the best results; and were a ton of tea and coffee unloaded at the door gratis we would not accept it, for it is as far as drinking either is concerned. The buckwheat honey is preferable to the clover in making this beverage for the double reason of its brown color and more pungent taste.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Japanese fans in Osaka, Japan, cost $5 per 1,000.

Georgia gunners say they kill a thousand rice birds at a shot.

A Fremont, Neb., druggist has a 12 pence English coin 574 years old.

Smallpox was first described A. D. 900 by Rhazes, an Arabian physician.

The sand fly of the spider—a small spider—is Mormal is likely to reach $5,000,000.

King Ludwig of Bavaria thrashes the dentist every time he has a tooth pulled.

The King of Italy's hair is turning white, and the Queen is very much troubled over it.

A Carlisle dog committed suicide by pushing his head under a gate and choking himself.

Fifeshire, Scotland, is earnest in the belief that it possesses "Robinson Crusoe's gun and sea chest."

A large green stone taken from a cock's gizzard in Alexandria county, South Carolina, turns out to be a $1,000 emerald.

Eliaha Camp of New York originally owned the majority of the Thousand Islands and disposed of his rights for a very small sum.

The rector of St. Helen's (Eng.) lives at Ashby, and never performed any duty whatever, and has received as salary $125,000 in twelve years.

The Belgians lead the way in the matter of humanity to convicts. Eugene T Kint, the hero of Belgium's famous Antwerp robberies, has been authorized to let his hair and beard grow as a preparation for resuming his position in extra-mural society three months hence.

A case of small-pox having occurred recently in the town of Elsinore, Denmark, the Chief of Police issued orders that all unvaccinated persons must appear within two weeks to have their arms scraped, or pay a fine of fifty cents for every day they went unvaccinated. The fine was fixed at fifty fortnight the small-pox had no more terrors for Hamlet's home.

The Russian journal of the Finance Minister has published an article on the forests of Eastern Siberia. The immense forests of pines, larches, fire, cedars, birches, aspens, and Siberian oaks, form almost the exclusive wealth of this vast region belonging for the greater part to the State. During a period of about 2 years this source of wealth was almost entirely unproductive. It is only since 1869 that a more regular administration of forests has been established, and it is estimated that the extent of the forests in Eastern Siberia is estimated at 72,335,330 decatines (about 11 square yards each).

The imperial stables at Berlin have recently been the scene of great rejoicings on the occasion of Herr Heise, Emperor William's coachman, celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his appointment. A large number of telegrams, letters, and cards, all congratulatory, were received by the coachman, were followed by presents from colleagues and friends, and a congratulatory address from the chief of the stables authorities. But the chief event of the day was the arrival at the present of 500 marks from the Emperor, and with it the bust of the Emperor, from the Empress.

It has long been known that a place named Campodunum, not far from the Lake Roman military settlement of Vindelicia, and the headquarters of the third Italic Legion, must have to have held the next place in importance to Augsburg in the Roman region. But various desultory searches, repeated at irregular intervals, failed to bring to light any of the remains which ought to have abounded in such a site. Quite lately a more careful exploration has laid bare the foundations of a great Roman building, the mortar, pavement, *opus reticulatum*, drain pipes and gutter tiles being of unquestionable Roman origin. Further investigations will probably disclose more extensive results.

A Scotch cobbler, described briefly as a notorious offender, has passed his life in a certain village. The other day a Forfar crown or twenty-four hours imprisonment. If he chose the latter he would be taken to jail at Forfar. The cobbler communed with himself. "Then I'll go to Perth," quoth he. An official conveyed him by train to Perth, but when the prisoner reached the jail he said that he would now pay the fine. The Governor found that he would have to take it. "And now," said the cobbler, "I want my fare home." The Governor demurred, made inquiries, and discovered that there was no alternative; the prisoner must be sent at the public expense to the place he had been brought from.

YOUNG FOLKS.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD.

A MISSIONARY'S ADVENTURE IN BURMAH.

"Kill the white man! kill the traitors!"

"To the market with them! to the market!"

Death to all *farangs*!" (foreigners).

"Fling them into the river, and let them float down to their countrymen!"

Never had there been such an uproar in the old Burmese city of Rangoon since the many colored temples first looked down upon the broad brown stream of the Irrawaddy. Any stranger who had dared to intrude into the midst of that rushing crowd of lean, dark-skinned, fierce-eyed men in their quaint Eastern dress, would have found their arms were brandishing knives, hatchets, stones, or heavy clubs, as if hunting down a man-dog, would give wonderful every much what could be the matter. He would probably have wondered still more when he found that all this fuss was being directed against two quiet-looking men in European clothes, quite unarmed, and to all appearance as some sober-minded men look.

But there was a good reason for all this excitement. England was at war with Burmah, and the Burmese Government had sent in the morning with the news that they had seen a squadron of British ships coming up the river to open fire upon the city.

When this news got abroad, the whole Burmese nation was up and alive. Hitherto the Burmese had always believed that there were only a few thousand Englishmen altogether, that those few were all needed to keep down the people of India, and that, although England might declare war against them and threaten to attack them, she would never dare to do it. The King of Burmah himself—who never lost a chance of boasting what a great man he was—had put this idea into words, and called the "English pigs" dared to disturb him, he would sweep them all into the sea, or chain them up in cages like wild beasts.

But now that the enemy was really at hand, the people of Rangoon began to recollect how many of their guns were out of order, how much of their powder was damp, and how old and tumble down their walls were. Some of them were frightened out of their wits, and others were mad with rage. Many rushed into the temples, and threw themselves at the feet of the idols that stood there, as if they were ready to die for them to see for themselves, hoping that perhaps the terrible ships might not be coming after all. But the great mass ran wildly up and down the streets, yelling for the blood of the two American missionaries who were living in the town.

Ever since the war broke out these two missionaries had been in constant peril. To the ignorant Burmese all white men were of one nation, and a thousand schemes had been devised to kill them both, as a defiance to the other "white faces" who dared to fight against Burmah. Some had begged their Christian God to keep them to leave the town, offering to hide them in their own country houses till the danger was over; and the brave Americans were not to be moved.

"No soldier would desert his post just before a battle," said they; "and we, who are soldiers, are too in another way, must not desert ours."

Now, however, their courage seemed like Hotspur's, when the Welsh ladies begged before the Governor of the city by a hanging table (which was only kept from killing them on the spot by the hope of making them suffer still more) and when they had been sentenced to death as enemies and traitors, and were now being led away to the place of execution through a great market, with a line of fierce-looking native soldiers on either side, and the raging mob yelling around them.

Never since the world was made was anything could save them now, and that was the coming up of the English ships. They knew well that the batteries of the city were in a miserable state, and they knew that the first broadside would probably send the Burmese flying. But would the ships come in time?

Just in front of them stalked the public executioner, a tall, lean, hideous-looking man, whose gaunt brown face was spotted like the hide of a leopard. He were nothing but a white turban and a pair of cotton drawers (both thickly stained with blood), and carried in his hand a huge knife, broad and heavy as a butcher's chopper. But even this horrible sight had no effect upon the two gallant men, who walked steadily on toward the place of death.

And now they reached the fatal spot, and the savage crowd pressed eagerly forward to see the end. The executioner tied their hands behind them, and forced them down on their knees, while the headsman, feeling the edge of his cruel knife, looked toward the Government House for the signal.

Just then one of the Burmese officers, a man of high rank, who was secretly friendly to the prisoners, stepped up to the Governor, and whispered that if they were really to be attacked, these men might be valuable prisoners, whereas their murder would only add to the danger which to take vengeance. The old tyrant paused in uncertainty; but at this sign of hesitation the mob, who had tasted the first blood, thirsty mob around, that he could see plainly what he had to expect if he dared to die the prisoners. Their prey. He held up his hand, and made the signal for death.

The doomed men looked at each other, and their lips were seen to move, but those last words of prayer were heard by none but God. The executioner strode forward, and his terrible blade glittered in the morning sunshine as he brandished it for the fatal blow.

There came a roar that seemed to rend the earth, timbers and roofs flew in splinters on every side, and the stone fell crashing down, the air shook as if a storm were sweeping past, and the savage crowd fell like dead men. Some of them crouched under them with the shock of the English cannon. The ships had come at last!

In two minutes more the ship had been down in the confusion, thus celebrating the cannon bulks whistling overhead; but as they lay, they could hear broadside after broadside come thundering down the shore, drowning the feeble fire of the Burmese batteries. At last as the cannonade slackened, they could hear the shouts around them. The yelling mob had vanished, the Governor and his soldiers were gone, the place was deserted, and as silent as a grave, but the grim executioner lay dead, with his side-arm, with the knife still clutched in his stiff right hand.

Suddenly a hearty English hurrah was heard above the distant firing, and a body of sailors in blue jackets, just landed from the fleet, came charging up the street with their cutlass in hand. They unbound and carried off triumph the rescued men, who lived to do noble work for their Master, and to tell many a time how they had once been saved even under the shadow of the sword.

An eight footed cow is the curiosity which is at Hancock's bridge (N. J.) may claim to have. The extra feet are well distributed, one being on each of the ankle of a leg, just a short distance above the hoof.

For boldness in adulteration the Russians take the palm. The new Government inspectors of provisions lately found packages of tea adulterated with 70 per cent. of peas. A tea-packing factory has been fitted up for repacking exhausted tea leaves.

Pneumatic tubes between London and Paris is spoken of as the latest scheme. The trouble is nowadays that you lie down at night to dream of some "latest" scheme of this kind and you rise in the morning to find that one still later has sprung up in the that by this pneumatic tube scheme letters can be carried between these two cities, 470 miles, in one hour. The cost of the enterprise is estimated at $7,000,000.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

It is mean enough to put water in the milk; but to what depth of mental degradation has that milkman descended who daily doses the lacteal fluid with boracic acid to keep it from souring too quickly.

Another pang added to life. The girls are beginning to use Solomon's words to suit themselves, and say, "A woman among a thousand have we found, but a man among a thousand have we not found." And that, say many of them, is the reason they don't marry. Sensible girls they are, too.

Very sensible objections are being urged against the use of filthy bank bills. They are not only exceedingly unpleasant to look at and handle, but dangerous lurking places for the seeds of contagious diseases. There ought to be a law forbidding the circulation of such ragged and loathsome bills as are all too frequently presented as legal tender.

What is probably one of the most unique exhibitions on record is being shown in Chicago just now. It is a collection of thirty old maids in all stages of faded charms. An odd phase of the battle of life, certainly, and hardly less sad than curious. What a light it throws on the struggle for existence, for surely nothing short of dire necessity could induce these women to put themselves on exhibition for the amusement of a gaping crowd of vulgar sight-seers.

For ponderous cheek, joined to the soul of a thief, commend us to the Boston man who built two houses side by side, lived in one himself and sold the other. Into the one he sold, he had put a furnace, close to the partition wall, connecting to its hot air chamber flues leading to his own residence. In this way he heated himself at his neighbor's expense for a whole winter before his little scheme was discovered. If anybody knows of a meaner piece of knavery we want to hear about it quickly.

Advocates of beer as a healthy temperance drink should ponder the case of the St. Bernard dog reported from Alleghany City (Pa.) He is a magnificent animal, very sagacious, and until recently very docile and gentle. Unfortunately he became addicted to beer guzzling, for which he has acquired an inordinate appetite, and his nature has altogether deteriorated under its influence. At a certain stage he becomes madly ferocious, and now his life is in jeopardy, having in one of his paroxysms of drunken fury severely bitten a man.

Anglomania, as it is called, is so prevalent in Boston, Newport and other American cities that theatrical managers regard it as an important factor in advertising. An illustration of the fact was afforded in Boston recently. A young fellow newly out of Cambrige, and without theatrical experience, has been given a leading role in a company which is to star the country this season, for no other reason than that he calls himself "Honourable Cecil P. Vivian, Glamis Castle, N. B.," and says his father is a member of the House of Lords. It is thought his mere presence on the stage will be inducement enough to make the tuft-hunters part with their dollars.

There is something grotesque in a recent telegram to the effect that though the Duke of Connaught is anxious to return to India to something like the real life of a man in attendance upon his military duties, his mother is unwilling to let him because she fears the climate and the dangers of the present complications with Burmah. She would like him to *stay quietly at home* until he succeeds the Duke of Cambridge as *Commander-in-Chief* of the army. Poor, dear boy! From Edward the Black-Prince to the present scions of royalty, kept close to their mother's apron strings for fear they get into danger, what a tumble!

A stern old soldier passed away when Lord Strathnairn died last week. He was a Field Marshal, and his full title was Rt. Hon. Hugh Henry Rose, Baron Strathnairn, G.C.B.G.C.S.I. He is remembered among other things for his severe treatment of the leaders of the Sepoy mutineers, whom he caused to be blown from the mouths of cannon. He was undoubtedly one of the ablest and most brilliant soldiers who have figured in the British service since the days of Wellington. His rank of field marshal is held by only two other men in the British service who are not of Royal birth, viz., by Lord Napier, of Magdala, and Sir Patrick Grant. The others are the Duke of Cambridge, and the Prince of Wales.

A curious case of conflicting evidence was brought out in a recent bigamy case in England. The defendant, James Malcolm, was identified by various witnesses as the man who, under the name of Macdonald, met a young woman in Brighton, and married her after a very brief wooing, having a wife living at the time. Various circumstances told heavily against him. For instance, Macdonald gave as an excuse for his return to London every night that he was obliged to be on board his ship at four o'clock in the morning and Malcolm was a marketman whose duties began at the same early hour. This was only one of a number of striking coincidences. Nevertheless numerous persons were found to prove a complete *alibi* for Malcolm on the occasion when Macdonald was engaged in marrying the bride. As an outcome of the conflict of testimony, the jury disagreed and a new trial was ordered. The whole story commends itself to lovers of the mysterious. Miss Braddon at her best never tried to unravel a more contradictory snarl of circumstances.

The movement to confer on the women of China and India the benefits of western medical science has brought brilliant opportunities within reach of female physicians. Dr. Woodhull, who began to practice her profession the day after her arrival at Foochow last winter, writes that the calls upon her services are more than she can meet. Lady Dufferin is President of the association that has been established in India to import skilled women physicians from Europe and America, for the purpose of training capable native nurses, midwives, and medical practitioners. Every white physician in Oriental countries is asked almost daily if he cannot prescribe for suffering women without seeing them. Debarred by social customs from consulting men doctors, Oriental women are the victims of great and unnecessary misery. They are thus shut out from the advantages of Western medical art, although they know its value, and desire to avail themselves of its resources.

A Fight for Life.

A despatch from Glenullen, Dakota, says: News is just received that James Gray, living four miles north of Glenullen, was attacked on Thursday night by two Indians, who came to the house and asked for food. Having eaten all they desired, one of the Indians, large and powerful, took down Gray's repeating Winchester rifle, placed the muzzle to Gray's breast and pulled the trigger. Fortunately, there was no cartridge in the barrel. The Indian then put a cartridge in, whereupon Gray seized a whiffletree, and before the gun could be brought to bear upon him struck the Indian on the head, and the gun was discharged into the side of the house. The rifle was dropped in the scuffle. Then commenced a rough and tumble fight, both Indians taking part. Gray lost his hold of the whiffletree, caught up a carpenter's hatchet, and struck the Indian nearest him on the head, which felled him to the floor. The other Indian fled. Gray seized the fallen Indian by the heels and dragged him out and fastened the door. Whether the Indian was dead or not Gray was unable to say. Friday morning a settler happened to go to Gray's house and found him in bed badly bruised and scratched, scarcely able to stand.

Widows who live in grass retirement shouldn't throw glances.

The steamer Oregon, on a voyage from Portland, Oregon, to San Francisco early this month, encountered an immense whale, and struck it with such force that the big vessel shook from stem to stern. In some unaccountable way the monster's head then became wedged in between the rod of the rudder and the vessel, and in that way the whale was carried along with the steamer for several hours.

AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

A Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon Startling Revelations in the Career of Arabi Pasha.

By the Author of "NINA, THE NIHILIST," "THE RED SPOT," "THE RUSSIAN SPY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

THE ILLUMINATED FETE AT THE PALACE.

Poor Nellie knew well that her mother would not change her views, no matter what she said to try to controvert them, so she had relapsed into silence, and this was why she did not look as happy as a Peri, though quite as beautiful as one, on appearing half an hour later (as we have before described) in the illuminated Hall of a Hundred Mirrors, and also why she took the earliest opportunity to transmit a little secret telegraphic sign to her lover, who for a long while had been impatiently awaiting her advent, that "he had better not approach her just yet, for that the maternal was not quite as amiable as she might be."

So Frank Donelly, who had donned his best uniform and carefully waxed the ends of his long jetty mustache for the occasion, held aloof, muttering anything but blessings on the stout British matron whom he hoped one day to transmogrify into his mother-in-law; and Nellie seated herself on one of the sumptuous ottomans that lined the walls, half resolved that she would remain a fixture there for the entire evening rather than dance with any one save the lover of her choice.

Glancing around the scene of pomp and magnificence, with its hundreds of dancing and promenading couples, and where in all directions

"Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again,
Whilst all went merry as a marriage bell,"

she soon beheld one individual who looked as sad, not to say as sullen and discontented, as she felt that she herself was doing, and the next instant she recognized him as Arabi Pasha, the newly created war minister.

Broad chested, erect and stern of aspect, with a prominent nose, fierce, eagle-like eyes, a firm but somewhat cruel looking mouth and a massive chin, expressive of undaunted resolve, Ahmed Arabi looked like one who was born to sway and control the destinies of men; but his fortunes were doomed to give his face the lie.

Disdaining all frippery in his attire, he wore a dark blue military uniform, with the least possible amount of gold lace thereon, while his coarse red, blue tasseled tarbouch (which by Turks and Egyptians is worn always, indoors as well as out), surmounted a broad, square brow, that was wrinkled by anxious thought rather than by years.

Why this man had made his appearance amidst a scene which he appeared so little to enjoy was a puzzle to the fair girl, who, involuntarily, as it were, watched his every movement with a keen interest that she herself could in no way account for.

He seemed to her like unto one who was searching anxiously for some attraction and everywhere failed to find it, for it certainly did not lie in the unveiled beauty which was so lavishly displayed on all sides, and to the spell of which the effeminate Khedive (cat-like in movements and in his fawnings as well) seemed to yield himself with the keenest pleasure and delight.

"You seem to have no eyes for the giver of the feast, for the amiable and gentle Khedive," remarked Nellie's mother presently, looking the while as though she could have devoured that distinguished personage herself, diamond hilted scimitar and all.

"I positively dislike him, dear mamma, for he looks at every girl whom he deigns to address (yes, I suppose deign is the proper word to apply even to his puppet royalty) as a wolf would look at some lamb whom it wanted to feed on."

"Nellie, how can you be so harsh-judging and ill natured? I think his highness is altogether too utterly delightful. I do not wonder at his keen appreciative regard of the ladies, for I'm sure many of them are both pretty and well formed, and then 'tis more than whispered that he seeks a wife amongst their number, and that this fete even has been given to afford him an opportunity of making a choice."

"I'm sure, mamma, if any one had hinted such a thing to me beforehand, I would never have come here, but I should think that no English girl, at all events, would marry a man (prince and Khedive though he may be) who has three wives already, for I have been told that that is the present number."

"Nellie, for shame! I'm positively shocked at you. It is the dearest wish of my heart to see you form a high and distinguished alliance, and at this moment I feel that it is almost within your grasp, for you are certainly by far the—"

How Mrs. Trezarr would have concluded her speech we cannot inform the reader, inasmuch as at this point of her discourse a voice exclaimed in French:

"Is Miss Trezarr too much of a philosopher to care for the frivolous amusements that seem to delight her countrywomen? And if it be so, am I sufficiently old an acquaintance to hope for the pleasure of being allowed to show her the illuminated gardens?"

"Oh! I should so like to see them! Please take me thither at once," answered Nellie, and, without waiting for her mother's permission, she sprang to her feet, passing her arm within that of Arabi Pasha, the war minister, suffered him with the greatest confidence, to lead her away from the abhorred presence of his royal master.

CHAPTER IV.

A WHISPER OF LOVE AND A MURMUR OF HATE —A CRY FOR HELP.

Another minute and the grim war minister with his trembling prize (for as his prize he already regarded her) had passed out of the Hall of a Hundred Mirrors and through a magnificent conservatory that lay beyond it into the open air, where the great full moon and a myriad twinkling stars (whose size and lustre can hardly be guessed at by those who have never beheld an Egyptian firmament) gemmed an indigo hued heaven and seemed to be reflected not only in the mighty river, as it rolled sluggishly along, with a murmur that was at once solemn and soothing, but on the dry land likewise, for at least fifty thousand tiny lamps of divers colors flashed like sapphires, garnets, rubies, diamonds and amethysts around flower-beds whose tints were equally bright and beautiful, while fully as many hundreds of Chinese lanterns gleamed from out the shrubs and dangled swayingly from the tree branches, some of the more daring of the illuminators having climbed the loftiest palms to suspend them amongst the feathery foliage.

As to the palace itself, it looked as though it was built of fire, for the whole facade and every architectural design thereon was outlined with little lambent tongues of flame, which also encircled the onion-shaped domes with many a cordon of fire, and climbed up pillars and coiled round minarets in spiral folds that resembled fiery serpents.

Altogether, the sight was one which once seen would never be forgotten.

"How very beautiful!" exclaimed Nellie, involuntarily. "It is a veritable fairy land."

"If it be so, then assuredly have I hanging on my arm the queen of the fairy realm," answered Arabi, in the melodious French tongue, which he had chiefly mastered in order to enable him to converse freely with Monsieur de Lesseps, the constructor of the great ship canal, and for whom he had ever entertained a great friendship and admiration; and as he uttered the words he bent on the lovely girl a glance which somehow or other made her wish that she had not so readily accepted him as her cavalier.

"How few people are in the gardens," she said. "Oh, how can they miss so beautiful a sight?"

"You may cast pearls before swine, yet will they not leave the husks whereon they feed. Our religion teaches us that woman has no soul, and that therefore for her there is no future state of reward and punishment. I never doubted the dogma until I met you."

"Perhaps your religion also teaches you that woman has no common sense, but do not try to convince me that no man possesses it, either. The ladies of your country may like the sugar plumbs of speech, but to these of mine the flavor is nauseous."

"But surely I may say what I sincerely and truly meant? You have taught me to believe that some women, at all events, have souls, aye, and hearts as well. My heart you made captive the very first time that we met at Alexandria, and to-night, had you not generously longed to bestow upon me yours in return, you would not with such evident rapture have accepted my proposal to show you the gardens. We Egyptians are skilful readers of the thoughts and feelings."

"You have utterly failed to read mine aright, and if you really think what you say, pray take me back indoors again. I assure you that you are entirely mistaken in me. I let you show me the gardens because—well, because I somehow or other liked and respected you, and more still for the reason that I wanted to get away from—from—from—"

"The Khedive? I guessed as much. There, I knew I read your feelings aright. But do you mean to say that your ambition would allow you to decline so brilliant an alliance?"

"Assuredly it would, if for no other reason than that he has other wives already."

"Yet as an English girl you must believe your Bible, which is always ours, and you must have read therein how that many holy men, some of them even honored by being called the friends of God, possessed very many wives."

"Ah, that was under the old dispensation, but it has been altered under the new."

"True, but we, you know, reject your new dispensation. I am anxious to convince you on this point because I feel assured that you love me. You show it in your looks, your manner, your speech even, and yet, like the good girl that you are and that I would have you to be, you try hard to combat and overcome the feeling by reason that you imagine it to be sinful. Were it really so I would help you to conquer it."

"Indeed, sir, you flatter yourself most needlessly," retorted Nellie Trezarr, burning with indignation that the Egyptian should think her guilty of such (in her estimation) unmaidenly conduct, "for far from caring in the slightest degree for you, at all events in the manner that you imagine, or indeed in any other manner now, I have for months been engaged to be married to one of my own countrymen."

"Ah, then you have trifled with me and are what is called by your people a flirt. I can hardly believe it, because I had thought better of you, and as a flirt is altogether a false and despicable character, I will not credit it even yet. Confess that you have said this thing to try me and to see whether I am sincere. To convince you that I am I will swear to you by Allah and the holy Kaaber, by the Zemzen well and the City of the Prophets that if you will but marry me I will never take unto myself a third wife. I have one already, which cannot be helped, but verily and indeed you shall be my last."

The war minister spoke most fervidly, whilst his eyes flashed, his swarthy cheek flushed and his chest heaved convulsively.

Nellie was now positively afraid of him.

She glanced nervously around, but though there were many couples promenading the gardens, in one direction or another, no one was really near by, and overcome by a sudden strange terror she attempted to escape from the man whose rage and indignation she had evidently kindled in no small degree.

But he laid a hand on her wrist and with gentle force restrained her.

"Perhaps we only disagree because we do not rightly understand each other," he said, persuasively. "Listen to me, therefore, for yet another minute. Marry me and you shall never forget it. I am rich and powerful, and ere long I may be yet more powerful. Marry me and it shall be a good thing for you, and for your people as well. I dare not speak more plainly, because—I might raise your hopes too high, or on the other hand awaken terrors within your gentle breast for which there is no cause whatever. I—I would but remind you that war minister is not the highest rank that lies within the gift of his Highness the Khedive, and that I would climb to any height in order to make myself more worthy of you. Come, what do you say now?"

"That I will not be detained here a second longer against my will. Help!"

The last ejaculation was uttered in a sort of wailing cry, but hardly had it quitted her lips when there was a flash of scarlet and gold between her and the Egyptian, whose wrist was grasped in turn with a force that made his hand fly open.

"Nellie, what is the meaning of this? Tell me in order that I may know what to do."

"The pasha terrified me with something that he was relating; that is all."

Frank Donelly, for it was he, perceived that his affianced wife dreaded a scene (that bugbear to all educated women), and he himself had no wish that her name should be made the subject of idle gossip and censorious scandal.

He therefore released the war minister's wrist from his vice-like grip and said with a bow:

"This lady is my affianced wife, and consequently I am her most fitting companion and protector. You will find the palace in that direction."

As he concluded he raised his hand to the gold-laced rim of his cap, in a half ironical salute and leavetaking, but in so doing he was quite unprepared for what directly thereon ensued, for, with a cry almost like that of a hyena, Arabi Pasha darted forward, seized his hand in its descent, wrenched it around until the opal ring that set thereon shot forth its many tinted rays of seeming blood and flame, and then dropping it as suddenly as he had laid hold of it, he turned sharp around with a scornful, abrupt laugh, and sallied away, muttering to himself as he went: "A double debt, and by Allah they shall both be paid, and that to the uttermost para!"

CHAPTER V.

THE BARRED WINDOW—THE SUMMONS OF THE LOTUS FLOWER.

Not until the tall, stalwart form of the war minister had grown dim in the distance did Frank Donelly find his tongue, and then the first use that he made of it was to demand from Nellie what the Egyptian had said or done to frighten her so.

"He only made love to me in a warm, impulsive manner that was as novel as unwelcome. Not that he intended the least rudeness, I'm sure of that."

"I'm glad that you are, or else it would have been my painful duty to wring his neck, Pasha of Three Tails and war minister though he is. At all events, Nell, his conduct has taught you not to waste your admiration upon such fellows."

"I am by no means sure that I do not admire him as much as I did before. We must not judge all people by our own standard of what is etiquette and what not. He asked me to be his wife, that was all, and vowed that I should be his last, though I could not be his first. Then, when I wanted to get away, he detained me gently in order that I should hear him to the end, whereat I grew alarmed and cried 'Help!' and you know the rest."

"The fact is, Nellie, I had been following you about for a long while, though of course at a distance, and I was glad of almost any excuse to relieve him of your custody, that I can assure you. Well, if I was not over and above courteous to him he gave me a regular tit for tat, and so we are quits. I wonder what raised his ire in my opal ring?"

"I can't think, but it terrifies me nevertheless, Frank. I positively hate that ring. I shuddered the first time that I ever looked upon it and beheld the red, demon-like fire that was imprisoned in its heart. I wish it was at the bottom of the Nile."

"Agree to marry me without waiting for your parents' consent, which I know full well that we shall never obtain, and in it goes at once, Nellie. Though between you and I, I shouldn't wonder if it was of very great value, I shouldn't, indeed."

"If its value was almost fabulous I should yet wish the Nile to have it."

"Well, then, only agree to my terms, and as I said before the Nile gets it."

"Oh, Frank, I am the darling of both my parents' hearts, so how can I do it?"

"Easily, because they will take you to their hearts again directly they have learned to realize the vulgar axiom that what can't be cured must be endured."

"Frank, give me time to think. Oh, do give me a little while to think."

"I never could refuse you anything, darling, so take what you ask; but I shall wear this opal until you have decided in my favor, and then away it goes at once."

"Then I hate it so much that I will only sleep over the matter once and give you a decisive answer on the morrow. And now, Frank, you shall take me all over and around this scene of fairyland and show me everything, for my face is so flushed and I'm too agitated altogether to subject myself yet awhile to mamma's searching regard in the Hall of Mirrors."

"Come, then, my darling," the young dragoon whispered in her ear. "You have set me a task that I shall never tire of; yet, nevertheless, let us start at once."

They sauntered though the grounds for some little while admiring everything that they saw, and then the appearance of a fountain more beautiful than any that they had yet beheld attracted them near unto a wing of the palace that was strange to them both.

After admiring, therefore, the bright, amber hue of the fountain's waters they examined its architectural features somewhat closely, and presently Nellie exclaimed:

"How lovely, yet how quiet it is here. I declare that delicate fretwork of stone is almost like lace, but how small the windows are. They seem to be closely barred as well. It can't be a prison, for it is too beautiful for that, and yet I seem to see people looking out at us from the gloom of the interior."

"I see them clearly, dear. That which glistens so white against the dark background is bare necks and arms, so they must be ladies. 'Tis doubtless the harem."

"Poor creatures, they remind me of caged birds. How painful it must be for them to see girls like me, free as air, and able to go wherever I like. Oh, it is a cruel and inhuman creed that allows of such prison houses, for in sober reality they are nothing else. Come away, Frank, for as I cannot give them liberty, I will stay here no longer to tantalize them with the spectacle of my own freedom."

"Just as you like, my good, right-feeling Nell. They can see us very plainly as we stand here in the full glare of the illumined fountain, though they look to us like shadows."

"Shadows possessed of sad enough hearts, doubtless. Oh, gracious, here's mamma."

It was Mrs. Trezarr without a doubt, and Mrs. Trezarr in anything but an amiable disposition as well.

"Eleanor!" she exclaimed, "I have been looking for you everywhere. It is very wrong of you to wander away from me in this way, very wrong, indeed."

"Pray, Mrs. Trezarr, allow me to bear the blame, for I am the only guilty party," said Frank.

The stately and offended dame bowed stiffly to the young officer, as though she quite acquiesced in what he had said, but vouchsafed him no answer in words, and then she tucked Nellie's milk white arm within her own and walked her off, a most unwilling yet at the same time unresisting captive, leaving the discomfited dragoon standing alone and looking somewhat ridiculous; at all events, he thought so.

"I wish Nell had a little more spirit, and I do trust that a merciful Providence will never allow her to grow like her mother," muttered Frank to himself in a dudgeon; and then some strange and unaccountable fascination drew him back to the amber-hued fountain, and resting himself on the carved stone balustrade that surrounded it he pulled out his cigar case and fusee box and began to smoke as though for a wager.

He had not been engaged thus for more than five minutes, thinking just as hard and viciously as he puffed, when he felt his sleeve twitched, and, looking round, beheld a hideous, unveiled old woman dressed entirely in yellow, and with her poor, wrinkled face chalked and painted almost after the manner of a circus clown.

"Who in the name of wonder are you and what do you want with me?" snapped Frank.

"I am Elman the Buffoon," was the answer, spoken in almost as execrable Egyptian as his own.

"I can quite believe it; but you have only replied to half my question. What want you?"

"I want nothing, Effendi; I am but a poor old slave. But I am the messenger of one who is brighter than the stars and fairer than the moon in the heavens, and she sends thee this and bids me tell thee to remember the summons of the lotus flower."

And with these words the strange looking old woman produced from within the voluminous folds of her bright yellow satin attire, which glittered all over with spangles, one of the long lotus flowers of the Nile and held it toward him.

The perfume was sweet yet faint, and Frank Donelly took it from the old woman's hand and resolved to obey the mysterious summons.

At any other time he would assuredly not have done so, but the little cross that he had just experienced and the unpleasantness which had preceded it had stirred up his hot Irish blood and made him as ripe for peril, mischief or any species of adventure as even an Irishman well could be.

He rose to his feet, therefore, and motioned to the female buffoon to lead the way, which she did, but, first of all, into an adjacent orange grove, where, taking down from one of the trees a bundle, she shook it out into a long, flowing robe, and signified to the young dragoon that he should put it on.

He did not hesitate for a moment, but dropping it over his head, the next moment discovered that it was a garb which seemed to combine the office of several in one, for it covered him entirely up from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, a yashmack, or face mask, even forming an integral portion thereof, furnished with the usual eyelet holes for looking out through.

"Do not fear," said the old buffoon, encouragingly. "Be silent and discreet and there can be no danger to either of us, for no Mohammedan dare raise a yashmack to see whom it covers," and as she made this comforting explanation, the withered crone chuckled as though she had given utterance to an excellent joke.

She then glided on afresh, with a strange kind of dancing step, ever and anon glancing back over her shoulder as though to make sure that she was still followed, and she did not fail to bestow on the dragoon a nod and grimace of encouragement every time she perceived that he was close at her heels.

In this strange and grotesque manner the palace was presently reached, and approaching a little low vaulted door that seemed to be painted in a hundred different hues and emblazoned all over with texts from El Koran, she drew a key from out her sleeve, opened the little door therewith and entered in thereat, still closely followed by Frank Donelly, who felt sure now that either for good or for ill he had entered in where it would be death for him to be discovered, the harem of the Khedive.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lady Dufferin is organizing sewing and relief societies among the women of India.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.

Three clergymen daily on an average apply for passes to see Maud S.

Old Spot, the horse that Gen. Grant used at Vicksburg, was sold last year for $11, by order of the Quartermaster, and has now joined a circus.

The Adin (Cal.) *Argus* says that a horse which was hitched in front of a saloon in that city gave himself such a vigorous shake that he discharged a pistol which had been carelessly left in one of his saddlebags. The shot killed a dog that was passing at the time.

No less than 1,000 humming birds were put to death that their fine feathers might beautify the gorgeous ball-room gown of a London belle. In the same great vanity fair 500 canary birds shed their blood the other day that another woman might outshine the other fair and fine sinners of her set.

John Pringle, at Brocton, Ala., locked the front door of his house, put the key in his pocket, and while on his way to a spring of water was struck by lightning and knocked off his feet. He was not hurt; but his key was carried off, and although the entire neighborhood was searched it has not been found.

An old man at Jasper, Tenn., has died, leaving a large property in trust, to be used by the trustees in any manner they may deem best to suppress the habit, prevalent among men, of eating with knives when forks should be used. The deceased says that he has always felt the disadvantages of early training in that respect. He was in the habit of reproving everybody at hotels or elsewhere whom he saw eating with their knives, and was a monomaniac on the subject.

The famous feet of a Sandusky, Ohio, girl are again protruding into public notice, owing to the fact that a New York shoemaker has been building a pair of No. 29 dress shoes for them. They are nineteen inches long and seven and a half inches wide. The heels are four inches long and five and a half inches in width. Three goat skins and four chamois skins were used up in making these shoes, which cost $45. The father of the young lady is a well-to-do farmer. It is said he has offered $5,000 and a farm to the man who will become his son-in-law. Several Sandusky beaux have gone into training and nightly sleep with bars of railroad iron or cakes of ice planted against their backs.

Plain Talk From a Clergyman.

The Rev. Dr. Mark Trafton, the venerable and widely-known Methodist clergyman, made a sensation at a late conference of Methodist ministers, by denouncing the modern church service, and by defending the non-church-going masses.

"I confess," he said, "I don't like to go to church. I am sorry to say it. When I was a boy I was glad when they said:

"'Let us go into the house of the Lord.'

"I enjoyed the preaching, the singing, and the praying."

A Voice.—"You were very pious in those days."

"Yes. Well its no wonder I've backslidden with such associates. [Laughter.] Let me start out, now, to go to church and worship God. At home we have had our private devotion. We come to the church door, (I am saying what took place exactly,) and we see plenty of seats vacant. We ask one of the young snipper-snappers, with a rosette in his button-hole, for a seat. He says:

"'You wait awhile and I'll see.'

"By and by, when the bell stops tolling, the man says:

"'You can find a seat in the gallery.'"

A Voice.—"What church was that?"

"A Christian church. In the gallery you see four young people talking and laughing. Suddenly the organ starts, and then as suddenly the four grow solemn, jump up, and begin to squall. You can't understand a word they say. They sing a hymn you never heard before, and never want to hear again. You can't sing with them. Call that singing God's praise? It's not only folly, but it's blasphemy. You've no business to introduce such trash as that, and call it devotion. Then the prayer! In the old times the minister used to pray, to supplicate, to implore, just as if he expected something would come, and something did come. Now this brother who prayed, delivered a homily, an address to the people, a strained effort. It wasn't praying. I confess it didn't touch me at all. I kept saying to myself:

"'Oh, nonsense! Fiddlesticks!'

"I say this ought not to be. We ought not to go away disgusted."

There was much more in the same strain, and then the ministers decided to consider the subject at length two weeks later.

A Queer Type of Men.

The Kubus, who inhabit a portion of the Island of Sumatra, are a peculiar type of beings, gravitating between the man and the animal. Their special peculiarity is shyness. They are too shy to mix with the other races of the island, and dwell in the recesses of the forests. They are looked on as inferiors by the Malays, and thought to be little better than beasts. Such is their shyness that they will never willingly face a stranger. Their trade with the Malayans is consequently carried on in a strange manner. The trader announces his arrival by beating a gong, and then retires from the place of rendezvous. The Kubus approach, put their forest treasures on the ground, beat a gong and retreat. The trader returns and lays his commodities down in quantities sufficient, as he thinks, for the purchase of the goods on sale. Then he retires, and the Kubus reappear again and consider the bargain. And so, after more withdrawals and approaches and gong beatings the respective parties come to an understanding, and carry off independently their bargains. The Kubus in their wild state do not bury their dead. They live on snakes, grubs, fruits, and the flesh of any deer or pigs that they can slay. They are skilful spearmen and throw stones with marvellous accuracy. They know of no state after death. In some physical aspects they assimilate closely to the anthropoid apes.

Horrible Recital.

J. Howell, Starucca, Pa., who murdered his four children, and then shot and probably fatally injured himself, on recovering consciousness confessed to the coroner the killing of his children. Howell was an industrious man, but sickness during the past year has affected his mind considerably. He says that one day his wife and daughter drove to the village store, and as soon as they were out of sight he set about his murderous work. He induced his four children, whose ages ranged from 4 to 12 years, to take arsenic, and when they had fallen into a stupor he successively placed a revolver to the forehead of each and drove a bullet into the brain. Howell then seated himself with the cocked revolver in his hand to await the coming of his wife and daughter, intending to add them to his list of victims. After waiting three hours, and they not returning, he shot himself twice, and fell unconscious near the murdered children, where he was found by his wife and daughter upon their return shortly after. No one holds the wretched man responsible, as his insanity is generally conceded. It is thought he cannot recover.

A Liverpool coffin-maker, who had furnished a casket to a poor woman for her deceased husband, failing to get paid immediately, broke into the widow's house in her absence, threw the body out on the floor and drove away with the casket.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

A man Attacked by Assassins, Jumps Overboard and Swims 8 Miles to Shore.

The Superior Court of New York will soon be called upon to listen to a story of the most pronounced Jules Verne order, and when the case of William Doherty against the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is called the plaintiff will astonish the court by a wonderful tale of hairbreadth escapes and narrow victory with life after many close chances with death. The story as told by William Doherty in the affidavits already put on file is that on May 5th of last year the plaintiff, who was in Panama, asked for and was appointed to the position of assistant engineer on the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamer Honduras, bound from that port for various stopping places down the Western South American coast. The crew was a mixed one of Spaniards, Mexicans and such. Among the company was a Portuguese known as Ramon, who, as an oiler, regarded himself as the heir to the position taken by Doherty, and hated the new comer as an interloper. The steamer had only been five days from port when Doherty says he overheard a conversation between this Ramon and a Spanish passenger, in which it was determined that the Northerner should be dirked and then thrown overboard.

From that time Doherty dared not sleep in his berth at night lest the treacherous Portuguese thrust the dagger into his breast. He caught sleep as he could standing at his post, and several times he thought he detected his foes crawling upon him in the darkness. He says he was compelled to literally dodge for his life every time his enemy or enemies came near, for both Ramon and the Spanish passenger were watching him. When he could endure it no longer Doherty appealed to Alfred Pardee, the chief engineer, and was greeted with a round of laughter, and he was advised to jump into the water if he didn't care to remain aboard ship. He made such provisions as he could to die fighting, wrote several letters to wife and friends, which he directed and left aboard ship, only to learn subsequently that they had been thrown overboard, and then waited with such fortitude as he could summon for the attack of the assassins. It came on the night of May 21, when the ship lay eight miles off the port of San Jose de Guatemala, and Doherty was on the deck watch.

The night was densely black and the hunted engineer felt that the occasion fitted for the bloody work his foes had determined upon. He says he heard a light tread near him as he stood watching and then came the rush of the two murderers. Doherty drew his own knife and fought with desperation for his life, but the odds were enormously against him, and when he was forced to the vessel's side he suddenly turned and plunged overboard, to take the faint flicker of a chance by swimming to the shore. The water there is crowded with sharks, and the faint engineer was in no condition for such a long swim. What gave him nerve and vigor was the thought of wife and babies away off in New York waiting and praying for his return. He slipped out of much of his clothes as he drifted by the vessel's side and then started shorewards. All night long he alternately breasted the long swell and floated resting and panting on his back. Daylight came and he was still in the water, but the shore a little over a mile away gave him encouragement, and he soon was able to stagger, half unconscious, up the sandy beach only to drop in a faint above high-water mark. It was not until noon that he awoke and looked for aid. He took employment with farmers, and when a measure of his strength had returned struck out for a long tramp of nearly two hundred miles across the republic to a small seaport named Livingstone, whence he worked his way homeward, and then when, in March last, he reached New York it was only to find that his wife, relying upon the reports that he had jumped overboard, had married again.

He asked for some sort of recompense from the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, but was confronted with his own death certificate as proof that he had no claim, and then, broken down in health by his sufferings, he listened to the advice of friends and instituted a suit for $30,000, claiming that when he entered the service of the company he was entitled to protection, which, when he applied to the chief engineer, was not given him.

PERSONAL.

Oscar Wilde has re-entered the lecture field with his hair cut and English trousers on his lower limbs.

In the wedding trousseau of the Princess Marie d'Orleans is a pearl necklace looted in the Chinese war by Gen. Palikalao, valued at $25,000.

Professor Pasteur has cured a boy of hydrophobia by inoculating him with attenuated virus sixty hours after he had been bitten fourteen times by a mad dog.

Mr. Spurgeon declares that he has been practicing vegetarianism for the past eight months, and is "not only living but lively." The abstinence is, however, believed to have been compulsory.

William K. Vanderbilt has not been to church for four years, and it is said that Jay Gould hasn't heard a sermon, for an even greater length of time. Both might change that record with benefit to themselves.

Mr. Samuel Rowlandson, who has been appointed to the bench in Yorkshire by the Marquis of Ripon, is said to be the first tenant farmer ever selected in England for such an honor.

The Princess Victoria of Hohenzollern, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, is less likely than ever to marry Prince Alexander of Battenberg now that his Bulgarian throne looks decidedly shaky.

Labouchere says that Prince Frederick of Saxe-Altonberg will be the German and Austrian candidate for the Bulgarian throne in case of a vacancy. Bismarck won't hear of Prince Waldemar of Denmark.

Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar have taken up their quarters at the Royal Hospital at Kilmainham, near Dublin. They doubtless expect a visit from the Invincibles and want to be near surgical help.

The Empress of Austria has had a hunting lodge built in the Lainger Wildpark near Vienna which took three years to complete and cost $1,750,000. She has indefinitely postponed her return to the Irish hunting fields on account of the prevailing agitation.

One of the Paris papers is responsible for the statement that the Prince of Wales smokes forty cigarettes a day, and that when in Austria lately he prevailed on the Princess Louise of Coburg and Countess Esterhazy to join him in smoking at the dinner-table.

A Sioux Indian named Two Strike entered the office of the Valentine (Dak.) Blade the other day and assumed a warlike attitude. The editor got ready for an Indian outbreak, but was agreeably disappointed when Mr. Two Strike threw down a $10 gold piece to pay for a year's subscription.

It is not generally known that John Russell Young is in descent related to Robert Burns the poet. To be more explicit, he is a greatgrandnephew of the Scotch bard. The Rev. John Russell, after whom Mr. Young was named, was a cousin of Burns and pastor of the Burns family, who were strict followers of the severest form of the covenanted faith.

Madame Patti has a small, cold and wrinkled hand. Modjeska's hands are round, long, well formed. They are generally in repose. The hands of Clara Morris are long, slender, rather wiry and nervous. Her nails are pink and pretty, and the wrists are small and well turned. Mary Anderson has a cold hand that almost gives you a chill if touched. Margaret Mather's hands, like herself, are small, graceful, and effective in gesture. Gerster, Scalchi, Fursch-Madi, and Materna all have large and generous hands, hearty to clasp, and looking able for the work their ample bodies and brains require.

LAUGHLETS.

The first thing in a boot is the last.

The telephone is conducted on sound principles.

"Nervous Girl" wants to know how to cure tickling sensations about the face. Get him to shave off his mustache.

Mrs. Coyne has sued a man for damages for breach of promise. He didn't want Coyne but she does.

A newspaper relates the story of a poet "who sang the song and died." The name of the editor who killed him is not given.

Artemus Ward, when asked by telegraph on behalf of a lyceum committee, "What will you take for ten nights?" replied, "Brandy and water."

It looks paradoxical. The Parsees are said to be rich and generous, yet there must be a great deal of Parsee money among them.

Mrs Langtry has refused to pay her husband's debts. If this is to be the rule hereafter, a certain class of men will refuse to marry popular actresses.

Freshmen professor (holding up a written exercise): "I perceive that this one was copied from outside helps. The man who handed it in will remain." A half dozen remain.

Bibulous Printer (to proof-reader)—"How do you spell whisky? With an 'e'?" Proof-reader—"No. Do you drink it with an 'e'?" Bibulous Printer—"You bet, I drink it with 'e's.'"

The following is the reply given by one of our prominent scholars: Teacher—"What are metamorphic rocks?" Pupil—"Metamorphic rocks are rocks containing metaphor."

A fashion authority states that "low-necked dresses will be dropped at the opera this season." The time is fast approaching when the opera will be no place for respectable people to frequent.

"I went to hear Archdeacon Farrar lecture on Dante," remarked the music teacher, "and I was greatly disappointed. He talked nearly two hours about Dante, and never said a word about his sister Ann."

Pearl Desmond writes a touching poem entitled, "A Broken Link." Well, the next time Pearl goes to market she will carry her sausages home in a basket, and not try to carry them by the handle or lead them with a string.

"It appears to me," said Muldidheron, "that I can't go out nowadays without being insulted." "Why, what's the latest?" inquired his friend. "The other day a young lady asked me for the loan of my face to start a crazy quilt."

Rum and honey is said to be one of the best cough medicines for a family. The wife can use her share of it—the honey—while the husband, with his usual self-sacrificing devotion, gets away with the nasty rum.

"Only one trouble with that preacher," said the brakeman, as the sermon closed, after a slow run of an hour and a quarter and two laps. "What's that?" the switchman wanted to know. "Poor facilities," the brakeman replied.

An Eye to Economy—Young Husband: "I believe I would like a nice turtle steak for dinner." Young wife (of a thrifty disposition): "I am afraid turtle steaks are rather expensive, dear. Wouldn't you be satisfied with a mock-turtle steak?"

Mr. Cable, the southern novelist, gives in his adhesion to woman suffrage by saying: "If our mothers are not fit to vote, they ought to stop bearing sons." By this brilliant logic, as our fathers don't bear sons, they will be deprived of the right of voting.

"Whew!" exclaimed Crimsonbeak, surprised on entering his sleeping apartment to find his wife waiting for him the other morning at 2 o'clock, "those stairs almost take my breath away." "Well, I wish they would," replied his displeased wife, catching the odor of the club man's evening beverage.

Among the Karens, when a bridegroom reaches home his clothing is taken from him. It would seem from this that woman, even in her uncivilized state, understands that the only peaceful marriages are those where the wife affects the unmentionables, and she takes the earliest occasion to make the transfer.

A burglar who attempted to enter a house in Sacramento was caught fast in the window, and the woman armed herself with a potato masher, drew up a chair, and sat there and tapped his head for half an hour before calling the police. She said she had always just ached to pound a man all she wanted to.

A Michigan girl told her lover that she could never think of marrying a man with less than $10,000, and as he was worth a suit of clothes less than nothing he went sadly away. That night his uncle died and left him $5,000. The next day the dejected lover got a letter. It read: "Dearest George, I'm willing to make it $5,000."

Mr. D. L. Moody says about long prayers: "If when Peter found himself sinking in the waves of Galilee, he had insisted on putting before his petition, 'Lord, save me,' the regular prayer meeting round-about introduction, he would have been forty feet under water before he could have asked of the Lord the help he needed."

A Sunday-school scholar was asked, apropos of Solomon, who the great queen was that travelled so many miles to see him. The scholar—in fact, the whole school—looked as if a little help would be liked, and the teacher therefore said: "The queen's name began with an S." "I've got it, sir!" exclaimed the delighted scholar. "Well, who was it?" "It was the queen of spades, sir!"

When Vestryman Green bowed his head to read the responses of the litany he was very drowsy indeed, and he had repeated "Lord have mercy upon us miserable sinners," but three times when he fell fast asleep. His wife nudged him with her parasol without success. When the minister reached, "And now, seventeenthly, my beloved brethren," Vestryman Green awoke, and being unconscious of the lapse of time responded in a sonorous and fervent voice: "Lord have mercy upon us miserable sinners."

A Scotch Farmer's Wife.

A correspondent of the *Scottish Agricultural Gazette*, in giving an account of his farming, remarks: "My wife and I (we have only a girl in the house) rear a dozen or so calves every year. For my success with them I am greatly indebted to a careful wife. A distant relation of my own, and bearing my own surname, she is a jewel to her husband indeed. She brought me a little money, but she is a fortune in herself. She is well educated, can speak French fairly well, as I discovered on the honeymoon trip, and is a capital musician; but since three children have crowned our wedded bliss, the sewing machine is oftener heard than the piano. She rears and sells about 100 chickens every year, besides keeping up her stock, and many a comfort in addition to groceries does the egg basket procure. She says her pigs pay and I believe her, though what with her hens and pigs the corn heap suffers. It is not, however, much felt by me, and the loss is amply repaid. She is not at all given to finery, yet I can always look upon her with pride as the most tastefully and becomingly dressed woman in the district. Then as to disposition. There never was such a thing as a jar known in our family. Forbearance and loving respect towards old age—consideration and confidence towards youth—have been the rule. In the case of my wife and I, the warmest and most devoted affection, tempered by the sincerest mutual respect, have influenced us, I may safely say, all our lives. Any one passing my house and seeing the roses blooming over the walls, and "Ned," the old collie dog, frisking about with the children busy feeding their rabbits and pigeons in the open air, could not fail to be assured that happiness and contentment reigned within the home."

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To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.
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Our Club List.

We have made arrangements to club THE NEWS-ARGUS with the following journals for 1886. We expect to make arrangements with other papers within the next two or three weeks:—

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the *Weekly Globe* from now to the end of 1886 for $1 75.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and *Canadian Live Stock Journal* from now to the end of 1886 for $1.75.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and *American Agriculturist* (subscription price $1.50 per annum) for 1886 for $2.40; and in addition we will send the NEWS-ARGUS for balance of 1885 free to new subscribers.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the New York *Independent* for $3.60. The price of the *Independent* alone is $3.00 per annum.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the *Rural Canadian* for $1.60. The latter is one of the best agricultural papers published.

All new subscribers to THE NEWS-ARGUS will receive the paper from now to the end of 1886 for one year's subscription, namely, ONE DOLLAR.

Now is the time to subscribe.

HOME MATTERS.

Mr. J. T. Caldwell has removed to Madoc.

See our club list at the head of this column.

The County Council for this county will meet in Belleville on Tuesday next, the 24th inst.

Mr. Manly Caverley has removed to Stirling, and has become a resident of Front street west.

Mr. J. R. Irish, Dentist, of Trenton, gave us a call on Monday last. He visits this town regularly every week.

A resident of the west end is making preparations for starting a blacksmith shop in that part of the village.

A shooting gallery has been opened in the building owned by Mr. T. H. Bradley, next door to Ferguson's livery.

The Emma Wells Comedy Co. had crowded houses at their entertainments on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

Send your pictures to the NEWS-ARGUS office to be framed. A large stock of mouldings to select from, and well assorted.

SPRINGBROOK SOCIAL.—There will be a social in Springbrook school house, on Friday evening, the 27th inst., to aid in getting prizes for the school, etc.

We will send THE NEWS-ARGUS from now to the end of 1886 to all new subscribers for $1.00. Call in and see us, or send money by P. O. order or registered letter.

The Methodist Sunday School in this village intend holding an entertainment on the evening of Christmas Day. Further particulars will be given in due time.

A very fine bed of iron ore has lately been discovered in the township of Belmont, about six miles from Blairton. Analysis shows the ore to be of very fine quality.

Special services are now being held at the Bethel Church, on the Stirling Circuit. A number have already come forward as seekers after salvation, and there is every prospect of a successful revival.

The committees from the city and county to equalize the expense attached to the administration of justice met at the Shire Hall yesterday, Thursday, afternoon. It is thought the services of an arbitrator will be required to settle the account.

CHAS. CRAIGE & BRO. must have all notes, accounts and other indebtedness to them settled at once at short dates, or they will be placed in our attorney's hands. No further notice will be given, except to notify by mail where address is known.

A correspondent of the Trenton *Courier* says that all grain shipped by the Central Ontario Railway, from Rawdon and stations north, goes to Toronto via the Canadian Pacific Railway, on account of there being no switch from the C. O. R. to the elevators in Trenton.

The subscription list and good-will of the *Dominion Oddfellow*, which has for the past two years been the property of the *Intelligencer* Publishing Company, Belleville, has been sold to Mr. C. Blackett Robinson, of Toronto, who will continue its publication in the future.

The price of bread has just been reduced in Campbellford from twelve to ten cents for the four-pound loaf. Ten cents has been the price in Stirling for more than a year past,—and we are not sure but for more than two years. Campbellford bakers must have been making a good profit.

A letter was addressed to David Mack, sr., Wellman's Corners, two weeks ago, from Montreal, an exact copy of the one sent to Mr. Maybee, only the name was changed, but he was not so easily swindled out of two dollars as that. Perhaps we shall hear of more from the same quarter.

The missionary anniversary services in connection with the Stirling and Carlmel Methodist churches will be held, D. V., on Sunday, 29th inst. Rev. A. Browning, for nine years a missionary on the Pacific coast, will preach, and a collection will be taken at all the services in aid of the mission fund.

Thanksgiving Day was generally observed in this section. A great many took their guns and went on hunting expeditions, and the sale of powder and shot the day previous was enormous. Regular hunting parties were organized to see which could bring in the most game, and an oyster supper was partaken of at the Stirling House in the evening, at the expense of the losing side.

The addresses and presentations to Rev. Mr. Pope and wife, an account of which will be found in another column, show the good feeling existing between pastor and people, and also that his faithful and earnest ministrations are appreciated. The young people of his charge deserve great credit for the manner in which they carried out the affair, and especially those who prepared the addresses in connection with it. We hope that the cordial relations now existing will always remain.

The "Pink" Festival held in the Methodist Church on the evening of Thanksgiving Day was a grand success in every particular. The evening was fine, and a good audience assembled, the main body of the church being nearly filled. The following programme was rendered:—

Greeting Glee.....Choir
Thanksgiving address and prayer...Rev. O. R. Lambly.
Anthem.....Choir
Recitation.....Mr. Ogden
Selection.....7 voices
Solo.....Miss Cowan
Recitation.....Miss Smith
Anthem.....Choir
Solo.....Miss Sine
Duet.....Mrs. Geary and Miss White

INTERMISSION—REFRESHMENTS.

Selection.....Choir
Solo.....Miss Martin
Quartette...Mrs. Geary, Mrs. Meikle(sh), Mr. Cummings, Rev. Mr. Lambly.
Recitation.....Mr. Langman
Solo.....Mrs. Geary
Recitation.....Mr. Meikle(sh)
Solo.....Miss Conley
Anthem.....Choir

The programme was well received by the audience, and everything passed off pleasantly. During the intermission the audience adjourned to the basement of the church, where refreshments were served. The committee of management deserve great praise for their pains to make everything so comfortable for the visitors.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

Presentation and Address to Rev. R. M. Pope and Wife.

At four o'clock on Saturday evening the young people of the congregations at Bethel and Wellman's appointments, numbering over forty, gathered at the residence of Rev. R. M. Pope, immediately after which the following address was read by Luther A. Denike:—

To the Rev. R. M. Pope.

REV'D. AND DEAR SIR—We, the young people of Wellman's and Bethel appointments, as a partial acknowledgment of your praiseworthy efforts in your ministerial calling, take this opportunity to present to you this far overcoat.

Your general kindness and urbanity has gained for you our respect and esteem.

We wish you, rev. and dear sir, long life, health and happiness, and in the life to come the reward of a good and faithful servant of our Lord and Master.

Signed in behalf of the donors,
WALTER DRACUP,
LUTHER DENIKE.

The coat, a beautiful stout article, valued at $45, was presented by Walter Dracup. On Mr. Pope's attempting to reply he was requested to remain seated, when the following address to Mrs. Pope was read by Charlie Vandervoort:—

To Mrs. R. M. Pope.

MADAM—The young people of Wellman's and Bethel appointments take this opportunity of expressing their high respect and esteem for you. Your hearty co-operation with your good husband in his ministerial labors has raised you high in the estimation of us all.

As a small token of regard for you we present you with this purse of money. We hope that your journey through life may be long and pleasant, and when the end is reached receive an everlasting crown.

Signed on behalf of the donors.
CHAS. VANDERVOORT,
CLINTON HOGLE.

Stirling, Nov. 14, 1885.

A handsome purse containing $25 was presented by Clinton Hogle. Mr. Pope made a very suitable reply, saying that although he did not fail in appreciation of the beautiful gift he valued more highly the affection and esteem of which this was a tangible evidence. He also tendered Mrs. Pope's thanks to the donors, and concluded by expressing the kindest wishes for the present and future welfare of all. After serving tea and spending a couple of hours in pleasant social intercourse, music, etc., and prayer having been offered by Rev. Mr. Pope, the company separated, all greatly pleased with the kindness of the host and hostess and the very enjoyable evening spent. ONE WHO WAS THERE.

Facts Worth Remembering.

That P. Welch is selling 18 lbs. of sugar for $1 00.

That he is selling below Belleville prices.

That he buys eggs in cash and sells them which enables him to give from 10 to 20 per cent. better value than credit dealers can.

Tea a specialty. Come and see.

Springbrook is the place.

Canadian Pacific Railway.

The last steamer of the Canadian Pacific Steamship Line left Owen Sound for Port Arthur on the 17th inst., for the final trip of the season.

The All Rail Route, however, is open, and travellers can take advantage of a through Canadian Route, thus saving themselves the annoyance of Customs scrutiny and charges, and frequent changing of cars. The company runs daily trains by the Canadian All Rail Route.

A Fiendish Outrage.

A fiendish outrage, unparalleled in the history of this part of the country, is reported from Camilton, a village about two miles from Belleville. Mr. Thos. Pell, a manufacturer of root beer, occupied a large two story white frame dwelling on the right hand side of the road, a few hundred yards north of the site of the Camilton saw mill. The building was erected by the late Wm. Stinson, in 1870, and was part of the Stinson estate. On Wednesday night two men made a demonstration with guns in front of the house and alarmed the family, a couple of shots were fired at them when they decamped. As blood stains were found in the morning, it is supposed one of the shots must have taken effect.

A fire started between 12 and 1 o'clock on Friday morning. The house and contents were entirely consumed. It is stated that when the family were alarmed, they were unable to open the outside doors, and had to escape from the burning building through the windows. On getting outside they found that boards had been put across the storm doors of the different exits, and firmly held by means of scantlings braced from the ground.

Mr. Pell had beer apparatus in the house which was destroyed by the flames. The contents of the house were insured in the British American for $1000. The light from the fire was seen from the city by a number of persons, who say the streets were well illuminated.

It is generally believed that the dwelling was barricaded from the outside and fired for the purpose of destroying the inmates.—*Intelligencer.*

TO OUR READERS.

We cannot too strongly urge upon our readers the necessity of subscribing for a family weekly newspaper of the first-class—such, for instance, as *The Independent*, of New York. Were we obliged to select one publication for habitual and careful reading to the exclusion of all others, we should choose unhesitatingly *The Independent*. It is a newspaper, magazine and review, all in one. It is a religious, a literary, an educational, a story, an art, a scientific, an agricultural and a political paper combined. It has 32 folio pages and 225 departments. No matter what a person's religion, politics or profession may be, no matter what the age, sex, employment or condition may be, *The Independent* will prove a help, an instructor, an educator. Our readers can do no less than send a postal for a free specimen copy, or for thirty cents the paper will be sent a month, enabling one to judge of its merits for themselves. Its yearly subscription price is $3.00 or two years for $5.00.

Address, THE INDEPENDENT, 251 Broadway, New York City.

The Buchanan brothers, lost on the *Algoma*, were from Hillier, Prince Edward Co.

"reaton is to have a first class toboggan slide. Toboggan and Snow Shoeing Club has been organized.

The roller rink craze has died out at Peterborough. The Lansdowne rink is closed, the manager being $800 out of pocket.

John P. Thomas, of Belleville, has been appointed local master of Hastings, Lennox and Addington, *pro tempore*, during the absence of Judge Lazier.

In the court of Queen's Bench, Toronto, on the 17th inst., in the case of McKay vs. Crawford, judgment was given for the plaintiff, who lives in Belleville, G. D. Jackson, Q. C., for the plaintiff moved for an order nisi to set aside the defendant's verdict and to enter a verdict for the plaintiff. Order nisi granted.

The trial of John Stillman charged by his brother, Thomas Stillman, with having fired his barn in September several weeks ago, was heard at the Assizes in Cobourg last week, and resulted in the acquittal of the prisoner. Only the evidence of one of the witnesses for the prosecution was taken, and no evidence whatever for the defence was heard. The Judge, without allowing the case to be decided by the jury, acquitted the prisoner and dismissed the trial.

The residence of Mr. J. N. Lee, of Parkdale, was burglarized on the 7th inst., and $350 worth of silverware carried off.

At Warsaw, Ohio, a few days ago, a young woman was put under the influence of chloroform in order that a diseased eye might be removed. When the patient recovered consciousness it was found that the good eye had been taken out. The physician was so overcome that he fled. Suit will be brought against him for malpractice.

A great fire broke out in Galveston, Texas, on Friday last, and destroyed over four hundred buildings, among them some of the finest residences in the city. Over one thousand people are rendered homeless, and the loss cannot fall short of two million dollars. The total area of the burned district is one hundred acres, and forty and one-half blocks are swept clean of everything combustible. A fierce gale was blowing at the time.

In the British Medical Journal, Dr. Fothergill says that a patient dying of exhaustion is generally dying of starvation. "We have beef-tea, calf's foot jelly, alcohol, seltzer and milk; that is a small quantity of sugar of milk and some fat. But the jelly is the poorest sort of food, and the beef tea is mere stimulant. The popular belief that beef tea contains "the very strength of the ox," is a terrible error; it has no food value."

The first train on the Canada Pacific railway made the run from Montreal to the Pacific coast in five days, averaging twenty-four miles an hour. This is good time over a railway, and we promise that when everything is in working order much better time will be made. The railroad is an accomplished fact, but whether its earnings will ever recoup the public for the outlay is a question which its future management must answer.

The *Great Eastern*, the largest vessel afloat, after ruining one or more companies was recently sold at auction for an inconsiderable sum, and is to be hereafter used as a coal hulk. Her present owners state that her destination is Gibraltar to which port she will carry a cargo of South Wales coal. She will then serve the purpose of a coal hulk—that is to say, her cargo will be replenished as it becomes exhausted, and vessels will take in coal from her, she being permanently moored at Gibraltar.

IMPORTANT.

When you visit or leave New York City save baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other hotel in the city.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

CATARRH—A NEW TREATMENT.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern medicine has been attained by the Dixon treatment for Catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is some the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of patients are benefitted, while the patent medicine or other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissue, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination—this accomplished, he claims the Catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure Catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured Catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple, and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure. Into the majority of cases he has cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King street, west, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh.—MONTREAL STAR, NOV. 17, 1882.

HOUSE TO LET.

A GOOD COMFORTABLE DWELLING House on Henry Street, Stirling.
Apply to JAMES MILNE.

W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY Public, Etc., Etc., Stirling, Ont. Office:—Craige's Block. ☞ Private money to Loan at lowest rates.

IMPROVED BERKSHIRE BOAR

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS A BERKSHIRE BOAR, which he will keep for service during the season. The following is the pedigree certificate:—

"Farrowed May 1st, 1884, bred by Mr. A. Morrill, Wooler, County of Northumberland, and the property of Mr. J. G. Pearson, Stirling, Ont. Sire—Duke (1,000) by Duke Royal (283), dam Peep O'Day (555), by (imp.) Knight of Ginster (294), g. d. Belladonna 3rd (236), by (imp.) Great Western (263), gr. g. d. Belladonna 2nd (imp.) (162), by Sir Harry; Belladonna, by King Croft, (imp.), by Sebastian; Lady Lilac Bloom, by King Pippen."

For terms and further particulars apply to JOHN G. PEARSON, Lot 12, 1st Con. Rawdon.

THE INDEPENDENT

The Largest, The Ablest, The Best RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY WEEKLY

The most influential organ in the State.—*The Spectator*, London, Eng.

THE INDEPENDENT is one of the best papers in the world. Its good points are many and striking. They have only to be stated to be appreciated; and for proof of our claims appeal may be taken to any of the fifty-two issues of the year. THE INDEPENDENT will show that its contents are marked by

ABILITY, VARIETY & INTEREST.—The great thinkers, the great story-writers, the great poets, are its contributors. Its pages are in all departments of human knowledge, religion, art, science, commerce, finance, philosophy, science, literature, art, travels, adventures, stories and miscellanies. Topics are embraced in the contents, and everybody, young or old, learned and unlearned, without loss of time or money, employment or condition, will find something of special interest in every issue.

COMPREHENSIVENESS.—It is a religious, a literary, an educational, a story, an art, a scientific, an agricultural, a financial and a political paper combined.

HEALTHY, CANDID, EARNEST-NESS.—THE INDEPENDENT is tied to no denomination, sect, school of opinion or party in state or Church. It is free, therefore, to discuss all questions and to speak its mind candidly. It is not swerved by fear or favor. It is a vigorous defender of the Evangelical faith, it preaches practical righteousness, and stands ready to aid every good work. Its columns—the advertising as well as the reading—are free from everything of doubtful or objectionable character. No matter what a person's religion, politics or profession may be, if he desires to keep up with the times and know what the brightest and best are thinking of, the absorbing topics are writing about, and what the world at large is doing—he should read THE INDEPENDENT.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

Three months.....$1 00 | Two years.....$6 00
Four months.....$1 00 | Two years.....5 00
Six months.....1 50 | Five years.....10 00

Can any one make a better investment of $3.00 to $5.00 than one which will pay

52 Dividends during the Year

EVERY INTELLIGENT FAMILY NEEDS A GOOD NEWSPAPER. It is a necessity to young students and children.

A good way to make the acquaintance of THE INDEPENDENT is to send 30 cents for a "TRIAL TRIP" of a month.

SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.

No papers are sent to subscribers after the time paid for has expired.

THE INDEPENDENT's Clubbing List will be sent free to any person asking for it. Anyone wishing to subscribe for one or more papers or magazines, in connection with THE INDEPENDENT, can save money by ordering from our Club List. Address

THE INDEPENDENT,
P. O. Box 2787, New York.

Minnie's Lost to us Forever.

Minnie's lost to us forever,
And we look for her in vain;
She is gone, and we shall never
See that angel face again.
Alas! that one so lovely
Should perish like the flowers,
Yet now she blooms unfading,
In a brighter land than ours.

She was lovelier than the glowing
Autumn sunset in the west,
And a light seemed round her flowing,
Like the radiance of a dream.
She faded from our vision
Like a calm, sweet summer day,
But the image of her beauty
Shall never pass away.

Births.

In Stirling, on the 12th inst., the wife of Arthur Martin, of a daughter.

In Stirling, on the 18th inst., the wife of Samuel Demill, of a daughter.

In Rawdon, on the 18th inst., the wife of G. W. Ketcheson, of a son.

In Rawdon, on the 11th inst., the wife of Wm. E. Reid, of a son.

In Plainfield, on the 14th inst., the wife of Rev. R. H. Leitch, of a son.

Marriages.

At the Methodist parsonage, Stirling, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. R. M. Pope, LESTER BRONSON, of Troy, Mich., and PERSENA WHITE, of Rawdon.

At the Methodist parsonage, Stirling, on the 17th inst., by the Rev. R. M. Pope, CHAS. WELLMAN, of Rawdon, and MARY A. BUCHANAN, of Brighton.

At the residence of the bride's father, Rawdon, on the 19th inst., by Rev. R. M. Pope, WM. BOWERMAN and LOFEMA, daughter of WM. POTTS.

Stirling Markets.

Wheat, Fall, per bushel	$0 70 to $0 80
Wheat, Spring, "	0 70 to 0 80
Barley, "	0 50 to 0 72
Rye, "	0 50 to 0 52
Oats, "	0 00 to 0 30
Peas, "	0 03 to 0 55
Potatoes, per bag	0 35 to 0 40
Apples, per bag	0 40 to 0 50
Butter, per lb	0 17 to 0 20
Eggs per doz	0 00 to 0 14
Beef, per bush	0 00 to 1 25
Hay, per ton	8 00 to 8 50

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP will remove all kinds of Worms from children or adults.

Seven cases of small-pox were reported in New York last week.

MALARIA is the action of disease germs in foul air, generated in swamps, regions, etc., upon the system, producing chills, fever, neuralgia, and many dangerous diseases. Burdock Blood Bitters regulates the bowels, liver and blood and expels all germs of disease.

The Gordon memorial is to take the shape of a hospital with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other hotel in the city.

DROPSY, GRAVEL, BRIGHT'S DISEASE. These common and dangerous complaints are due to a bad condition of the fluids, unhealthy changes in the blood and secretions—the Liver being equally at fault with the Kidneys. Regulate these conditions with Burdock Blood Bitters, one of the best system renovators known to medical science.

Lieut. Gordon and Capt. Harbottle, of Toronto, will form the court for the inquiry into the loss of the steamer "Algoma."

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS are safe in all cases. They destroy and remove Worms in children or adults.

McGREGOR & PARKE'S Carbolic Cerate is invaluable for Wounds, Sores, Salt Rheum, Cuts, Burns, Scalds and Fevers, as a healing and purifying dressing. Do not be imposed on with other useless preparations, recommended to be as good. Use only McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. Sold by PARKER & BUTLER.

Mayor Beaugrand, of Montreal, called upon Mayor Prince, of Boston, Mass., on Saturday, and reported that the small-pox in Montreal was under control.

CURED OF DEAFNESS.

Harry Ricardo, of Toronto, was deaf for eight years, and also suffered with Chronic Rheumatism. After all else failed, Hagyard's Yellow Oil cured both afflictions. Yellow Oil is a reliable internal and external remedy for all painful and inflammatory complaints.

NATIONAL PILLS are unsurpassed as a safe, mild, yet thorough, purgative, acting upon the bilary organs promptly and efficiently.

The discovery of the instantaneous process of St. Ives photographs has been quickly followed in the medical world by a perfect and instantaneous cure for all acute and chronic pains, as Neuralgia, Toothache, Rheumatism, and this valuable remedy is called Fluid Lightning, and is sold at 25 cents a bottle by PARKER & BUTLER, Druggists.

INFLUENZA.

This is an epidemic worse and more depressive than an ordinary cold, and requires prompt remedies to break it up. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam is a trustworthy remedy for all forms of colds and their dangerous results.

The minister of agriculture at Ottawa has received a couple of very fine pears from British Columbia. They are said to grow in abundance on the Pacific slope. They are not fully developed, and yet they are over six inches in length, and measure over twelve inches in circumference.

DIRECT RELIEF follows the use of Hagyard's Yellow Oil, in case of Pain, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, and all scenes of the flesh. Yellow Oil is an internal and external remedy and should be kept in every household.

Great suffering exists among the inhabitants of the north shore of the gulf of St. Lawrence, and two schooners laden with provisions have been dispatched from Quebec.

Rev. J. G. Faills, Dutton, certifies: "For some years my wife has been troubled with Dyspepsia, and has tried one thing after another recommended with but little or no effect till advised to give McGregor's Speedy Cure a trial. Since taking the first bottle I have noticed a decided improvement, and can with confidence recommend it to be one of, if not the best medicine extant for Dyspepsia. Unvaluable medicine for Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Kidney Complaint, is Speedy Vegetable. Sold at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store. Trial bottle given free

An Ottawa man named Breckwood, employed as brakeman on the Canada Atlantic railway, slipped from the cars on Saturday, and fell in such a way that the car wheels cut his head completely off.

DEBILITY.

Perhaps you are weak and weary, all run down, get tired with slight exertion, feel faint and dizzy, or dull and languid, then you need a good conic regulator to make pure blood circulate, and give you strength. Try Burdock Blood Bitters—it will not fail you.

Save Money! Cheap Reading!!

The News-Argus AND THE RURAL CANADIAN,

From now till 1st January, 1887,

FOR THE SMALL SUM of $1.60

In arrangement with the Publisher of the RURAL CANADIAN, we are enabled to offer both publications at the Subscription price of the two is $2.

THE RURAL CANADIAN is a monthly illustrated magazine for the Farm and Home. The following are its leading departments:—Farm and Field; Horses and Cattle; The Dairy; Sheep and Swine; Garden and Orchard; Bees and Honey, Poultry and Pets; Home Circle; Farm Implements; Rural Notes; Household Hints; Young Canada; Scientific and Useful. The news given from month to month is worth the price of several times the subscription.

The Bobcaygeon Independent styles the RURAL "The agricultural authority of the Dominion."

The Peterboro' World says:—"One of the best papers of the kind published on the Continent"

☞ SUBSCRIBE NOW

And get the BALANCE OF YEAR FREE.

STIRLING ELEVATOR

HIGHEST PRICE PAID —FOR— ALL KINDS OF GRAIN.

HAGGERTY & TULLOCH.

DO YOU WANT A GOOD PAIR OF BOOTS OR SHOES?

GO TO—

BROWN & McGUTCHEON'S

BOOT & SHOE SHOP,

MILL STREET. There you will get what you want, made of the best material, and warranted to fit. Prices the lowest.

Repairing Neatly and Promptly Executed.

A HUGE STOCK —OF— TWEEDS, OVERCOATINGS, DIAGONALS, AND FANCY WEST OF ENGLAND PANTINGS CAN BE SEEN AT JAMES BOLDRICK'S ONE PRICE CLOTHING STORE.

Apothecaries' Hall.

Our Stock is now complete in every department, consistingin part of DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PERFUMES, BRUSHES, TOILET ARTICLES, SOAPS IN GREAT VARIETY, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHFS, STATIONERY AND STATIONERS GOODS, BOOKS, ETC. LAMPS AND LAMP FIXTURES, PIPES, CIGARS AND FANCY GOODS.

P. S. All outstanding accounts must be settled by the 1st of Dec. next either by cash or note.

PARKER & BUTLER.

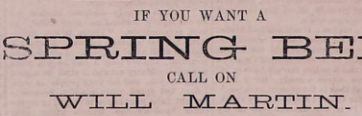
MILNE AND CLUTE

Have just received a Job Lot of TWEEDS Which they are selling 25 PER CENT. BELOW REGULAR PRICES,

All new patterns, suitable for Men's and Boys' Suits and Ladies' Ulsters.

Don't fail to see them before buying.

MILNE & CLUTE.



IF YOU WANT A SPRING BED CALL ON WILL MARTIN.

He has the best and cheapest made. Also, all kinds of FURNITURE VERY CHEAP.

NIAGARA

W. C. REID,

DEALER IN

Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines, —ETC., ETC., ETC.,—

ENTERPRISE, - ONTARIO,

Wishes to inform the public that he is the authorized agent for the Niagara White Grape Co., as they are now selling it for the first time without restriction. Vines to be good two years old at $2.00 each. Vines delivered by mail when price is sent with order. See salesman for full particulars.

Enterprise, Ont., March 4th, 1885.

All Kinds of Grain Wanted.

THE UNDERSIGNED WISHES TO INform the farmers of this and surrounding townships that he is now prepared to buy all kinds of Grain at Hoard's Station. Highest prices will be paid for all good samples.

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Farms for Sale.

THE EAST HALF OF LOT 6, IN THE 8th Con. of Rawdon, and South half of Lot 26, in the 9th Con. of Sidney.

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Sept. 16, 1885.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST

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The most direct and best equipped route between Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Manitoba, and all points east and west.

TIME TABLE:

Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa to Toronto.

STATIONS.	Toronto Express.	Exp. from Winnipeg.	Toronto Express
Montreal	9.00 a.m.		8.00 p.m.
Ottawa	12.35 p.m.		11.40 p.m.
Smith's Falls	2.10 "	7.27 a.m.	1.45 "
Ivanhoe	5.01 "	10.08 "	
Cen. Ont. Junc.	5.18 "	10.25 "	4.13 "
Blairton	5.32 "	10.39 "	
Havelock	5.50 "	10.57 "	4.45 "
Norwood	6.02 "	11.07 "	
Peterboro'	6.42 "	11.46 "	5.31 "
North Toronto	9.10 "	2.18 p.m.	7.55 "
Toronto, U Stn	9.45 p.m.	2.56 "	8.27 a.m.

Toronto to Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec & Boston.

STATIONS.	†Express.	Express.
Toronto Union Stn	9.25 a.m.	8.00 p.m.
North Toronto	10.05 "	8.32 "
Peterboro'	12.31 p.m.	10.56 "
Norwood	1.04 "	
Havelock	1.20 "	
Blairton	1.28 "	11.49 p.m.
Central Ontario Junc.	1.44 "	
Ivanhoe	2.40 "	12.13 a.m.
Smith's Falls	4.55 "	
Ottawa	6.32 "	3.23 "
Montreal	10.00 p.m.	4.48 "
		8.18 a.m.

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We wish to inform all who are indebted to us that their accounts must be paid in full during the month of October. We have large payments to meet, and must insist on all accounts being paid.

JAS. MILNE & CO.

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CRAIGE'S BLOCK.

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COAL, PARLOR COOKING & BOX OF ALL KINDS AND SIZES, TINWARE AND STOVE PIPES, AMERICAN & CANADIAN COAL OIL, LAMPS & LAMP GOODS, LANTERNS, FANCY GOODS,

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BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROWSINESS, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels or Blood.

T. MILBURN & Co., Proprietors, Toronto

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Dry Goods, Groceries, Boot and Shoes, Coal Oil, Nails, etc.,

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BEST GOODS AT LOWEST PRICES.

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Will sell as cheap as any man in Canada, and don't you forget it.

Machine Needles, Oil, and everything pertaining to the trade, constantly on hand.

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"PEERLESS" Machine Oil

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Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

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The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annum. $1 in advance. STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1885. Vol. VII, No. 11.

THE
Stirling News-Argus

Is published every Friday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Parker & Butler's drug-store, by

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per year, If paid in advance. If not so paid, $1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

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SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY Public, Etc., Etc., Stirling, Ont. Office:—Craige's Block. ☞ Private money to Loan at lowest rates.

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FLINT & SHERRY,

Barristers, &c., - - Belleville.

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Opposite Milne & Clute's, Stirling.

W. A. F. CAMPBELL, Manager.

Money to loan at lowest rates.

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G. R. C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, North street, on **Thursday Eve., Nov. 26, '85,** Visiting brethren welcome. M. SEELEY, Jr., Sec.

STIRLING LODGE NO. 239, I. O. O. F. Meets in the Lodge room P O block, **Every Wednesday Evening** At 8 o'clock. G. D. TURNER, R.S.

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DENTIST, TRENTON.

Will be at the STIRLING HOUSE, STIRLING, every Monday, from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Vitalized Air used in extracting teeth without pain. The best satisfactory thing furnished in artificial teeth. Due attention to treatment of teeth filling, &c.

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Mr. Walker visits Stirling the Three last Days of every month. Rooms in Stirling House.

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Good accommodations for travellers. Spacious Sample Rooms. Comfortable stables and careful hostler. The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked. MUSIC HALL on the premises. 20 ft. ceiling, 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.

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A COMPLETE STOCK OF Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Genuine Coloring Stuffs, School Books, Crayons, Stationery, Druggist's Sundries and Fancy articles. All of which will be sold at lowest cash prices.

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A GOOD COMFORTABLE DWELLING House on Henry Street, Stirling. Apply to JAMES MILNE.

1885. FALL. 1885.

FIFTEENTH TAILORING SEASON.

CHAS. CRAIGE & BRO.

Beg to announce that they have received their

COMPLETE FALL STOCK —OF—

WOOLLENS, GENTS' FURNISHINGS, And General Dry Goods.

Their long experience in business, and facilities for buying goods in the best markets, enable them to offer their customers special advantages not possessed elsewhere; and their aim will be to retain the reputation which they now possess of turning out nothing but first class goods.

The Ordered Clothing Department

Is in charge of Mr. FRED. WARD, and his old staff of experienced hands.

A Choice Stock of HATS, CAPS, FURS, BOOTS & SHOES FRESH GROCERIES, SHELF & HEAVY HARDWARE, IRON, COAL, SALT, Etc.

CHAS. CRAIGE & BRO.

COME AND SEE

Extra value in **DRESS GOODS,** CASHMERES, VELVETEENS, Etc.	THE FINE STOCK and GREAT BARGAINS THAT	TWEEDS, UNDERWEAR, FLANNELS GLOVES, MITTS, ETC.

M. G. VANDERVOORT

[Fresh Groceries AT Very Low Prices.	IS NOW GIVING HIS CUSTOMERS AT	**BOOTS & SHOES** A Fine Assortment.

HAROLD.

Great Bargains.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS HIS LARGE STOCK OF

Overcoats, Suits of Clothing, Men's & Womens' Underwear, Fur Robes, Ladies' Furs, Ladies' Clouds, Hosiery, Cloths, White Wool Blankets, Bed Comforters, Horse Blankets,

AT REDUCED PRICES!

HIS STOCK OF DRY GOODS & GROCERIES IS NOW COMPLETE.

The Millinery Department

Is fully stocked, and is under the management of a first-class Milliner.

G. W. FAULKNER.

1842 A PROCLAMATION. 1886

Know Ye! Know Ye All! Men, women and children—that the great staff of editors, who, headed by Dr. George Thurber, have kept the AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST at the front for twenty-five years, are now re-enforced by Chester P. Dewey and Seth Green, the Fish Culturist. We propose to add to the hundreds of thousands of homes, in which the

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST

is read, and revered from the Atlantic to the Pacific as an old time friend and counsellor. We are accordingly enlarging the

HEARTH, HOUSEHOLD AND JUVENILE DEPARTMENTS,

and adding other features, so that it is to be, from this time onward, essentially a **Home Periodical,** as well as being devoted to Agriculture and Horticulture. Every person who immediately sends us **$1.50, the subscription price,** and **15 cents** for posting book, making **$1.65 in all,** will receive the **AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST** for 1886, and the **AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST LAW BOOK,** just published,—a Compendium of every-day Law for Farmers, Mechanics, Business Men, Manufacturers, etc., enabling every one to be his own lawyer. It is a large volume, weighing one pound and a half, and elegantly bound in Cloth and Gold. The "American Agriculturist"

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to yield bigger returns by increasing its great army of readers. We distributed **60,000 Presents** to those who aided in the work last year, and we are planning to give **100,000 Presents** to workers this year. Send for Confidential Terms for workers, when you forward your subscription. Subscription price, $1.50 a year; single numbers, 15 cents.

Send 5 Cents for mailing you grand double number of the American Agriculturist, just out, and sample pages with table of contents of Law Book.

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MILL STREET. There you will get what you want, made of the best material, and warranted to fit. Prices the lowest.

Repairing Neatly and Promptly Executed.

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THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR SALE his House and Lot at Springbrook. The house is new, having been built last fall. Terms easy. For further particulars apply to E. CANNIFF, Harold.

IMPROVED BERKSHIRE BOAR

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS A BERKSHIRE Boar, which he will keep for service during the season. The following is the pedigree certificate:—

"Farrowed May 1st, 1884, bred by Mr. A. Terrill, Wooler, County of Northumberland, and the property of Mr. J. G. Pearson, Stirling, County of Hastings; sire Billy Mayfield [283], dam Peep O'Day [305], by [imp.] Knight of Gloster [204], g. d. Belladonna 3rd [230], by [imp.] Great Western [201], g. g. d. Belladonna 2nd [imp.] [142], by Sir Roger, Belladonna, by King Charles, Gipsey, by Soldier General, Lime Bloom, by King Pippen."

For terms and further particulars apply to JOHN G. PEARSON, Lot 12, 1st Con. Rawdon.

STIRLING ELEVATOR

HIGHEST PRICE PAID —FOR— **ALL KINDS OF GRAIN.**

HAGGERTY & TULLOCH.

Cause of the War in Burmah.

The present ruler of Burmah, who has been on the throne for eight years, has a well sustained reputation as a cruel and bloodthirsty monarch. His reign has been one of terror to his subjects and insolent annoyance to his neighbors. He has especially been accused of unjust and oppressive treatment of British subjects, and the result was the withdrawal from his court some time ago of the last representative of the British Government. This rebuff had by no means a quiet effect upon His Majesty, who continued rather more offensive than ever. Remonstrances having been made against his course concerning certain leases of forest lands, the King replied in a manner to arouse the British lion as he had not been stirred up before. An ultimatum was then prepared by the Viceroy of India, and the King was requested to answer it within three days. The two most important clauses were (1) that the King should receive a British resident with a military guard thus reducing himself to the position of the Nizam; and (2) that such resident should appear at court in boots, which in Burmah means that he claims to be as good as the King. To this ultimatum the King made reply that if the Bombay and Burmah Company would humbly petition him he would consider the case. The last resident, he claimed, had withdrawn of his own choice. England might, if she wished, send another on the former conditions. This was quite unsatisfactory, and a declaration of war was made. Burmah is extensive in territory and rich in forests, fruits and minerals, with a population of about 4,000,000. The result of the war upon which England is just entering will probably be that England will either annex the country entirely or control its government.

The Balkan War.

SOFIA, Nov. 20.—The Bulgarians repulsed the Servian attacks on Slivnitza and drove the enemy back eight kilometers. Subsequently the Servians opened a strong artillery fire from the right wing. The Bulgarians stoutly defended their position and again repulsed the Servians. The Servian force consisted of three battalions of infantry, one of artillery, and a squadron of cavalry, the victory finally belonging to the Bulgarians. The latter further repulsed a Servian attack on Glintzi, taking several prisoners. The behavior of the Bulgarian troops was admirable. Fifty Servian prisoners have arrived here.

The following are additional details of yesterday's fighting:—The right wing of the Bulgarian army yesterday morning advanced from its fortified position and attacked the Servian positions between Slivnitza and Dragoman. The centre column of the Bulgarian army soon followed in order to support the right. The fighting then became general, and the Bulgarians not being able to drive the Servians from the entrenchments, towards noon the left wing of the Bulgarian army also advanced and assumed the offensive. An obstinate battle ensued, lasting till 6 o'clock in the evening. The Bulgarians found it no easy task to dislodge the Servians from their position. The former fought desperately, however, and finally compelled the Servians to retreat to Dragoman, the Bulgarians holding the roads leading thereto. The latter took 400 prisoners, including several officers. Up to noon to-day there had been no further fighting, the Bulgarians deeming it prudent not to attack at present the Servians at Dragoman, which has strong natural fortifications.

LONDON, Nov. 20.—Despatches received here state that the Servians have become dispirited over the recent reverses. The Bulgarians, on the other hand, have been aroused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by the example of Prince Alexander and the victories under his leadership. They have gradually driven back the Servian advance line until the Bulgarian forward line of entrenchments is within a mile of Dragoman village. In the fighting yesterday the Servian loss was 800 men killed and wounded. One of Prince Alexander's aide-de-camps was killed during the brunt of yesterday's engagement.

SOFIA, Nov. 23.—After a stiff battle yesterday afternoon the Servians were driven out of the Dragoman pass by the Bulgarians, who then occupied the pass.

BELGRADE, Nov. 23.—An official report says King Milan has brought his main force into operation with the Drina and Moravia divisions, and a decisive attack on Slivnitza is imminent. It also states that if King Milan is victorious he will agree to an armistice so as to allow the conference of powers to settle the terms of peace.

Only trifling skirmishes took place today, as both sides are awaiting reinforcements. The Servians are preparing for a powerful bombardment of Slivnitza prior to an attack by infantry on that town. Meanwhile the popular hatred of the Bulgarians has dwindled owing to Prince Alexander's submission to the porte. The hopes of a final victory are fading and there is much depression. Foreign intervention is eagerly hoped for. On account of the strength of the forts at Slivnitza and their obstinate resistance, the Servians call that town "Plevenieza," or "Little Plevna."

The foreign diplomatic representatives here are of the opinion that the powers are about to intervene between Servia and Bulgaria, believing that both sides have suffered enough, while the results are decisive. Austria alone hesitates. The Russian government has requested the Servian minister at St. Petersburg to notify his government of Russia's formal disavowal of the conduct of the Servians.

The Servians have evacuated all the positions hitherto occupied by them. Dragoman, Bresnek, Pernik and Iroov are in the hands of the Bulgarians. The Servians are still retiring. It is stated that Bulgarian cavalry have occupied Tsaribrod.

The Servians have bombarded Widdin and that city is on fire.

The bombardment of Widdin continued for an hour without any decided result. The Bulgarians replied vigorously to the Servian fire.

SOFIA, Nov. 24.—The city is wild with excitement over news from the front stating that Prince Alexander at the head of the Bulgarian troops has followed up his victories and is driving the Servians slowly but surely from Bulgarian territory. The latest despatch says that Prince Alexander stormed the heights of Tsaribrod and occupied the city last evening. The prince made a triumphant entry into the city, and was received with enthusiasm by the populace.

The Servians attacked the Bulgarian centre at 4 o'clock this afternoon. They were repulsed and retired in disorder, crossing the frontier at 5 o'clock near Tsaribrod. The Servians are now retiring from their positions at Tein. The Bulgarians have advanced to the frontier. Widdin is being shelled by the Servians, but has not been set on fire. The Bulgarian commandant there prohibited the passage of eight Austrian tugs.

BELGRADE, Nov. 24.—The Servians are continuing their retreat. The Bulgarians are following up their advantage. The Servian troops seem demoralized, and since the recapture of Tsaribrod by the Bulgarians they have fallen back without offering any resistance to the victorious Prince Alexander. The Bulgarians have occupied all the positions recently held by the Servians in Bulgaria, and are advancing to the frontier. The Servian headquarters are now at Pierot. The first-class of the landsturm has been summoned for active duty. After completing the massing of his army King Milan will lead a final attack on the Bulgarians.

Canada's Trade Relations.

The following special despatches are of interest:—

LONDON, Nov. 20.—There is the highest authority for saying that preliminary negotiations looking to the appointment of an international commission for the settlement of the fishery question between Canada and the United States, have been going on for some time between the British and American Governments, and are now approaching a satisfactory termination. The commission will, of course, deal with the trade relations of the two countries, the scheme for the settlement of the fishery question being based doubtless on the establishment of closer trade relations.

OTTAWA, Nov. 20.—Sir John Macdonald left to-day for London. His mission is to confer with the Imperial authorities respecting a commission to arrange with the United States concerning the fisheries of Canada and the terms upon which our fisheries may be enjoyed by United States fishermen. It is understood that the larger question of reciprocity is included in the subject which Sir John will discuss. Sir John will also confer with the authorities respecting the transit of British mails to Eastern Asia, and other points *via* the Canadian Pacific Railway. Several other questions of importance are also included in the mission of the Premier.

The War in Burmah.

RANGOON, Nov. 23.—The British expedition to Burmah is in excellent health. The wounded are doing well. The captured forts are strongly garrisoned. The wounded Burmese who have been captured, are being taken care of in the English hospitals. The villagers are returning to their homes. It is denied that press telegrams have been stopped. Despatches have been delayed, it is explained, because of the defective condition of the telegraph.

LONDON, Nov. 23.—Four deputy-commissioners and four assistants have been appointed for Burmah. This is tantamount to annexation.

BOMBAY, Nov. 24.—The Indian Government is preparing to administer the Government of Burmah and is purchasing the material for railways.

The Doctor Talks to the Boys.

I have seen a great deal of evil come from the discontent of boys with their home life. As soon as they arrive at the age of sixteen or eighteen years, they think that the farm is too small for them, and that the city is the only proper place in which to live. If the parents yield to their persuasions, their boys go to the city, which they find to be already full of boys, looking for something to do. If they manage to struggle along, the majority of those who support themselves lead a life of hard work and privation, and but a very small number make a success of life. Some of these boys—happy indeed if they can do so, make their way back to their homes. Some continue to struggle, ashamed to go back, and still others, a number sad to contemplate, go downward to a life of shame. Do not understand me to say that no boys should leave the country for the city. The mischief comes from boys making a change for the sake of a change, and before they find out what they are fit for; indeed before they have really found out what their country home has to offer them. I have tried to show our boys that if they find life dull, and they would have novelty, that each Spring, the wood, the meadow, the stream and the fields are as full of novelties as the most crowded city street. Would they see wonders, each seed that is placed in the ground, each bud that opens upon brush or tree, even each egg that is placed under the old hen, is working out a greater wonder than any city showman can present. Even the commonest things; the pebble under foot, a bit of lime-stone or of coal, has a story to tell if you will but hear it. While I would not check the proper aspirations of any boy, I would have him first know something about the home he is so ready to leave, and not wait until he returns to it, after sore disappointments, to learn that there is "no place like home."—*American Agriculturist for December.*

The Provincial Board of Health has resolved to advise the Ontario Government to establish a vaccine farm.

An unfortunate young man from Winnipeg attempted suicide in Toronto last week, while in a state of despondency. He had served in the Winnipeg regiment during the North-West rebellion and was depressed because he could not get work.

The idea of having Riel's body interred at Montreal has been abandoned. The remains have been deposited in a plain wooden coffin inscribed "L. R. 1885," and buried in a vault below the church of the Immaculate Conception, Regina, N. W. T. Pere Andre read the burial service.

In reference to the small-pox scare, the Montreal *Witness* says:—We shall give a prize of a thousand dollars to anyone who shall prove a case of small-pox to have been caught from any Montreal English newspaper, sent direct from the office of publication, and shall quadruple it if the paper is the *Witness.*

The defeat of the Scott Act in St. Catharines by a majority of 578 was a surprise alike to its supporters and its opponents. Many who had favored it openly during the campaign must have voted against it. The Liberal Temperance Union look on it as their victory, though the ineffective way in which the law is enforced in some Scott Act counties had more to do with it than a liking for a wine and beer platform. If the Scott Act is to be carried with the remaining counties, and retained in those where it has been adopted the temperance people will have to make a vigorous and persistent effort to enforce it in all counties.

A remarkable phenomenon for this season of the year is reported in the following despatch from Helena, Arkansas, dated Nov. 20th, which says:—"The citizens were aroused early yesterday morning by what many of them thought to be a heavy rain storm, but, on investigation, it proved the air was filled with grasshoppers. Citizens who have seen the pests sweep down and consume whole fields in Kansas, say that in numbers the visitation last night exceeds tenfold anything ever seen in the country. They were passing from east to west. Great numbers of them were disabled by hitting against buildings and other obstructions, as they were flying very low, and porters and clerks had to shovel them from the sidewalks into the streets. They are genuine Kansas grasshoppers.

A new style of a watch is being introduced and offered for sale in some of the larger towns and cities. The watch is called the "automatic," and is imported from Switzerland. The point in which it differs from the ordinary chronometer is in the manner of marking the time. Every watch is open faced, the dial being covered with extra strong heavy glass. At the top of the face, next to the stem, there is a little circular hole, called the hour indicator, and immediately below it a similar one, the minute indicator. At each change of the minutes or hours the little figures which sit in these circular indentations vanish with the rapidity of lightning to be replaced by those telling the correct time. Unlike the common watch it requires no computation on the part of the possessor of the watch to tell the time, for a mere glance at the indicator will show the time to a minute.

Sentenced to be Shot.

A STORY OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

Farmer Owen's son had been asleep when doing sentinel-duty, and was sentenced to be shot. A telegram had been received by his father, saying that the sentence would be carried out in 24 hours. Mr. Allan, the minister, called to comfort the sorrowing family. During his visit a letter arrived. Blossom, the farmer's little daughter, opened the door and received it. "It is from him," was all she said, as she handed it to the minister, who opened it and read as follows:

"Dear Father,—When this reaches you I shall be in eternity. I am going to write you all about it; and when I am gone, you may tell my comrades. I cannot now. You know I promised Jimmie Carr's mother I would look after her boy; and when he fell sick I did all I could for him. He was not strong when ordered back into the ranks, and the day before *that* night I carried all his luggage, beside my own, on our march. Toward night we went in on double quick, and though the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else was tired too. And as for Jimmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when we went into camp, and then it was Jimmie's turn to be sentry, and I would take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake though a gun had been pointed at my head; but I did not know it until—well—until it was too late.

"They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve—'time to write to you,' our good colonel says. Forgive him, father; he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could. And do not lay my death up against poor Jimmie. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead.

"I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father, and tell them that I die as a brave boy should. To-night I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture, and precious little Blossom standing on the back stoop, waiting for me; but—I—shall never—never—come. God bless you all. Forgive your poor Bennie."

Late that night a little figure glided down the foot-path toward the railway station. The guard, as he reached down to lift her into the carriage, wondered at the tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand.

A few questions and ready answers told him all, and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child than he did for little Blossom. She was on her way to Washington to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life, and had brought Bennie's letter with her. Next morning they reached New York, and the guard hurried her on to Washington. Every minute, now, might be the means of saving her brother's life.

The President had but just seated himself to his evening's task, when the door softly opened, and Blossom, with downcast eyes and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said, in his pleasant, cheerful tones, "What do you want?"

"Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered Blossom.

"Bennie! Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh, yes; I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost by his negligence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom gravely. "But poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jimmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jimmie's night, not his; but Jimmie was too tired, and Bennie never thought of himself, that he was tired too."

"What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand."

Blossom went to him. He put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and turned the pale, anxious face towards his. How tall he seemed! And he was President of the United States, too. A dim thought of this kind passed for a moment through Blossom's mind; but she told her simple, straightforward story, and handed Bennie's letter to Mr. Lincoln to read.

He read it carefully; then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines and rang his bell. Blossom heard the order given: "Send this despatch at once." The President then turned to the girl, and said, "Go home, my child, and tell your father, who can approve his country's sentence, even when it takes the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks that life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or—wait until to-morrow; Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir!" said Blossom.

Two days after this interview the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap was fastened on his shoulder. Mr. Lincoln then said, "The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for the act so uncomplainingly, deserves well of his country."

Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their green mountain home. A crowd gathered at the railway station to welcome them back; and, as Farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say, fervently, "The Lord be praised."

Kisses by Mail.

A young postmaster of a village was hard at work when a gentle tap was heard upon the door, and in stepped a bashful maiden of 16 with a money order which she desired cashed. She handed it to the official with bashful smile, who, after closely examining it, handed her the money it called for. At the same time he asked her if she had read what was written on the margin of the order.

"No, I have not," she replied, for I can not make it out. Will you please read it for me?"

The young postmaster read as follows: "I send you $3 and a dozen kisses."

Glancing at the bashful girl he said: "Now I have paid you the money and I suppose you want the kisses."

"Yes," she said, "if he has sent me any kisses I want them too."

It is hardly necessary to say that the balance of the order was promptly paid, and in a scientific manner at that, and eminently satisfactory to the country maiden, for she went out of the office smacking her lips as if there was a taste upon them she never encountered before.

After she arrived home she remarked to her mother: "Eh, mother, but this post-office system of ours is a great thing, developing more every year, and each new feature added seems to be the best. Jimmy sent me a dozen kisses along with the money order, and the postmaster gave me 20. It beats the special delivery system all hollow."—*U. S. Mail.*

A despatch from Calcutta says that 5,000 people have been drowned and 150 villages submerged in Orissa by a cyclone, and 1,541 square miles in Moorshedabad and Hudea districts have been devastated.

Alfonso, King of Spain, is reported to be seriously ill. A despatch received by the Spanish minister at Washington states that on Monday night he was stricken with a violent disorder of the respiratory organs, and was alarmingly ill.

—A later despatch from London says that King Alfonso died at nine o'clock on Wednesday morning of consumption accelerated by dysentery.

The average cost annually for each pupil attending the public schools of Ontario is $6.69. The number of schools is 5,000; teachers, 7,198. The number attending public schools is 27,000; high schools, 12,000.

There have been heavy rain storms and high tide at New York and other places along the Atlantic coast causing considerable damage. In Pennsylvania and Maryland from six inches to two feet of snow has fallen.

Notice is given in the Canada Gazette of the intention to apply to parliament for authority to construct a subway under the Northumberland straits to connect Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick between Cape Tormentine and Cape Traverse.

A large eagle was a few days ago captured by the Thames river at Slabtown, one-half mile from Thamesville. The eagle attacked a dog and got itself in a muss, when a little boy who was playing near ran up with a club and despatched it unaided. It measured six feet four inches from tip to tip.

A Charlottetown, P. E. I., magistrate has been fined for violating the Scott Act. He was not so cute as the western J. P. who fined himself for getting drunk, and then ordered the fine to be remitted on account of the defendant's previous good character, thereby forestalling the design of a rival Dogberry.

After carrying on a long and expensive war in Madagascar, and causing the sacrifice of a great many lives, the French are about to retire from the Island, and give up the struggle as a fruitless one. They have gained nothing, but lost immensely in money and men, and now have no one to sympathise with them, as the war was an unjustifiable one on the part of France.

A halfbreed Indian in the Dead River region in Maine, has domesticated a huge moose, and uses him in the farm work. In the winter, when the moose is hitched to a sled and is driven upon the ice, there is no horse in the country round about which can keep up with him. The halfbreed turns his big steed into an enclosure with a fence of ordinary height. Once in a while the moose jumps out and goes on an excursion, but as he never fails to return this privilege is not begrudged him.

Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Nightingale, of Ogdensburg, have just celebrated the seventy-second anniversary of their marriage. Mr. Nightingale is 97 years old and in excellent health. His wife is 94 years old and in complete possession of all her faculties. The aged couple read the daily papers, and have just completed the history of General Grant's life. It is believed that there are few cases of an equal length of married life in the state.

There are fears of another Indian rising in the Northwest. A gentleman in Toronto has received from Battleford a letter written by an ex-mounted policeman named Price, now a farmer, to a relative in Toronto. The following is an extract from it:—"Quite a number of new policemen arrived last week. We have now, with the artillery, about three or four hundred men. It is the general impression that the Indians will again rebel. It is very evident they mean some mischief, as at present they are acting in anything but a satisfactory manner. Some of the settlers who moved out on to their claims are beginning to come into the town again. They are all afraid to remain away. It is also the order of the day to again carry arms when going any distance from the town."

A statement has been widely spread that there are in circulation in Canada numbers of counterfeit silver coin. The Department of Finance has been investigating the statement, and traces it to the fact that the new coinage has not the letter "H" in small size underneath the wreath below the denomination of the coin. The Finance Department desire to have it generally known that sometimes, when the Royal Mint is unable to do the work for Canada or other colonies owing to pressure of previous engagements, the mint authorities employ Messrs. Heaton & Sons, of Birmingham, to manufacture the coin, in which case that firm puts the letter "H" on. When the Royal Mint does the work itself no "H" is stamped on the coin. The presence or absence of the "H" has nothing to do with the genuineness of the silver coin of Canada.—*Hamilton Times.*

The first through passenger train on the Canadian Pacific railway will run through about the middle of next May, or some time early in spring, as there are at present some sixty miles of ballasting to be done in the Selkirks. The journey, it is expected, will be done in less than five days, while at present it takes nine days to go *via* Portland, Oregon. His recent journey out, Mr. Van Horne stated, was done in less than five days, deducting stoppages, and the return trip in six days, including the stoppages at Winnipeg and Columbia Pass. After dilating on the vast resources and great future prospects of British Columbia, he concluded by saying that he expected a rush into British Columbia next year, and that, tempted by its mild and genial climate, as well as the other advantages the country possesses, colonists will be induced to make it their future home.

Of all the reasons England has to offer for taking possession of Burmah, the most effective to most people's minds is that the fruit has long been drop-ripe and dangling in mellow lusciousness before her eyes. Here is an ancient and romantic empire full of cities, resembling Aladdin's Palace, in the luxury of architectural decoration, a country full of untold natural wealth and climatic advantages, at the very centre of gravity of Asia's populations, and affording easy access to myriad peoples hitherto remote from the world, being governed, or rather devoured, by a drunken fool. The question England might ask in return is: How did I keep my hands off so long, when at any time I could have planted civilized order there almost without a blow? The law that makes right is almost the reverse of righteousness, but there are many acts whose chief warrant after all is the power to do them. Should this conflict in Burmah turn, as it seems very little likely to do, into a lengthened petty warfare ravaging the country through long years, it would have needed a remarkably good *casus belli* for its warrant.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE Stockholders of the Enterprise Cheese Company will be held at the Cheese Factory, on Saturday, the 5th of December, at 10 o'clock, a.m., for the transaction of the general business of the Company.

ELIJAH SARLES, President.

NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE PLUM Grove Cheese Manufacturing Company will be held in the Factory, on Tuesday, the 8th of December, for the receiving the report of Directors, transaction of the general business of the Company, and election of officers, etc.

JAMES DUNCAN, President.

NOTICE TO DEBTORS.

In the matter of GEORGE McCURDY, Deceased.

ALL PARTIES IN ANY WAY INDEBTED to the estate of the late George McCurdy, in his lifetime of the Township of Rawdon, are requested to pay the amount of their indebtedness to the undersigned, on or before the 5th day of December next. All accounts not then paid will be put in suit.

Stirling, Nov. 24th, 1885.

W. A. F. CAMPBELL, Agent for Jane McCurdy, Administratrix.

The Glory and Majesty of the Unseen.

BY THOS. WHITEHEAD.

"For the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."—2 Cor. iv. 18.

This world I deem
But a beautiful dream
Of shadows that are not what they seem;
Whose visions rise
Giving dim surmise
Of that which shall meet our waking eyes.

Arm of the Lord!
Creating Word!
Whose glory the silent skies record!
Where stands Thy Name
In scrolls of flame
'Neath the firmament's high-shadowing frame!

I gaze overhead
Where Thy hand hath spread
For the waters of heaven their crystal bed;
And stored the dew,
In its depths of blue,
Which the fires of the sun came tempered through.

Soft they shine
Through that pure shrine;
As beneath the veil of Thy flesh divine
Shines forth the light
That were else too bright
For the feebleness of a sinner's sight.

I gaze aloof
On the tissued roof
Where time and space are the warp and woof,
Which the King of Kings
Like a curtain flings
O'er the dreadfulness of eternal things.

A tapestried tent
To shade us meant
From the bare everlasting firmament;
Where the glow of the skies
Comes soft to our eyes
'Neath a veil of mystical imageries!

But could I see,
As in truth they be,
The glories of heaven that encompass me,
I should tightly hold
The tissued fold
Of that marvellous curtain of blue and gold.

Soon the whole,
As a parchment scroll,
Shall before my amazed sight uproll;
And without a screen
At one burst be seen
The Presence wherein I have ever been.

But who may bear
The blinding glare
Of the Majesty that shall be there?
What eye may gaze
On the unveiled blaze
Of the light-girded throne of the Ancient of Days?

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, Cambridge, England.

A Little Shop-Girl.

"She's an old darling," said Grace Craxall, "and I mean to help her all I can. I've got a beautiful recipe for chocolate eclairs, and on Friday evening I am going there to make up all that I can, so that the school children will buy them on Saturday. I know how to make cinnamon apple tarts, too, and lemon drops and cocoanut balls."

"Grace I do believe you have taken leave of your sense," said Medora May. "One would think it was disgrace enough for Aunt Deborah—our own mother's sister—to open a horrid little huckster shop without our mixing ourselves up in the affair."

"But Aunt Debby must live, you know," said Grace, who was perched, kitten-fashion, on the window-sill, feeding the canary with bits of sparkling white sugar. "And Cousin Nixon couldn't keep her any longer, and her eyes are not strong enough for fine needlework, and her education has not fitted her to be a teacher, and her poor old rheumatic bones keep her from going behind a counter or entering a factory. I suppose you wouldn't be willing to have her come and live with you?"

"I!" cried Medora. "Do you suppose I want to proclaim to the whole town that I have such a dilapidated old relation as that?"

"I would take her quick enough," said Grace, "if I didnt board with Mrs. Howitt, and share the little up-stairs back room with the two children. Just wait until I marry some rich man," she added, with a saucy uplifting of her auburn brows, "and then see if I don't furnish up a stately apartment for Aunt Debby?"

"Don't talk nonsense," said Medora acidly. "It's very likely, isn't it, that a factory girl like you is going to marry a rich man?"

Grace Craxall laughed merrily. All through life she and her cousin, Medora May, had agreed to differ on most points. Grace seeing no other career before her had, on the death of her last surviving parent, cheerfully entered a factory, while Medora, taking her stand on the platform of a false gentility, had done fine sewing and silk embroidery on the sly to support herself, putting on all the airs of a young lady of fashion the while. And now Aunt Deborah May, to the infinite disgust of her aristocratically inclined niece, had actually opened a little low-windowed shop in a shady street just out of the main thoroughfare, and, as Medora despairingly expressed it, "gone into trade!"

For Aunt Debby, in her bewildered loneliness, had scarcely known what to do until Grace Craxall came to the rescue with her hopeful courage and straightforward common-sense.

"I only wish it wasn't sinful to take a dose of laudanum and put myself out of the way," sighed the poor old lady.

"Now, Aunt Debby, that doesn't sound a bit like you," said Grace cheerfully.

"But what am I to do?" said Aunt Deborah.

"What can you do?" said Grace.

"I don't know as I am good for anything," said the old lady with a quiet tear or two, "except to help around the house, and I ain't strong enough for regular hired help. Your uncle always used to say I was a master-hand at making bread."

"Then make it," brightly interrupted Grace.

"Eh?" said Aunt Debby.

"There's a nice little store to let on Bay Street," went on Grace, "for ten dollars a month."

"But I haven't got ten dollars a month," feebly interrupted Aunt Debby.

"I'll lend it to you," said Grace, "out of the wages I have saved. And there's a pretty bedroom at the back of the shop, and a clean, dry basement under it, where you can bake your bread. I know, for the sister of the lady where I board is looking for dress-making rooms, and I heard her speaking about it."

"Do you mean to open a bakery?" said bewildered Aunt Debby.

"Not exactly that," explained Grace. But if Mrs. Howitt, or Mrs. Taylor, or any of the ladies around here could get real home-made bread, such as you make, do you suppose they would put up with the sour stuff they get at the baker shops? And you could easily get up a reputation on your raisin cakes, and fried crullers, and New England pumpkin pies. Now couldn't you?"

The old lady brightened up a little.

"I used to be pretty good at cooking," said she. "And if you think I could support myself so——"

"I am sure of it!" cried cheerful Grace. "And I'll go there with you this very day to look at the place, and will engage it for three months on trial. And I can paint you a sign to put over your door. 'Home-made bread by Mrs. Deborah May!' And I'll hem you some curtains and arrange the shelves in the low window! I almost wish I was going to be your shop girl," she added merrily. "But I can help you in the evening you know!"

Grace Craxall's prophecies proved correct. Aunt Debby's delicious home-made bread, whiter than powdered lilies, sweet as ambrosia, soon acquired a reputation, and the old lady could scarcely bake it fast enough. People came half a dozen blocks to buy the yellow pumpkin pies and delicious apple tarts; children brought their hoarded pennies to invest in chocolate sweetmeats, vanilla caramels, and cream cakes with puffy shells and delicious centres of sweetness. The little money-drawer grew fat with coins, and Aunt Debby's dim eyes grew bright and hopeful again.

And one day Mr. Herbert Valance, walking by with Medora May, stopped and looked in.

"Isn't that your cousin Grace," said he, "behind the counter?"

Medora turned crimson with vexation.

"My cousin Grace?" she said. "No, indeed! We are not—in trade."

What possessed her to utter this deliberate falsehood Medora could not afterward have told. Partly the sting of false shame, partly a disinclination for Mr. Herbert Valance to know that her relations were, to use her expression, "not ladies and gentlemen."

Mr. Valance looked up at the sign over the door.

"The name is May," he remarked indifferently.

"Yes," said Medora, angry at herself blushing so deeply, "but we are no relation."

Mr. Valance thought over the matter; he afterward met Miss May at a party given by a friend, where pretty Grace Craxall was also present; he had taken rather a fancy to the bright blue eyes and delicate blonde beauty of the former. Valance Hall, on the hill just out of the city, was solitary enough, now that his sisters had all married and gone away, and perhaps a man might find a less attractive and graceful wife than Medora May. But he could not be mistaken, he thought, in Grace Craxall's identity.

And so the next evening, about the same time, he sauntered into the shop.

Grace was behind the daintily-clean little counter, taking some newly-baked maple caramels off the pan. She looked up with a smile.

"Good evening, Mr. Valance," said she.

"So," he thought, "I wasn't mistaken after all. And the little blue-eyed seraph is mortal enough to tell a lie in spite of her angelic appearance!"

But he looked serenely at Grace.

"I didn't know you were in trade," said he.

"Didn't you? Well," retorted Grace, "I am my Aunt Deborah's shop-girl at present. I always come here in the evenings to help her, because," she added, with a sweet shade of seriousness coming over her face, "aunt was old and poor, and she didn't quite know how to maintain herself in independence; and, unfortunately, my wages at the factory are not enough for us both. So I advised her to open this business, and she did, and she's doing well; and she bakes the most delicious bread and pies you ever ate, so," with a saucy twinkle under her eyelashes, "if you know of any customers, will you please recommend our firm?"

"To be sure I shall," he answered in the same spirit. "And I am very glad, Miss Craxall, to see that you are not ashamed of being a working girl."

"Of course I am not," said Grace. "Why should I be?"

"But your cousin Medora is."

Grace gave a little shrug of her shoulders.

"Very likely," said she. "Medora and I differ in many things."

Mr. Valance bought a pound of caramels, and went away.

"She is a beauty," he said to himself. "And she is a sensible beauty into the bargain. One of those rare creatures in our country, a thoroughly well balanced girl."

He must have been well pleased with his purchase, for he came again the next evening, just in time to walk home with Grace Craxall. And they talked over Aunt Deborah's affairs, and concluded as flour was low just then, it would be a favorable opportunity for the old lady to lay in her winter stock through Mr. Valance, who was acquainted with one of the great Toronto grain merchants.

Only a few weeks had elapsed when Medora May was electrified to learn that her cousin Grace was engaged.

"To some master baker or journeyman confectioner, I suppose," she said contemptuously.

"No," said Grace with eyes roguishly sparkling, "to Mr. Herbert Valance."

"I—don't—believe—it," said Medora, growing red, then pale.

"But it's really so," said Grace. "And we are to be married in three months. And Aunt Debby is to come to the hall and live with me as soon as she can dispose of her business to advantage. And, dear Medora, I hope you will often come and visit me there."

Medora May did not answer. She could not. But in her secret heart she recognized how infinitely more successful in life's lists had been Grace's true, frank honesty, than her own subtle and devious course.

Like many another, however, the lesson had come to her too late.

PERSONAL.

Elisha Vedder, the famous American artist who has lived so long in Rome, will, it is rumored, return home and locate permanently in New York.

The death of Lord Strathnairn reduced the number of British Field Marshals to four: The Duke of Cambridge, the Prince of Wales, Lord Napier of Magdala and Sir P. Grant.

The Marquis of Bute, believed by some to be Disraeli's "Lothair," has just finished, at a cost of $5,000,000, another palace, to be known as Bute Castle, and described as in every way beautiful.

Meissonier is painting the portrait of Mr. Robert Barrett of Baltimore, though when Mrs. Mackay burned his picture of her the little Frenchman said he would have nothing more to do with Americans.

President Eliot of Harvard University was a widower when he heard Grace Osgood sing at a private concert. He fell in love at sight, was introduced next day, engaged the next week, and married the next month.

Kaiser Wilhelm is not only the oldest officer in the German army in point of age, but in point of service as well. His commission as Major General bears date of March 30, 1818, and he joined the army as an ensign March 22, 1807.

The Princess Beatrice and her husband will probably always maintain an incognito when traveling in Europe, as the courts of Berlin and Vienna, certainly, will not recognize Prince Henry as a "Royal Highness," nor grant him any precedence.

The three daughters of Lord Carnarvon will inherit about $200,000 each under the will of their grandmother, Lady Chesterfield, a descendant of the famous Lord who tried to make a priggish snob out of his son through a series of "Letters."

King Christian of Denmark is in his 68th year. He looks, as he is, an austere man of determined will. In family ties and blood he is more German than Scandinavian. He is a Holsteiner, and married a daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassell.

Caroline Bauer leaves on record her estimate of Wagner as "a conceited, arrogant swaggerer," which may simply mean that he declined to make love to her. Prince Jerome Napoleon she declared to possess "enchanting beauty and amiability, with intelligent, deep blue eyes and a charming melancholy smile."

Mrs. Gladstone is very absent-minded. The last time she went to Windsor Castle her daughter, aware of her peculiarities, had the waist of her dinner dress sewed to the skirt. The first night Mrs. Gladstone went down to dinner Lady Ponsonby, going down after her, cried, "Why, Mrs. Gladstone, what have you on your skirt?" It was the waist trailing on the floor. Mrs. Gladstone, not finding it, had pinned a shawl about her as a low-necked waist. There is a "set" in English society where nothing would have been thought of the lady appearing without the shawl.

A correspondent writes from Hamburg: "The Empress of Germany and Prince Bismarck have been staying here. This place is a very dream of fair women, and the early hours and healthy life have done wonders to many fair faces that two months back one remembers a little worn-looking after the fatigues of a London season. Miss Winslow never looked so lovely as now, nor the celebrated Miss Chamberlain, and there are four fair sister compatriots of theirs, the Misses Walker, who are taking all hearts by storm. Anything so exquisitely and delicately beautiful as these four sisters can only hail from the west."

Cheek in man is not to be admired; but what is nicer than a woman's cheek?

HEALTH.

How to Cure Obesity.

In the Fourth Congress of German physicians the first subject discussed was corpulence. Ebstein advanced the opinion that drugs were of little service in reducing the amount of fat, and that an entire change in the regimen—including both change of diet and of the manner of living—was necessary.

Any method which reduced the general nutrition, and thus removed fat, was a failure; the fat alone must be removed. The method must not require the individual to give up his business during treatment, else it would not be generally applicable. The method must be capable of being continued indefinitely without producing unpleasant results, for individuals predisposed to corpulence by heredity or constitution must keep up the diet for a long time.

One method is to cut off all fatty foods. But as carbohydrates may be changed into fat in the body this is not reasonable. The object is rather to prevent the formation of fat in the body. To secure this it is necessary to regulate the proportion of albuminous, starchy, and fatty foods, so that perfect nutrition shall be secured, but no excess of fat produced. The necessary amount of fat for a healthy man is 142 grains per diem.

If this is reduced one-half a part of the amount necessary for nutrition will be taken from the body to compensate for the reduced allowance in the food, and thus the excess of fat may be removed. Under this system the individual does not suffer the distress which is felt by those who are cut off from all fatty food, and the results are more successful and agreeable than those of the Banting system. The amount of carbohydrates is to be reduced so that no surplus above bodily needs shall be taken.

In the Banting system the diet is chiefly nitrogenous, which often causes indigestion. Ebstein gives nitrogenous food, with the reduced allowance of starch and fat in sufficient quantity to keep up the general nutrition and working strength, but not in such amounts as to overload and embarrass the organs which digest proteids. The necessity of muscular exercise of sufficient force to produce free perspiration is insisted upon. This system has met with approval in Germany on account of its success.

Henneberg, in discussing the subject, approached it from a different side, and, by a review of the methods adopted in fattening cattle, sought to deduce the rules necessary to be observed in avoiding the accumulation of fat in man. The general discussion elicited varying views upon the physiology of digestion, but all agreed that the use of medicine for reducing corpulence was to be avoided.

The Danger of Contagion in Throat Troubles.

A medical editor writes: A recent case within our knowledge, in which fatal diphtheria developed upon what had been believed to be a simple quinsey, suggests a few words regarding the duty of isolating any case of sore throat where there are other children in the house. Without entering upon any disputed points regarding diphtheria, it is generally agreed that the distinctive visible sign of it is its peculiar membranous deposit. A case may present clearly the conditions of a "common sore throat," and subsequently diphtheria be unmistakably present. For our purpose is unnecesary to discuss whether such cases are diptheritic from the first or become so. The point for parents to know is that the sequence of dangerous symptoms upon those apparently slight is not uncommon, and that it is better to isolate a child fifty times unnecessarily than to be neglectful once.

NOTES.

Dr. Borck of St. Louis says that asphaltum varnish is the best disinfectant he knows of; it will destroy all germs at once, and no household insects will approach an article of furniture whose interior has been painted with it.

The *Lancet* thinks that the proposal to free the ring finger of pianists by dividing its connecting hands is ingenious in theory, but would be dangerous practically, owing to the risks attendant, more or less, upon all surgical interferences.

Anti-vaccinationists rest one of their chief arguments on the fact that calves have tubucular consumption—a communicable disease. Late researches by Strauss show that the propertion of tuberculosis in calves does not reach 1 in 100,000.

The Russian traveller Fodtschenko recently discovered in Turkestan a plant which is said to be an excellent specific against cholera and typhus. It is used by the natives of Central Asia against all kinds of maladies, and every effort has been made to keep its properties from the knowledge of the Europeans. The plant which is named *Ferula sumbet*, has been acclamatized in the Moscow Botanical Garden.

The new idea of inoculation against zymotic diseases amounts almost to a mania among some of the European doctors. M. Tayon recently said at the Academie des Sciences that he had inoculated himself and several of his friends with the microbe of typhoid fever, and that all were seized with a mild form of that disease. Further inoculations with a more powerful preparation of the typhoid microbe failed to bring about a repetition of the symptoms.

In the Kharkoo region of Russia quinine is considered of no account for the cure of chills and fever. The Dharkoo doctor catches a mess of live crabs, pours whisky over them until they become hilariously drunk, and then puts them into a hot oven. After being well dried they are pulverized, shells and all, and administered in drachm doses. The local papers say that whether the treatment is scientific or not the patient gets well under it, though quinine has no effect on him.

Dr. Fothergill, a greatly respected English authority on dyspepsia speaks strongly in favor of milk puddings and stewed fruits for the dyspeptic, the bilious and the gouty. He says: "Sugar is undoubtedly objectionable to many, but it is by no means necessary to add sugar to stewed fruit. If the acidity be neutralized by a little bi-carbonate of soda, the natural sweetness of the fruit will be brought out and the dish be made more agreeable than though artifically-made sugar were added."

It was not long ago that the doctors discovered the existence of muscular disease due to the excessive strain of bycicle riding and now they have given the name of tennis elbow to a painful ailment which is sufficiently explained by its title. While playing, intense pain is suddenly felt in the right elbow, the arm drops to the side, and take or service is impossible for periods varying from six weeks to six months. Such cases, it now appears, are very frequent. One sufferer ascribes it to rheumatism, and another found he had fractured a small bone. The former tried rheumatic medicine and the latter poultices and both got well; the majority of the patients find that rest is the best remedy, and, indeed, the only remedy.

A correspondent writes upon a disease which is now too common: "I have become convinced that hay-fever is not the sole product of any one or any half-dozen kinds of flowers, or weeds, or grasses, but results from any well-diffused flower odor or grass or leaf exhalations. . . . . I discovered that in those portions of Europe where the winds were frequently from the south or east, hay-fever was almost as prevalent as in the United States. From this fact I drew the conclusion that the Pacific coast of this continent, from Victoria in British Columbia south to San Diego in California, should be exempt from hay-fever, because throughout the summer season (the hay-fever period of the year) the prevailing—in fact, the constant—winds of the coast are from the Pacific Ocean. . . . This last summer, before the usual hay-fever set in, I corresponded with friends in Oregon and California on the subject, all of whom assured me that such a thing as hay-fever was utterly unknown to that coast."

The height of fashion—A dude's collar.

The Red Indians of Newfoundland.

BY A. C. WINTON.

Little is known of the once powerful though now extinct Bethuks or Boeothic tribe of red Indians, the aborigines of Newfoundland, that at one time sported along the sea-coast, and in the interior of the country, pitching their wigwams along the margin of its beautiful lakes and rivers, which teem with fish of the finest description, and giving chase to the noble carribou or reindeer that in vast numbers traversed the country from north to south, displaying their skill in the handling of the bow and arrow which they can use with great dexterity, and shooting the rapids with their light swift canoes, made from skins or the bark of birch trees neatly sewn together. One can easily imagine that Newfoundland, with its wild animals, its numerous lakes and rivers teeming with fish, its marshes swarming with ptarmigans, curlew, plover and snipe, whilst on the plains or barrens may be met countles herds of reindeer; what a paradise this must have been to these wild and savage aborigines, where:—

"Untamed, untaught, in arms or arts unskilled;
Their patrimonal soil they rudely tilled,
Chased the free rovers of the savage wood,
Ensnared the wild bird, swept the scaly flood;
Or when the halcyon sported in the breeze,
In light canoes they skimmed the rippling sea,
The passing moment, all their bliss or care;
Such as their sires had been—the children were."

Here they sported along its shores, and with the returning winter, sought refuge in the interior, where amidst its beautiful forests game, in abundance could still be found. Here in perfect security, their hunting grounds unintruded upon, they erected their wigwams far from the reach of civilization. Here in perfect happiness and savage luxury they reigned undisturbed.

When, therefore, John Cabot discovered Newfoundland in 1497, and came in contact with the aborigines of the island, who were clothed with skins and painted with red ochre, they naturally beheld his approach with terror and astonishment, thinking that the ship he had traversed the ocean with, was an enormous bird or animal. As no resistance was made, and as they seemed inclined to come to friendly terms, Cabot, with his crew, landed, and at once a friendly intercourse took place amongst them. It is evident that they must have become warm and close friends, for on Cabot taking leave of the New-found-land, three Indians accompanied him on his return voyage. But, unfortunately, the discovery of the island proved fatal to them. From the first friendly feelings had always existed between the Indians and their white invaders; this friendship, however, could not last long. The Indians, reared in their savage state, knew not the difference between right and wrong. Children of the forest though they were, loving the wild nature and freedom which were always theirs, bounding through the thick forests seeking the wild birds, and chasing the reindeer over barrens, on their swift and powerful steeds. To cure them of their wild and savage state was impossible. When the island, therefore, became more thickly populated, the Indians became more and more reserved towards the whites. They now suspected that their territory would be taken from them and become the property of their invaders. Already the axe of the woodman and settler could be heard resounding through the forest. The seacoast began to swarm with men, busy and eager to gather the fortune that awaited them. Here, on the waters, could be seen boats of all nations gathering in the harvests that were of more value than the rich mines of Chili and Peru or the diamond fields of Africa; and over the barrens could be heard the sound of the rifle, as the hunter or trapper emerged from the outskirts of the forest, and bounded over the plains, scattering the rabbits or hares from their covers, in their wild and mad career. No wonder, that envious and jealous feelings gathered within the breasts of the Indians, as they saw their beautiful forests give way before the march of civilization, the wild animals robbed of their beautiful furs and the sea of its riches. Instead of friendly intercourse with the whites, a feeling of revenge and hatred came over them.

These savage children of the forest began at first to show a tendency to appropriate the white man's goods and wares whenever the opportunity occurred; this led to disputes and finally bloodshed. The hunters and trappers felt that the Indians were a source of annoyance, and they were looked upon as only fit to be destroyed.

The peace and harmony which the Indians had previously enjoyed were now about to be ended forever. Their hunting grounds were invaded by a tribe of Micmacs from Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, who, having learnt the use of fire-arms, carried on a war of extermination against them, which continued for a number of years. The Government made strenuous efforts to bring about a peaceful settlement, but of no avail. The unfeeling, barbarous hunters and trappers, assisted by the savage brutality of the Micmacs, had raised the savage nature of the once powerful red Indians, and at length "war to the knife" was proclaimed between the two races. Everywhere the Bathuks were hunted like wolves. Their bows and arrows could avail them nothing against the fire-arms of their invaders.

In order to bring about a reconciliation, the Governor, Sir John Duckworth, soon after his arrival in St. John's, in the summer of 1810, issued a proclamation enjoining all persons who came in contact with the red Indians to treat them with kindness so as to conciliate their affections. He also offered to anyone who should bring about and establish a permanent peace upon a firm and settled footing, the sum of one hundred pounds, and such a person he would honorably mention to His Majesty the King. But, unfortunately, it came too late; the Indians who had at one time maintained friendly relations with the white man, became at length fierce and implacable foes, and refused all overtures for peaceable intercourse. In the Autumn of the same year, Lieut. Buchan, with the assistance of William Cull, formed an exploring party for the purpose of seeking the Indians and if possible opening up communication with them. Having penetrated about one hundred and thirty miles in the interior, he came upon some wigwams of the Indians. These he surrounded, and their occupants, to the number of seventy, fell into his hands. He soon, however, overcame their terror, and established a peaceful footing with them. Seeing that the white men were friends instead of foes, four of the Indians, including the chief, accompanied Lieut. Buchan back to a place where he had left some presents, promising to be back the next morning. As the Indians and whites had become very friendly, two of the whites remained behind until the return of Lieut. Buchan the next morning. The following day, finding that Lieut. Buchan had not returned with their chief, the Indians began to suspect treachery and immediately murdered the two men and fled. Shortly after Lieut Buchan returned and was horrified to find the corpses of the two men with the heads severed from the body. The Indians who had accompanied him, seeing what had occurred, and fearing that a simillar fate awaited them, if they remained, fled, and were never seen again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Josh Billings wrote: "I have known a man who was so pious that when he won fishing on Sunday he always prayed to the Lord for good luck."

The Charleston *News* and *Courier* says there is a deplorable condition of morals among the colored people on the Sea Islands. If left to themselves they will sink to the lowest level of degradation in a few generations. Here is a wide field for missionary effort.

Handy Hester, a colored citizen of Jasper, Ga., purchased a bedstead from a lady of his color last March for twenty cents. He paid fifteen cents on the bedstead in two payments, and recently asked permission to visit her, but was positively refused on the ground that he had not paid the remaining five cents.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Charity Triumphant.

One moment stood she silently in doubt,
Her treasure grasping tightly in her hand,
First looking at the tempting things spread out—
Red apples, cakes, and candies—on the stand,
Then where the blind man, old and wan and gray,
Sat patiently, his good dog by his side,
Begging from all who chanced to pass that way
From early morning until even-tide;
One moment, then the poor child gave her all
To him who begged with piteous sightless eyes.
Only a penny 'twas; but though so small,
Her gift as gold will count beyond the skies.

A VERY STRANGE BOY.

BY DAVID KER.

"And if I had not rushed in and dragged the boy away from him, I do believe he'd have killed the poor little fellow."

"Ha! ha! ha!"

We all looked round in amazement, for Charlie Thornton, of the——th Bengal Native Infantry, the pleasantest and most kind-hearted young fellow among all the eighty-three saloon passengers on our homeward-bound steamer from India, was the very last man any one would have expected to be amused at the idea of a child being beaten and ill-used.

"I beg your pardon, really," said the young lieutenant, still quivering with suppressed merriment, "but it always makes me laugh when I hear of a boy being hurt or ill-treated."

"Then, sir," growled a hard-faced old Commissioner beside him, "all I can say is that you aught to be ashamed of yourself."

"Don't be to hard on Charlie, Mr. Currie," put in Major McNab, of the Seventy-eighth Highlanders. "I'll be bound there's some good joke behind it all, or he'd never talk like that. Come, Charlie my boy, let's have the story; it's sure to be a good one."

And Lieutenant Thornton began as follows:

"About two years ago I was down at Bombay on leave from Jhansi, just at the beginning of the hot season. I put up at Watson's Hotel, as usual; and before I had been there half an hour I met three old friends of mine, just out from England, whom I hadn't seen for five or six years.

"We had plenty to talk about, as you may think; and so we managed to sit together at dinner. After dinner we went out on to the veranda to have our coffee; and I was just in the middle of telling them about the fun I'd had among the tigers up in the Terai the year before, when all at once a great halloo from below made us look down, and there we saw a sight that put everything out of our heads at once.

"You know that enormous square in front of the hotel, with the tall clock tower on the other side of it? Well, about midway across it, seemingly coming straight toward the hotel, was a man, carrying a small boy in his arms, and shouting at him very savagely every now and then. They were soon near enough for us to see them quite plainly; and certainly they did look the two most extraordinary hobgoblins that I ever set eyes on.

"The man was an immensely tall fellow, and as thin as a lightning-rod; and although it was now, as I've said, the beginning of the hot season, he wore a long dark gray coat and high black hat, which made him look taller still. But if his dress wasn't very gay, the boy was grand enough for both, for he seemed to have got all the colors of the rainbow. He had a sky-blue cap, an apple-green jacket, red pantaloons, white stockings, and a bright yellow sash round his waist.

"It takes something to gather a crowd in Bombay, where swarms of figures as queer as any in a circus are going about the streets all day long; but two such objects as this man and this boy couldn't be overlooked even there. Half a dozen young English soldiers, who were strolling through the town, began first to stare at them, and then to go after them. Then some other people turned and followed too, till at last the pair found themselves heading quite a procession. But the man seemed to take no notice, and and kept straight on, with the child in his arms, giving him a shake and a rough word every now and then, while the boy kept screeching out,

"'Oh, papa, please don't hit me any more!'

"'I say, this won't do, you know,' said big Dick Netherby, of the——th Dragoons who was sitting beside me.

'If the fellow bullies that poor little chap any more, I'll go down and warm his hide in a way he'll remember.'

"By this time the man had come close underneath the veranda, and put the child roughly down on the pavement, saying to him:

"'Now, you lazy young whelp, just walk on your own feet a bit. I'm not going to carry a great heavy thing like you all the way home.'

"'Oh, papa, do carry me a little farther; remember that I'm lame!'

"'Lame! yes, trust you for being lame when you're told do anything. If you don't walk on this minute, when I tell you, I'll lame you in earnest.'

"'Leave that boy alone, you coward!' roared Dick Netherby, leaning over the balustrade of the veranda, 'or I'll break every bone in your skin.'

"'But the man took no notice of him, and as the boy didn't go on, his father gave him a slap on the side of the head that fairly knocked him down. Dick turned quite purple with rage, and would have jumped right down into the street, and perhaps have broken his leg, if we hadn't held him. But just then there came a frightful scream of pain from below, and we all rushed down-stairs and out of the door like so many madmen, to see what had happened.

"All round the door there was such a crowd gathered that it quite blocked up the front of the hotel, and they seemed to be all shouting at once:

"'Murder! Call a policeman. There's one over yonder.'

"'Hold him tight, or he'll be trying to sneak off.'

"'What a villain, to stab his own child!'

"There, sure enough, lay the boy seemingly dead, and over him stood the father with a knife in his hand, which two soldiers were just taking from him.

"'Is the poor little fellow really dead?' asked Netherby, stooping tenderly over the fallen child. Hello! what sort of boy is this? Why, he seems all ribs and paper, like a Japanese umbrella.'

"'Well, I guess that ain't wonderful, seein' he's made of whalebone and pasteboard,' said the supposed murderer, coolly. 'Say, Britisher, don't you know a live boy from an *image* yet?'

"'An image?' echoed Dick, staring, while the crowd burst into a roar of laughter.

"'That's so,' said the Yankee, tapping the seeming boy with his knuckles. 'Fact is, I'm a ventriloquist, and all that boy's hollerin' was just *my* voice talkin' through that image. Here's my card' (scattering among the crowd, as he spoke, a shower of cards engraved with 'Silas J. Polyvox, Professor of Ventriloquism') 'and if any of you folks care to come to my performance at the Town-hall to-morrow evening, I'll fix you up a deal better show than this one.'

"'And Professor Polyvox kept his word on the following evening before a crowd such as the Town-hall had not seen since it was built."

Fate of an Old Hunter.

Simon Truman, of Bell's Cabin, in the mountains near Elkland, was one of the oldest and best-known hunters and guides in Pennsylvania. He was 70 years of age, but was still strong and active, having only last week spent three days and nights in the open woods, during which time he killed a deer and a bear. He always asserted that he had killed over 200 bears, and it was well known that he had had many battles with them hand to hand, many deep and ugly scars on his body testifying to the fierceness of some of them. He had escaped many dangers in his more than half a century of life in the woods. Last winter he killed the long-hunted big bear that had prowled about this vicinity for more than two years, carrying off sheep and other stock repeatedly and successfully. In the fight with this bear Truman lost three fingers on his left hand the hand being so badly mangled that it was barely saved by the amputation of the fingers.

A few days since two travelling Italians came to that place with two large trained bears. In the afternoon they left town, and a mile from the village met a team of horses belonging to a farmer named Gibbs. Gibbs was driving, and Simon Truman was riding with him to the village. The sight of the bears frightened the horses, and they turned square about in the road. The wagon was upset, and both Gibbs and Truman were thrown out. Truman struck on a sharp projecting knot on a log at the side of the road. The knot penetrated his side to the depth of three inches. Gibbs was unhurt. Without stopping to look after his runaway team he compelled one of the Italians to help carry the injured old hunter to Elkland. The knot had broken three of Truman's ribs, and pushed the broken ends with it into his lung. He did not utter a groan all the way in to the village. He was carried to the tavern and a doctor called. When the doctor arrived, Truman said to him:

"This will settle me. I don't mind dying, but it's the thought that after escaping from wild bears for fifty years I am killed through tame bears, chained and muzzled, that worries me."

Truman died three hours after being brought home. He was the last of his family.

Killing a Man-Eater.

Only two creatures are distinctly known as "man-eaters," namely, the shark and the tiger. Thousands of human beings are devoured annually in India by tigers, so that nothing can strike greater consternation into the hearts of the poor defenceless villagers of that great country than the cry of "tiger!" Any one who kills one of these beasts is regarded as a public benefactor; and perhaps among the reasons why the British have gained such a foot-hold in the country, is that Englishmen are so passionately fond of hunting, scores and hundreds of tigers, not to mention other wild animals, falling victims to their prowess every year. An officer in the British army of India gives the following description of his first experience with a man-eater:

I waited for daylight with much anxiety, and directly there was sufficient light, I got my people up and started for the place where we had tied a calf. Scarcely two hundred yards had been passed when we heard the tiger, which infested that part of the forest, roar loudly.

My guide, the father of the only remaining family in the village, whispered, "Wuh hai—that he is!" I replied, "If you run, you are a dead man. Keep behind us." Placing in front my head hunter, Mangkalee, who has a very good sight, while, in the dark, my own is very bad, we hurried along the path.

Coming to some rocks from which I knew that the tied-up calf could be seen, and thinking that the shikaree might not have remembered the spot, I pulled him back cautiously. I looked. There was the white calf, apparently dead. Mangkalee remarked as much in a whisper. The younger shikaree, Nursoo, was behind me on the left. We all gazed at a tail. The distance was some sixty yards from us, but we could not make out the tiger.

At length the end of the tail moved. Nursoo, making a similar motion with his fore finger, whispered in my ear, "Doom-hilta-hai" (The tail's moving). I now made out the body of the animal clear enough. Not a blade of grass nor a leaf was between us. A single forest tree, without a branch on it for thirty feet from the ground, was twenty yards nearer the tiger.

It was very probable that he would see us, but it must be risked; so pressing down my shikaree, Mangkalee, with my hand behind me, and keeping the trunk of the tree between the foe and me, while I said with in myself, "If I get behind that tree without your seeing me, you're a dead tiger," I passed rapidly forward. So intent was the huge beast upon the poor calf, that it did not hear me. I placed the barrels of my rifle against the tree, but was obliged to wait.

The tiger and the calf lay contiguous, tails on end to us. The calf's neck was in the tiger's mouth, whose large paws embraced his victim. I looked, waiting for some change in the position of the body, to allow me to aim at a vital part. There were some forty paces between us.

At length the calf gave a struggle, and kicked the tiger, on which the latter clasped him nearer, arching his own body, and exposing the white of his belly and chest. I pulled the trigger very slowly, aiming at the white and firing for his heart,—he was on his left side,—as if I was firing at an egg for a thousand pounds.

I knew that I hit the spot aimed at, but, to my astonishment, the tiger sprang up several feet in the air with a roar, rolled over, and towards me,—for he was on higher ground than I was,—when, bounding to his feet as if unscathed, he made for the mountains, the last rock of which was within forty yards of him.

Immediately the tiger sprang to his feet and exposed his broad side to me, I stepped from behind the tree and shot him through the heart. He went straight and at undiminished speed, each bound covering fifteen feet at least, for twenty-five yards, and then fell on his head under the lowest rock of the mountain, in which was his stronghold. His extreme length, as he lay dead, was ten feet eight inches; his tail was only three feet three. His head was very large. The points of all his large fangs were considerably broken; this had saved the calf, who, though much scratched and with sundry holes in his neck, was alive, and is now well and happy with my milch cattle at Naypore.

His Inner Life.

About a year ago a prominent broker in New York died, and was discovered, to the surprise of all the business world, to be bankrupt. His estate was brought to the hammer.

He had been a noted collector of works of art, and the sale attracted connoisseurs and dealers in pictures, rare and antique furniture, china and bric-a-brac.

The sale of his library was the most important of the year. Catalogues were sold at a high price, and the lovers of fine editions in all parts of the country came, or appointed agents, to compete for the treasures which, at enormous cost, he had gathered on his shelves.

Several ladies were present. Among them, one, in deep mourning, seated in a quiet corner, attracted much silent sympathy. It was his only child, a married daughter, who had just arrived from New Orleans, for the purpose, it was supposed, of securing some of the rare volumes which her father had accumulated with such infinite trouble and cost, and had held at such priceless value.

As one volume after another was put up, the auctioneer glanced at her, expecting her to bid, but she remained motionless. Old Elzevir's unique folios, specimens of the earliest or the most perfect printing, were sold, but she made no effort to keep them.

At last, near the close of the sale, a small octavo, cheaply bound but well-worn, was put up. She bid on it eagerly.

One or two dealers, seeing her agitation, and supposing that she would know the chief treasure of the collection, opposed her.

The price rose rapidly. She was a poor woman, as they all knew, but she continued to bid, with pale cheeks and trembling lips. The book was knocked down to her at last at an exorbitant price, and she at once left the hall.

"What rare treasure have you gained?" said a friend, who went out with her.

She opened it. It was a cheap, common copy of the New Testament. There were faint pencil-marks against some of the verses.

"I knew my father had this book. I have seen him read in it. I came from New Orleans to find it. These little marks show me *his secret thoughts.*"

Now that the rich man was dead, the faint pencil lines on the cheap book was worth to her all the vast sums and the rich treasures he had gathered, for they showed that his soul was at peace with God.

Before we decide on the value of any object, or give ourselves to its pursuit, we should consider how much it will be worth to us the day after our death.

HOUSEHOLD.

Aunt Susan's Opinion.

I've ben over to the Johnson's a-visitin,' an' I'm free to say that I hain't been so riled up in a good spell as I was there. They treated me first rate, an' Mis Johnson, she seemed real glad to see me, an' urged me to come agin, but it was the foolishness of them girls that stirred me up so.

They've got what the papers call the "decorative craze." They've got it real bad, too. I dunno how they'll come out of it. If they git over it, I'm dreadful afraid it'll leave 'em kind o' senseless. They seem that way, now, to me. I could cure 'em of it, if they was my girls. I'd prescribe a good, thurer course o' house-work for 'em, an' I'd make 'em take it in good sized doses ev'ry day.

Now I hain't no objections whatever to seein' things fixed up nice an' purty. I like to see 'em so, but there's sense in all things. I say it's all nonsense to tie ribbins round the legs o' the chairs, an' it's all foolishness to bring in an old milk-stool an' paint it, an' daub picters all over it, an' put bows on it, an' set it in a corner an' call it ornamental. It ain't purty, an' it ain't useful, an' if things ain't one thing or 'tother, what's the good o' havin' 'em round.'

"I don't fancy 'em," sez Mis Johnson, sez she to me, "but land! they're all the go, an' the girls won't be behind the times. I dunno's there'll be a solitary thing in the house that ain't decorated by the time they git thru. Jest see this boot-jack," sez she, an' I swan if that hadn't been "decorated" an' had a big blue bow on it! "An' 'tother day the girls read about it bein' all the rage to have a decorated bucket in the parlor, an' they've been a huntin' all over the neighborhood to find one that ust to be used in somebody's well. Father, he says its all foolishness, but I s'pose the girls like it, an' want to be kind o' like other folks."

"I agree with him," sez I. "It is all foolishness." It ain't style. It never will be. It's jest folks a tryin' to do somethin' an' they don't know what. A thing ain't worth spendin' time an' money over unless there's some idee in it, an' you can't say there is one idee of sense in boot-jacks with bows on 'em. Bows ain't intended for boot-jacks, an' boot-jacks ain't intended for parlor ornaments. It's ridic'l'us fer folks to putter with such nonsense an' try to make themselves think they'er bein' artistic! Artistic? Pshaw! There ain't the first thing artistic about it! It's worse than the card-board craze that we had a few years ago, an that was bad enough. If girls would only get up a little enthusiasm over helpin' their mother an' makin' things pleasant for her, it 'ud be a great deal more to their credit. Decorate her life with little acts o' kindness that she can appreciate. They will make you look better to her than all your fuss-work, an' you'll git real pleasure out of it, fer there's an idee o' sense in it. Its bright'nin' up other folks' lives, an' I take it we can't spend our time in a more satisfact'ry kind o' decoratin' than that is. Fritterin' away time on boot-jacks an' buckets, an' tyin' ribbins on to chair legs, an' all sich outlandish foolishness makes folks shaller, an' selfish, an' all on the outside. Its jest doin' things fer show, an' tryin' to cover up old trumpery so it'll look fancy to other foolish folks. It ain't good sense, or good taste, or good anything.—AUNT SUSAN.

Choice Recipes.

BROWN BREAD.—Three cups of corn meal, two cups of ryemeal, one tablespoonful of salt, two heaping tablespoonfuls of molasses, mix with water or milk soft enough to pour in a pan; bake slowly three hours or steam two hours and bake one.

BUTTERMILK MUFFINS.—These have but to be tried to become a standing breakfast dish. Beat hard two eggs into a quart, and stir in flour to make a thick batter—about a quart when it is mixed—and lastly, a teaspoonful of salt and the same of soda. Bake in a hot oven in well-greased tins. Muffins of all kinds should be cut around the edge, then pulled open with the fingers.

FISH PUDDING.—Take a well-cleaned fish, and after boiling pick it free from the bones, which last put over the fire, with a little of the water that the fish was boiled in, and let them stew gently. In the meantime put the flesh of the fish on a mortar, and pound fine. Then mix it with the water from the bones and sufficient milk or cream. Season with white pepper, salt, and a grate of nutmeg. After standing a short time, this will become a white jelly, and should be served with a rich white sauce.

SNOW CAKE.—Half a cupful of granulated sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, two eggs, one cupful of flour, and a teaspoonful of bading powder and two tablespoonfuls of sweet milk. Bake in a square pan and cut into little squares when cool. For the snow, take one cupful of stewed and sifted sour apples, one cupful of white sugar, and the white of one egg. Beat all thoroughly together, and spread between your squares of cake.

VIENNA BREAD.—Sift in a pan four lbs. of flour, move it from the centre to the sides, and pour on one quart of milk and water, and stir into it sufficient flour to form a thin batter; then add a pint of milk in which is dissolved an ounce of salt, and one and three-fourth ounces of yeast. Cover the pan with a cloth and set for three-quarters of an hour in a place free from draughts. Then stir in the rest of the flour until the dough will leave the surface of the pan, and let it stand two and one half hours; divide the mass into one-pound pieces, to be cut into twelve parts each. Make them into square pieces a little more than three inches thick, and turn the corner toward the centre, turn over on the moulding-board, let rise thirty minutes, then bake in a hot oven ten minutes.

Nobody Wanted Him.

John Snyder, a carpenter living near Hawley, Pa., entered the store of the Hawley Glass Company two or three days ago. He was intoxicated. Becoming noisy and abusive, Joseph S. Atkinson, a clerk in the store, put him out. Snyder attempted to reenter, and in the scuffle that followed between him and the clerk he fell. His head struck on the store doorstep. He was picked up unconscious. Dr. Dingman was summoned. Failing in his efforts to restore Snyder to consciousness, the Doctor ordered him taken home at once. He was placed on a mattress in a wagon and driven to his house. His wife refused to let him be carried into the house. The unconscious man was then driven to his mother's house. She also refused to receive him. Snyder, still unconscious, was then taken to the poor authorities. They would not have anything to do with his case. He was then driven back to Hawley, to the Eddy House. The proprietor of the hotel consented to let the wagon bearing the unconscious man be driven in under his shed.

The persons in charge of him had been driving about seeking shelter and care for him for about an hour. He was left in the wagon under the shed while proceedings were taken before a Justice of the Peace to compel the poor authorities to give shelter and aid to the injured man. After another hour's delay the Justice issued a process ordering the poor master to take charge of the case. In the meantime Snyder had died. A Coroner's jury was summoned. They rendered a verdict of accidental death, the doctors testifying that no possible care could have saved Snyder's life. His skull was fractured at the base. His wife and mother said the reason they would not receive him was that they thought he was simply drunk, and that he was abusive when in that condition. Snyder was 45 years old.

A reputable medical journal is responsible for the statement that men in Paraguay have tails. Even if it is true, it isn't much fun; for there are no tin cans in Paraguay.

THE WORLD OVER.

The new fortifications around Paris are no safeguard, according to German military authorities, but its siege would be more difficult than in 1870.

A genuine English sole is reported to have been caught in Long Island Sound near New Haven, a few days ago, and sent to a prominent naturalist for preservation.

Of thirteen lynchings conducted by one band of vigilantes in Montana during the three months, it is claimed that the right man was hanged in twelve instances.

Careful examination shows that in Massachusetts 32 per cent. of females in the laboring classes and 11 per cent. of males work on Sunday, in addition to their weekly services.

The Russian Government has decided that liquors shall be retailed only in hotels and eating houses. As a result of this edict 90,000 volka shops will be closed on Jan. 1, 1886.

A court martial recently condemned the chief surgeon of a Rhenish infantry regiment to nine years in the penitentiary for illegally letting off young men from military service.

A Justice in Georgia recently undertook to marry two couples at once and married both women to one of the men before he was aware of the fact. He afterward got the matter straightened out to the satisfaction of the contracting parties.

The Commission appointed by the Spanish Government to investigate the great Andalusian earthquakes last Christmas report that over 17,000 buildings were injured in Granada and Malaga, of which 4,400 were ruined; 745 persons were killed, and 1,485 wounded.

An ocean steamer lately took out to New Zealand a consignment of bumble bees. At present clover does not seed in that country, because there are no bumble bees to fertilize the flowers. The importer hopes that the bumble bees will save him $5,000 a year in clover seed.

The price of the Genesta, says the *London Court Journal*, is going up. Four thousand pounds sterling has been refused, but it is intimated that a compromise between that sum and the price asked for the cutter, £6,000, may be effected. This should mean that five thousand will do it.

It is doubtful if a legislative body in any country ever passed a law that was so completely and universally ignored as the anti-treating act of the last Legislature of Nevada. Everybody claims the right to treat a friend, and the claim is so reasonable that even the officers do not dispute it.

It required three men with a large wagon to move in lively fashion during the whole of a day lately to gather up and return to Hillsdale College, Mich., the 600 chairs and benches that had been distributed among the barns and fields in the neighboring country on the preceeding night by the students.

Late measurements give the height of the Mexican volcano, Popocatepetl, as 17,809 feet above the sea. The crater, which is completely obscure within by sulphurous vapor, is about 2½ miles in circuit and 1,000 feet deep. The entire centre of the top of the mountain seems to be solid sulphur, which is deposited at the rate of about a ton a day.

At the German naval port of Wilhelmshaven, on the North Sea, a number of laborers who were engaged in cleaning the iron hull of a steamer ate the mussels they found clinging thereto. The consequence was that nineteen of the men were taken violently ill, with unmistakable symptoms of poisoning, and in the course of a few hours four of them died.

An old inhabitant of the English village of Wednesbury, named Edward Hampson, a coachsmith, has just come into possession of $4,000,000 under the will of his uncle, Adam Roades, cattle dealer, of New Zealand. Roades, who was a Wednesbury man, left his native town fifty-three years ago almost penniless, and since that time he has acquired his wealth by means of cattle farming.

The French Government has commissioned Lieu. Palat, who is about to undertake a journey across the Sahara desert, from the Mediterranean Sea to Timbuctoo, to inquire into the feasibility of establishing a caravan route between the Soudan and Algeria, with a view to diverting to that province some of the commerce of the Soudanese and Saharan tribes that now flows only to Morocco and Tripoli.

One hundred and five years ago Nicholas Thomas and Lucy Somes lived in Mt. Desert Me., and wanted to be married. There was no minister within thirty miles and so they married themselves. On the town records under date of 1780, is the contract which they drew up and signed—agreeing, in "the presence of God, the angels, and these witnesses, to love, to cherish and nourish," and to "love, honor, and obey," as husband and wife as long as God should continue their lives.

To Mr. Willis, the well-known British student and operator in photography, is due the success achieved in the art of photo-chemical printing in metallic platinum in its metalic state as a pigmet, but in obtaining permanent and practical results by a method in which the particles of pigments forming the pictures are imbedded in and entangled among the fibre of the paper on which they are printed, not depending for their adhesion on the use of any sizing material. Paper is coated with a mixture of aqueous solutions of ferric oxalate and potassic chloro-platinate, then dried, and exposed to light under a negative. After it has had a sufficient exposure it is floated on a hot aqueous solution containing potassic oxalate and a salt of platinum. This solution instantly developes the picture, which is then washed in one or two solutions, to remove the chemical salts adhering to the paper.

Glints of Home Life.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

Autumn is passing. The children are busy hiding a pumpkin and some large white turnips for the witching hours of Hallowe'en. There are no leaves left on the vines, and any bunches of grapes that are left in the vineyard are frozen and tasteless except the little frost grape that improves by freezing, as some natures improve by the touch of adversity. The nights are fresh with the breath of near November, but the middle of the sunny days are treasures to value, and delight in. And though we regret the summer, and the golden autumn, there is a charm about the so-called "dreary" month before us that is very pleasant to those housekeepers who have been busy all through the season. For we can settle down to sew or read or enjoy the shut in privileges while the rain beats on the roof and

"The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
And at every gust the dead leaves fall."

To day we made a new soup that seems so suited to the season that it is worth while transcribing it. There were some fine cauliflower in the garden and we cut one up, soaked in water for an hour, and chopped it fine with an onion, a bunch of parsley and a little seasoning. It was boiled till tender in two quarts of water and then two cups of milk added and one tablespoonful of butter rolled in flour. This thickens it sufficiently and it is poured into the soupture on the top of three or four soda crackers, and eaten with cream crackers. It certainly is very nice. I suppose it is not generally known that in boiling cauliflower, cabbage, or anything strong smelling, a crust of bread boiled in the pot will destroy any disagreeable odor. How unpleasant it is to go into a parlor and smell the fragrant onion or cabbage that has formed part of the dinner, or the steam from the soap suds. But the witches are out. I see the glimmer of a Will o' the Wisp afar off. Perhaps it is a fair maiden taking a lantern to pull a straight kail stock; if so that breaks the charm. But the laugh is merry, the hearts are light and gay, there is happiness among the young folk, and they can afford to be merry at the expense of ghosts, past and present.

AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE

A Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon Startling Revelations in the Career of Arabi Pasha.

By the Author of "NINA, THE NIHILIST," "THE RED SPIDER," "THE RUSSIAN SPY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIRST FAINT MURMUR OF THE COMING STORM.

Traversing several long and dimly lighted passages that were glazed and ceiled with perfumed chunam, each having a door whose lock yielded to one or other of the keys that dangled at the girdle of Elman, the buffoon, a kind of hall was at last reached, and at its further end were massive curtains of cloth of gold having a heavy bullion fringe, and these were partly looped up, whilst on each side thereof, like a statue of bronze, stood an enormous eunuch with a huge flame-colored turban on his head and loosely hanging robes of the same color draping his form, but leaving his brawny limbs bare, whilst in his hand he grasped a naked scimitar.

Considering that he was perfectly unarmed, and was fully aware that the penalty was death for one of his sex to be found in such a place, Frank Donelly did not feel particularly comfortable at sight of these armed Goliaths; but had they been iron columns they could not (to all outward seeming) have regarded him with greater unconcern and indifference, and a minute later Elman had led him between them into a beautiful apartment on the other side of the curtains, the walls of which were painted with a series of brilliant landscapes in a kind of distemper, but in which nothing having life was introduced, for to draw such is a deadly sin according to the laws of Mohammed. Thus there were boats being rowed upon lakes and rivers, but no one handling the oars, ships sailing the sea to all appearance passengerless and crewless, and the interiors of mosques and palaces, but all empty and deserted.

Whilst the Irish dragoon was looking at these things and also at the piles of cushions the vases and the flowers that formed the sole furniture of this splendid apartment, the old buffoon advanced alone into one that lay beyond, but had hardly been gone a minute when she reappeared and beckoned Frank to follow her.

He did so to find himself a second later in a small but luxuriously fitted up chamber that was most brilliantly lighted, and in the presence of a woman who was reclining on a pile of soft cushions, in a pose of voluptuous langour, and who, directly that Elman had retired, drew aside her veil and smiled upon him.

As she did so the young Irishman recognised the beautiful Egyptian whom he had saved from the crocodile and from drowning while bathing in the Upper Nile.

He was not surprised, for he had guessed and almost known that she was his summoner, but he was astonished at discovering how much more lovely a woman looks amidst luxury, splendor, and genial warmth, than when terror-stricken, wet and exposed to the elements, even as they are tempered and softened in Egypt, the land of the sun.

Her dress was gorgeously rich. She wore a low cut vest of crimson velvet, embroidered all over with gold and having buttons of solid bullion. It fitted her to perfection and showed the surprising beauty of her neck, shoulders and bosom, for her skin was darker than a Spanish girl's, and looked positively fair when the heavy ebon masses of her pearl-entwined hair formed its background or strayed over it in wanton tresses. For the rest her full Turkish trousers were of white satin and also covered with filigree work, and, being banded tightly around her ankles, revealed the tiniest of feet, that were thrust into a pair of crimson velvet heelless slippers, thickly studded with precious stones.

"So you have not forgotten me? You obeyed the summons of the lotus flower and all is well. Yes, well for ourselves and for others that you love me."

This was spoken in the purest French, and Frank was not slow in making reply:

"It is impossible to help loving the beautiful, for Allah has created the beautiful in order that it should be loved," and having spoken thus aloud, he muttered to himself: "Now, if she was an Irish or an English girl I'd be inclined to think her a forward hussy, but if 'tis the fashion here for the women to do the love making, I suppose I must submit with a good grace."

Meanwhile he thought he had made a very polite answer, but it seemed to be a good deal to vague in its nature for the party to whom it was addressed.

"I do not want you to love everything and every one who is beautiful," she said petulantly, as she tore a rose to pieces and scattered the crimson petals in a shower on the floor; "I require you to love only me, and I am not one who could brook a rival."

Here was a nice state of affairs. Frank glanced at the woman who had made so imperious a demand upon his affections, and was bound to own to himself that very few men would find the least difficulty in obeying her, for she was indeed lovely, with the creamy, voluptuous loveliness of the East, but for all that there was something about her suggestive of the beauteous grace of the tiger in repose—a something to shudder at as well as admire.

"Madame," said Frank, bluntly, as this latter feeling took possession of him, "to help loving you is, as you must well know, impossible; but to be candid with you, I love another more, aye, one whom I have known for months instead of days."

"I cannot believe you, for love grows in an instant of time to as great a degree as it can ever attain. Had you not loved me you could never have risked your life for me. It stands to reason that you would not, for life is dearer than all things, save love alone. Knowing your most secret feelings towards me, and knowing also that you would never have dared to aspire so high without encouragement, I have stooped to raise you up, and therefore, I now bid you to relinquish all lower and baser affections, for your courage and devotion have touched me and made me thine and thine only."

"But I am unworthy, totally unworthy of so great an honor," stammered Frank. "Besides,' he added, solemnly, "it is written: 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife.'"

"I have no wish that thou shouldst," answered the lovely odalisque with a smile that showed a double row of teeth as tiny and regular as two rows of pearls. "Is it possible, then, that thou lovest me in complete ignorance of who I am? It is the Princess Zeeneb, the sister of the Khedive, who condescends to honor thee with her affections, and who is ready this very night and hour to fly with thee and become thy one and only wife. Elman, the buffoon, hath provided the disguises and will accompany us, and I have sewn up in my dress diamonds and other gems that will make thee rich beyond thy utmost imagination. Come, happy man, you may kneel and kiss my hand and thank me. Ah, why do you hesitate?"

"Because, your highness, I now know that I am unworthy of the honor that you would do me, and I will not be base enough to take advantage of your condescension and unbounded goodness of heart and generosity of disposition. I am too humble even to be permitted to kiss the hem of your robe or to stand in your presence, wherefore I beseech you to allow me to retire." And whilst he was thus doing the civilities of speech, Frank was thinking to himself: "Was ever mortal man in such a predicament before? I wish I was well out of it. Catch me ever wanting to get inside of a harem again," and so on.

"Humility may be carried too far," exclaimed the princess, in answer to Frank's last volley of excuses. "I am sick of this monotonous prison life of the harem. I pant for freedom, the freedom and enjoyment of the Feringhee women. If I marry a Mussulman I shall never obtain them. Am I not young and fair? Why, then, should I be forever hidden behind stone walls, and guarded by hideous armed eunuchs, whilst others more favored by fortune but not by nature dance before all men with their faces and necks uncovered? Whilst you are the only Feringhee whom I have known, and as you risked your life for me you must love me. Take me, then, to your own country and marry me, and there let me enjoy life as the Christian women do. Elman has learned that one of the big steamers goes through the canal this very night and leaves Port Said with the early dawn. We should assuredly catch her if we started without further loss of time, and on a festival night like this we should not be missed for many hours. Why do you hesitate to grasp the happiness offered to you?"

"Because, your highness, I may not," responded the young dragoon, at last driven to sheer desperation, "since it happens not only that I am unworthy of the honor and the happiness that you proffer me, but also that I am engaged to be married to a fair young girl, one of my own creed and race, than whom I could never love even an empress half so well. As for the saving of your highness' life at the risk of my own, pray think not of it, for I would have ventured as much, I hope, for a drowning beggar."

"You dare tell me this, ungrateful wretch!" exclaimed the princess, with a sudden change of manner, and all the latent tiger awakening within her; and as her beautiful eyes dilated and her magnificent bosom began to rise and fall with the violence of her emotions, she added with a snake-like hiss in her tones:

"She who stands in the way of my happiness and my freedom I have seen thee twice with, have I not? Once in a carriage, when she held thine hand in hers whilst she gazed at the opal ring which was my gift; and again not half an hour ago beside the amber-hued fountain, within view of this very window, which was in darkness then? You need not answer me with your tongue, for your eyes have done so already, and besides I knew it aforehand. It was the sight of her liberty that made me sigh for a like freedom. But do you mean to tell me seriously that my beauty, my wealth and my exalted rank cannot win you away from such a girl as she?"

"Your highness," responded Frank, losing his temper in turn, at hearing Nellie Trezarr so contemptuously spoken of, "you could not win me from her were you thrice as lovely, rich and exalted, all of which were impossibilities. I may show bad taste in preferring the dove to the eagle, and be unpardonably rude in saying so, but you have put to me a plain question and pressed me for a plain answer, therefore I candidly tell your highness, that the fair girl whom you have twice seen me with is dearer to me than my own life, and that nothing could make her less so."

The princess deigned no answer to this rhapsody save a glance of supreme contempt. Then she clapped her hands (still, as for three thousand years past, the invariable Eastern method of summoning a slave or attendant,) and in quick answer thereto Elman, the buffoon, re-entered the exquisite little apartment.

"Take him away; the man is a fool and knows not evil from good, and when he is gone bring hither—you know whom I mean—for at last he seems to suit my taste."

This she said in Egyptian to the buffoon, and directly she perceived that the old hag understood her clearly she turned again to Frank, and continued in French:

"I thank you for the lesson you have taught me, namely, that I am not invincible. It has proved a bitter lesson, but it has been thoroughly well learned, I can assure you, and it will never be forgotten. And now go, and take with you the knowledge that you have also taught me to hate you and your entire race, more especially her whom you have dared to prefer to me. Beware, both of you, for I am not powerless, though shut up within these barren walls I may seem to be so. Nay, more, I can be dangerous, aye, dangerous as the trod on serpent or vexed scorpion, which you may, both of you one day discover to your cost. Go, sir, and I warn you not to prate of your admission here, for the ear of the Egyptian spy is long, and to indulge in such rash folly, even amongst your most intimate friends, would be to jeopardize your life."

"Your highness, honor instead of fear will make your secret safe with me," was Frank's haughty reply, and bowing low he dropped the yashmack over his face again and followed Elman, the buffoon, out of the chamber and the harem.

* * * * * * *

Hardly had he gone when Zeeneb, the princess, happening to be looking on the ground, beheld something sparkling with a lurid light within easy reach of her hand, and stretching one forth, she picked it up and discovered it to be the beautiful opal ring which, a couple of weeks before, she had bestowed on him who had rescued her from the crocodile.

"He was too proud to keep it after what has just passed between us," she muttered, with a frown; then her face brightened with a strange light as she added: "And it is well that it is so, for another will be here presently who, if he did not see his gift upon my finger, would wonder what had become of it, and perhaps even suspect treachery. Oh, that would never do, for he is the only one now left me on whom I can depend for avenging me on my brother Tewfik and all the others whom I hate."

* * * * * * *

Half an hour later another man, clad in the same disguise as the Irish dragoon had worn, and guided thither by the same hideous old woman, stood before the princess, and when he raised the yashmack he revealed the stern face of Arabi Pasha, the war minister, who said, curtly, as his brows contracted in a frown, "Your highness sent for me; I am here."

"Ahmmed, I have summoned you in order that you may teach me how to hate."

"I fear that I might find in your highness too apt a pupil, yet fain would I teach you to hate, and hate deeply, all those who are the enemies of Egypt and its people."

"You mean the Feringhees who swarm like locusts over the land. I am prepared to hate them."

"It were difficult to do otherwise. They are our rulers while they pretend to be our friends. They send all the wealth out of the country and bring nothing into it but what we should be better without. They refuse to be subject to our laws, and living amongst us will not pay any share of the taxes, whilst their presence has so raised the price of everything that our poorer classes labor sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, and yet can barely save themselves from starving. Thousands of our Arab and Coptic clerks, too, are discharged to make way for their Syrian interpreters, and that because they don't take the trouble to make themselves acquainted with the language of the people whom they have so thoroughly well learned to rob and wrong. Encouraging national liberty in Italy because, as one sect of Christians, they hate our older sect, the English, who are the most powerful of our foes, crush it here lest it may imperil their dividends, derived though they are from a scheme that has cost Egypt thousands of lives and loaded her with a debt from which she can hardly hope for an entire century to recover. Then, too, their presence stirs up the vanity of our rulers to the building of palaces and fleets, for both of which the starving fellaheen has to pay, and neither of which is in the least required, and—"

"Yes, yes, I know all that and more," interrupted the princess impatiently. "Well, you once sought my alliance to help set all these things straight, and I then refused is because at the time I still loved my brother, Tewfik. To-night you have been brought thither to be told that that time and that love have passed away. I hate my brother. Why, matters not. Let the fact suffice, as also that I hate these Christians in addition I would give my life to see them all, aye, all, every one of them, driven into the sea, and universally perish."

"Your highness carries her hate too far," answered the war minister, reprovingly. "To drive them forth from the country that they have ruined, with the help of Allah and the Prophet I should be quite willing to do, and perhaps I am the only man in Egypt save one who could do it."

"And who is the other?"

"He whom his foes call the False Prophet."

"Arabi Pasha, you alone are the chosen of the nation, and all men know it, for you have a heart that feels for the misery and degradation of the people, and 'tis not a mean, selfish ambition but an earnest desire for Egypt's welfare that spurs you to take action. Without me, however, you would be powerless, and you know why."

"Because without your our mighty lord and souzerane, the Sultan, would designate the struggle for liberty a military rebellion, and help your brother, the Khedive, to crush it out."

"You have said it, and 'tis no more than the truth. But my beauty can sway the Sultan, for he loves me. And that beauty and that love combined shall obtain you that which alone you require to insure success. Provide me with a secret and trusty messenger to Constantinople, and in a month from now I will hand you the Sultan's authority and the Chief Imaun's blessing for the movement that shall give Egypt to the Egyptian." Is it a bargain?"

"In the name of Allah and the Prophet, yes," answered the war minister, with fervid zeal, and then a silence of death fell upon the two conspirators.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STIRRING UP OF HELL BROTH.

A month has passed away since the evening of the fete at the Ghezireh Palace, and during that month nothing of any importance seems to have happened, but as in the case of the little mole, which once upon a time was the death of a king, dangerous enough work has been done in the dark during that period, as we shall presently see.

Introduce we the reader to the palace of Ahmed Arabi Pasha, the war minister, a big, pink house, with yellow jalousies and blinds, having a garden in front gorgeous with scarlet hibiscus blossoms, and to the salemlic of big hall thereof, which, according to custom, is the general reception room, and wherein at the hotter seasons of the year, on account of its coolness, meals are generally taken as well.

The floor was of marble, the surrounding walls were whitewashed and hung here and there with arms and armor, whilst surrounded at different altitudes by balconies or galleries, some of which were fronted by a trellis-work of wood called moucharabies, the object of which was that the ladies of the harem could peer out therethrough (whilst remaining themselves unseen) upon an object of interest in the hall below.

Had any of the ladies been there upon the present occasion they would have beheld nothing that would have tempted them to remain, for the salemic was occupied only by the master of the house and a couple of early morning visitors, who were walking to and fro with measured strides and conversing meanwhile in Turkish instead of their native Arabic, so that not a syllable of their discourse could be understood by the sentry in a dirty linen uniform and red tarboush, who was posted just at the outer door, or by his companions of the main guard who were lounging on a stone bench close by gossiping whilst knitting, for the Egyptian soldier is generally handy with the needle.

Ahmed Arabi, the war minister, is the centre figure of the three, and he on the right with the crafty, cruel look in his face, is Toulba Pasha, afterwards nicknamed Arabi's brains, whilst his left hand companion is Suleiman Bey, who is fierce looking as a jackal.

All three were clad in dark blue regimental, and all three wear the red tarboush on their heads, for no Mohammedan can don a head dress having either peak or brim by reason that five times a day his devotions oblige him to touch the ground or floor with his forehead, whilst he is forbidden to uncover his head during prayer.

It is now high time for us to discover what these three men are talking about, a task, which by donning our invisible coats we shall find easier of accomplishment than does the Aga of the eunuchs, who, concealed behind the carved moucharabie of the lowest of the three galleries, is trying very hard to make the same discovery.

"You have the Sultan's firman and all is well," says Toulba Pasha.

"But our lord, the Sultan, grants that firman on the sole condition that we work in secret at the first and reveal not our high authority until success appears already assured. Thus it loses much of its value."

This from Arabi, to whom Suleiman Bey at once replied:

"We should have got on very well without the firman, and its chief value seems to me to be in the fact that the Sultan thereby indirectly pledges himself not to oppose us in our designs. If the Sublime Porte remains neutral, we must succeed. Have we not tens of thousands wherewith to oppose the Feringhee's hundreds? Inshallah! (God being willing!) in another month we will have driven them all into the sea."

"On to the sea will suffice," said Arabi. "We simply desire to be rid of them and their creature, the Khedive, as well. We want to secure Egypt for the Egyptians. Allah knows that I have no higher or other ambition."

A somewhat incredulous smile played about the lips of Toulba Pasha as the war minister gave vent to these very disinterested sentiments, but he merely said: "We have no doubt of it, Excellency. We know you to be the champion of the downtrodden people, and it is the people whom we must now proceed to stir up, for their own good."

"The army is ours to a man," replied Arabi. "The pay of a single piastre a day, especially when it happens to be two years in arrears, is a very low bid for loyalty and cheerful service."

"And for such troops the prospect of pillaging the banks, magazines, warehouses and shops of the Frankish swine would prove a temptation that they could hardly resist. Yes, I myself imagine that they are ours to a man; yet must the populace of, at all events, the largest cities be won over."

So spoke Suleiman Bey; and Arabi rejoined:

"It will be no difficult task, for to make them one with us we have but to tell the simple truth. It wants no coloring whatever."

"They know that the European merchants despise while they fleece them," growled Toulba Pasha. "The very children are aware of that."

"By Allah, European commerce quadruples the price of everything to the poor," echoed Suleiman Bey. "Aye, and it doubles their labors as well. There is no slave driver equal to an Englishman or a Frenchman."

"Bands of pillagers are they all. They have never known how to be useful to us."

"Because for every honest man Europe sends us twenty swindlers."

"And the one honest man makes his fortune in Egypt only to spend it elsewhere. That is not the way to do good to the country."

"Yet our Khedive, who, as you well know, should be the father of his people, is never so happy as when surrounded by these blood-suckers, and feteing and feasting them on the money which he wrings from the starving peasantry for the special purpose. To each new arrival who is armed with a letter of introduction, he says, 'Welcome, the riches of Egypt are yours,' and by Allah and the Prophet, I have never looked upon the Feringhee yet who has been slow to take him at his word."

This from the war minister, and his companions laughed approval.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE FARM.

The Poultry Yard.

The fall work in the poultry yard does not amount to much, but it is very important that what little work there is to be done should be done properly, and at the right time. First is the little things about the care and management of poultry, which, if tended to properly, keep the fowls in such good condition and thrift.

Above all things do not neglect cleanliness; for fowls will keep healthier and in better condition on meager quantities of coarse food with cleanliness, than if fed on the best and most nourishing food if entombed in filthy quarters. Clean the house often and scatter plenty of dry earth and fresh sand around the house and under the roosts. Clean dirt surely is cheap, but becomes quite valuable when applied for this purpose.

Care bestowed upon poultry is not lost by any means, as some persons seem to think, for the fowls appreciate kindness and care very quick in returning favors in the shape of nice fresh eggs. The better the care and the more varied the food, the better will be the results, and the more profitable they will be to their owner.

There is at present a great deal of interest manifested in the rearing of Bantams. The smallest specimens are considered the best, being the hardest to obtain. The practice followed by most breeders seems very cruel, to say the least. They do not set the hens until very late in the season, so that the chicks will only be partly grown when the cold weather comes. This will serve to stunt their growth more or less, and this is just what the breeders want to accomplish. Besides this, they are oftentimes very scantily fed for the same reason, it being very desirable to have them as small as possible. They make beautiful little pets, and are much more profitable than most of our ornamental fowls.

The time for selling chicks is now at hand. They are now of a large size and the best breeders can be easily picked out. Now is really the time to start into the poultry business, for good stock can be purchased at reasonable prices, and by changing location now they will become accustomed to their new quarters, and be in excellent breeding condition in the spring. If they are bought in the spring at breeding time, the change will oftentimes break up their laying, and it will take considerable to recover and get in good breeding condition again. And, as time is so valuable in breeding season, it is sometimes quite a serious loss.

Experience is a valuable teacher. The reader should look over the past season, and see wherein he has made mistakes, and try to improve the next season. Experience teaches that the best way to ship eggs is in baskets, and never in boxes. There is always more or less complaint about eggs being received in bad order; and anything that can be done to avert this should be carefully attended to by the reader. The trouble with shipping in boxes is, that they are handled too rough; but the instant an expressman sees a basket with cloth cover sewed on, he knows immediately what it contains, and handles it accordingly. When shipped in a box, the chances are that they will be handled as ordinary freight, no matter how many special warnings may be written or pasted on the box, for the expressman does not take time to read them; the natural consequence is that they get well shaken up before they reach their destination.

There is a great deal of talk and writing about the "best kind of fowls" and which breed brings the best returns. This is most of it guess work more than anything else, as there is no one variety best for all purposes. They nearly all have their special points of excellence, and breeders should first determine qualities he wants best developed in his fowls, and select accordingly. He should fully decide whether he wants eggs alone, or a good market variety, or simply an ornamental variety that makes a nice appearance on the lawn. No matter what quality is desired, it can easily be found, as we have so many varieties of fancy fowls, that it is but a simple matter to get the right bird if the breeder knows just what he is desirous of obtaining.

Farm Fences.

Perhaps no better treatise upon fences or can be given than a farmer's reason for seeking a different fence that those already in use. Every year upon my farm I usually divided one or more grass fields, so as to mow one portion, and pasture the other, or to keep different kinds of stock by themselves, which I consider desirable, especially in the case of milch cows and sheep. I found it a great job to move the necessary amount of rail fence to accomplish the desired purpose, and when built such temporary fences were blown down in places by every heavy wind that came; stock, especially horses, were constantly knocking it down, colts, finding it one of the finest of pastimes to see how many rails they could knock down in a day, till there was no rest for the weary old farmer from rebuilding; hence he thought, in his weariness, cannot this be changed? Cannot some device be made that can be moved with ease, that will not blow down, that colts will let alone, that is a good sheep and hog fence? Such a fence must be high as possible, therefore let us use all the wire we can, form a bridge to keep it tight, put the wire at the top so that the wind will not blow it down or cattle press it over, with boards at the bottom to form the bridge, also to make a fence against sheep and hogs. It must be made in lengths so that it can be moved apart at any time (14 feet proves the best length); we want it straight, to let us couple it together end to end. The couplers must allow the fence to follow the uneven surface of the ground; the upper couplers will spread going over a hill, the lower through a hollow, hence it will leave no hog holes under the fence. The hill coupler makes the test point from which to support the lengths. What shall I anchor it with was the next question. An iron rod can be driven easily; being of uniform size it can be drawn easily also. If I use a large, stiff rod when I draw the top one way the bottom will move in the opposite direction. That will not do; the rod must be as light as may be and support the fence, then the lower end of the rod will not move, hence the post when drawn over will again resume its upright position.

"In Siam, the cats have their tails banged." In this country the entire cat is banged.

Business is steadily getting better, but there are six weary months coming for the husbands whose wives have naturally cold feet.

Count Von Moltke is in very poor health. He will not live till winter, it is said. Bismarck, who was dangerously ill last summer, is dangerously well again.

Little Johnny, on being asked by his school teacher if he knew what was meant by "at par," replied that "Ma was always at pa when he come home late."

"Oh," gasped fat Mrs. Weighty, as she ascended the second flight of stairs in her new residence, "I really cannot run up any more stairs." "Of course not," testily answered her husband; "but if the stairs were made of dressmakers' bills, you could run them up very easily."

"It beats all creation," muttered old Mullethead, "what pains swindlers will take to beat honest men. Here, someone has saddled a load 10 cent pieces off on me." "Can't you pass it again?" timidly suggested his lesser half. "Pass it!" he shouted; "why, the thing is as black as my hat! No, I'll have to put it in the contribution-box."

"It fills my heart with joy," said an earnest country pastor at the end of his sermon, "to see so many strangers among our congregation on this beautiful Sabbath morning. Sojourners in our town are always welcome; we want them to come. Young men and old men whom pleasure or business has called away from the softening influences of home, we greet them with open hearts. The collection will now be taken up."

AN INDIAN WARRIOR'S TOMB.

Two Hunters in a Mountain Cave Make a Strange Discovery.

Walter Forester of Baltimore and Will Eggleston of Philadelphia, two amateur sportsmen, made a discovery the other day while out hunting that will undoubtedly excite the interest of all archæologists. They started out early in the morning with dogs and guns, and hunted up till noon with poor success. They then halted to partake of luncheon at the foot of a dark ravine, half way up the mountain slope. Mr. Forester started up the gully to explore it. Owing to the precipitous nature of the ground, he was compelled to leave gun and dogs behind and pull himself up by wild grape vines and tough undergrowth. After climbing for half an hour he discovered, to his horror, crouched on a dead bough, the huge cat-like head and brown body of a panther. Fearing that it meditated an attack, he drew a large revolver, which he emptied at the brute. At the first shot the panther gave a frightful yell, and, springing from tree to tree, speedily disappeared. Eggleston, who heard the shots fired by Forrester, followed by the yell of the panther, hurried to his friend's assistance. One of the huntsmen, while glancing up the side of the rocks, noticed a crevice about twenty feet above his head. The aperture, which was large enough to admit a man crawling on his hands and knees, was badly choked up with rubbish and large bowlders. It was the entrance to a cave, and the men decided to explore it. Climbing to the entrance, they rolled away the loose rocks and logs, and soon got rid of enough of the debris to enable them to enter a winding narrow passage, high enough for them to walk upright. Owing to the intense darkness they were obliged to return to the mouth of the cave and secure torches. There they lighted and then re-entered the cave. The passageway, which turned and twisted in many directions, suddenly emerged into a large apartment of perhaps twenty or thirty-five feet. The room was paved and walled with blue limestone, which lit up brilliantly under the glancing torchlight.

As the men were on the point of leaving the cave some curious stucco work in one end of the apartment attracted their attention. It had been formed of flat oblong stones, laid with such nicety as to form a perfect wall. A careful examination of the work led them at once to believe that it had been done by the hand of man. Forrester, who carried a light axe, went to work with a will on the wall. After a quarter of an hour a huge rock in the centre of the wall gave way, falling into the interior and clearing an aperture perhaps two feet in diameter. A torch thrust through the newly-opened passage disclosed a vision that at once astonished and dismayed the man. Stretched upon a bed of skins was the life-size figure of a colossal Indian warrior, attired in girdle and headdress of eagle feathers and beads, with his hands resting on knife and battle axe. The coloring and general appearance of the chieftain was so extremely natural as to lead the spectators to think him but asleep. For a moment this vision lingered, then wavered and disappeared, leaving no traces of the gorgeous picture of the dead chieftain save a quantity of dust and a few bones. There were a number of flint arrow heads, together with a knife and the head of a hatchet composed of alloy strongly resembling bronze. In addition to these trophies the cave contained a number of curiously shaped flagons or cups of the same peculiar metal and several fragments of earthenware. Just beneath the spot where the body had lain was found a stone bearing a number of curious hieroglyphics. The hunters gathered their treasures together and started to leave the cave.

As they entered the passageway they were appalled to see two living coals of fire peering at them through the darkness. Forrester fired and killed an enormous panther, measuring six feet one inch in length. The reporter saw the hunters shortly after they arrived at the village, and also examined their trophies. The knife blade and handle are of the same piece and are about nine inches in length. The knife is very broad, and was doubtless sharpened on both edges. The hatchet head consists of a broad blade several inches in width, with an aperture for the insertion of a handle. The weapons are well finished, and appear to have been hammered out of some malleable metal, according to the opinion of Mr. Frank Henslow, a Washington chemist, to whom the weapons were shown. He made only a brief examination of the alloy, but thought it must be impure copper ore, secured probably by the aborigines in trade from the tribe who once occupied the region of the great lakes. The gentlemen will ship their treasures, including the stone bearing the strange inscriptions, to the Smithsonian Institution, together with brief details of the discovery. The skin of the panther is being prepared for stuffing by the lucky gentleman who killed him.

How Will the World End?

To those who are constantly worrying as to the manner in which the world will probably come to an end, the following ten theories, propounded by an English writer, will give them an abundant choice of theories upon which to pin their faith:

1. The ice surface of the earth is steadily diminishing, elevated regions are being lowered, and the seas are filling up. The land by and by will all be submerged, and the last man will starve to death.

2. The ice is gradually accumulating at the North Pole and melting away at the South Pole, the consequence of which in due time will be that the earth will change its centre of gravity suddenly; then there will be an awful catastrophe, a flood like unto the Noahic. The last man will be drowned.

3. The earth cannot always escape a collision with some comet; when such collision occurs there will be a mingling of air and cometary gass, causing an explosion. The last man will be blown up.

4. There is a retarding medium in space, which is causing a gradual loss of velocity in the planets and the earth; the law of gravitation will draw them all nearer to the sun as they decrease in speed, till finally they will fall into the sun. The last man, of course, will be sunstruck.

5. The amount of water on the earth is slowly diminishing, and in consequence of this the air is losing in quantity and quality. Finally, the earth will become an arid waste, like the moon. The last man will be suffocated.

6. Other suns have disappeared and sooner or later ours must blaze up and vanish. The intense conflagration will, of course kill every living thing (Salamanders and all). The last man will be burnt up.

7. The sun's heat is gradually decreasing and the temperature cooling. The cold will increase by the glacial zones enlarging and proceeding to the equator until the habitable space will be a mere nothing. The last man will be frozen to death.

8. The gradually cooling of the earth will produce enormous fissures, like those in the moon. The surface will become unstable, forcing the inhabitants to betake themselves to caves. The last man will be crushed to death and buried at the same time.

9. The centrifugal force is increasing, and in time the centripetal force will fail to hold the earth together, hence it will break up into pieces. The last man will fall into space.

10. Evolutionary retrogression. This means that the unfolding law of evolution will, in due time, become an infolding one. Man being the extreme of evolution, he will begin to infold back. The last man will go back to a monkey, the monkey to something else, and so on (till everything reaches the vanishing point and nothing remains. "The first dark day of nothingness the last of darkness and distress."]

Sympathetic friend (to recently bereaved widow): "My poor Elsie, how lonesome you must feel without your husband." Mournful relict: "Yes, dear; but I have one consolation. I know where he is nights!"

SUNDRY TOPICS.

The municipal authorities of Rome are removing antique works of art from the open air and substituting exact productions. The antiques are placed in the various museums.

Masses of deep sea coral, many tons in weight, which were torn from their ocean bed by the volcanic explosion in Sunda Straits two years ago, my now be seen two or three miles inland, whither they were borne by the tidal wave.

Half of the boys in the Dexter, Me., high school use tobacco, and whiskey bottles are passed around among them. A Dexter school girl smokes and swears in public. These cases were up for consideration at a recent local teachers' institute.

Watches may be sent for testing to the Kew Observatory in London, and a certificate of excellence will be given; but so extreme is the accuracy required that no watch can be marked first-class which varies as much as one tick in 43,000.

Recent experiences in the Russian Government workshops have demonstrated the fact that the steel guns for the heavy marine and coast batteries cannot be made at home, and that, as heretofore, these orders had better be given to the Krupps.

A Providence woman gave birth to four children recently; the new comers lived but a few hours. The husband took advantage of the sensation it caused, and got an admission fee of ten cents from each of the 500 people who viewed the little ones' bodies.

The Imperial and American Club—the outcome of an association of gentlemen desirous of tightening the bonds of sympathy uniting all English-speaking people—has just effected a fusion with the Hanover Square Club, and the new club calls itself the St. George's Club, Hanover Square. The club house is handsome, large, and well appointed; situated in the very heart of London, and possessing forty bedrooms.

The new water works for Venice, involving the construction of an aqueduct to convey water from the main land to that city, under the auspices of the Compagnie Generale des Eaux of Paris, have reached the finishing point after a lapse of some nine years, the finished works comprising the aqueduct, which passes under the lagoons; the underpipes for the distribution of the water, and two large reservoirs in the town, the water to be taken from the canal known as Dei Moranzani. Private families will be supplied with water at the price of sixty certimes per cubic metre—1,000 litres—special arrangements being also made for the supply of larger quantities of water at lower rates, while the minimum quantity of water which will be furnished is 250 litres per day.

The calculating machine invented by Prof. Thomson appears to excel, in its ingenious adaptation to a variety of results, even Babbage's wonderful apparatus. By means of the mere friction of disk, a cylinder, and a ball, the machine is capable of effecting numerous complicated calculations which occur in the highest application of mathematics to physical problems, and by its aid an unskilled person may, in a given time, perform the work of ten expert mathematicians. The machine is applicable alike to the calculating of tidal, magnetic, meteorological, and other periodic phenomena; it will solve differential equations of the second or even higher powers or orders; and through this same wonderful arrangement of mechanical parts, the problem of finding the free motions of any number of mutually attracting particles, unrestricted by any of the approximate suppositions required in the treatment of the lunar and planetary theories, is done by simply turning a handle.

An account is given of the introduction into England by Mme. DeLong of her metal cutting machinery, which has for some time been in successful use in France. She has now, it appears, perfected some ingenious machinery, worked by steam power, which cuts with the utmost precision the hardest and softest metals in any design, so that by it can be produced a gold lace pin or a steel castle portcullis from the solid metal, without any moulding or filing. This unique industry is divided into four general branches. The first is the production of gates, doors, balcony fronts, and other architectural metal works, without casting—plates of brass a foot thick being thus cut into lattice work at a single operation; a second branch is the making of lattice metal work filled in with glass, to supersede the ordinary leaden frames for church and other ornamental windows; the third branch comprises the inlaying of plush and ebony jewel cases, cabinets, &c., with red and yellow copper, steel, and other metals; and a fourth for the working of picture frames, baskets, crests, &c., out of the solid metal fully finished.

Sayings of "Josh Billings."

Thare iz sum pholks in this world who spend their whole time in hunting after righteousness, and kant find enny time tew praktiss it.

Whenever a minister haz preached a sermon that pleazes the whole congregashun he probably has preached one that the Lord wont indorse.

Lazyness iz a good deal like money—the more a man haz ov it the more he seems tew want.

One ov the hardest things for enny man tew do iz to fall on the ice when it iz wet, and then get up and praise the Lord.

It kosts a good deal tew be wise, but it don't kost enny tew be happy.

"The luxury of grief"—this, I take it, means tew have yure old unkle die and leave yu $9,000, and yu cri.

Buty that don't make a woman vain makes her very butiful.

Advice iz like kastor ile, easy enuff to giv, but dredful uneasy tew take.

I think a man should hav a leetle vinegar in hiz disposition—just enough to keep the flies off.

Buty iz like buckwheat kakes, ain't good kold, nor warmed up nex day.

A puppy plas with every pup he meets, but olk doggs hav but fu associates.

Living on hope iz like living on wind—a good way tew get phull, but a poor way tew git phatt.

If you want tew git at the circumference of a man, examine him among folks; but if you want tew git at his aktual diameter, meazure him at hiz own fireside.

I don't care how much people talk if tha will only say it in a phew words.

Men of genius are like eagles, tha live on what they kill; while men of talents are like crows, tha live on what has been killed for them.

PLUM PITS.

If we give up our minds to little things we never shall be fit for big ones. I knew a man once who could ketch more flies with one swoop of his hand then ennyboddy else could, and he want good at ennything else.

Mutch buty iz like a strawberry, soon out ov season, but exquisit while it duz last, and like the strawberry ain't perfekt without a good deal ov sugar.

There is only one good substitute for the endearments ov a sister and that iz the endearments ov sum other phellows sister.

About the hardest thing a phellew kan do iz tew spark tew girls at onst and preserve a good average.

Going to law iz like skinning a new milkcow for her hide and giving the beef tew the lawyers.

If a man haint got a well-balanced head i like tew see him part his hair in the middle.

I had rather undertaik tew be two good doves than one decent sarpent.

Angels handle the dice when doublets are thrown in the cradle.

Flattery is like colone water, tew be smelt ov not swallered. A lie is like a cat—it never cums tew yew in a streight line.

Piety is like beans—it seems to do the best on poor sile.

The two American mottoes are, "E pluribus unum," and "Let her rip."

Thare ain't no logick so powerphull az necessity.

Proverbs are literature on the half-shell.

The gnatt iz the smallest bug on record.

The nuze boy iz a natral brik.

ADVERTISING NOTICES

In the local columns will be charged as follows:

To Regular Advertisers—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.

To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

Our Club List.

We have made arrangements to club THE NEWS-ARGUS with the following journals for 1886. We expect to make arrangements with other papers within the next two or three weeks—

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the *Weekly Globe* from now to the end of 1886 for $1.75.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the *Canadian Live Stock Journal* from now to the end of 1886 for $1.75.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and *American Agriculturist* (subscription price $1.50 per annum) for 1886 for $2.00, and in addition we will send the NEWS-ARGUS for balance of 1885 free to new subscribers.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the New York *Independent* for $3.60. The price of the *Independent* alone is $3.00 per annum.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the *Rural Canadian* for $1.60. The latter is one of the best agricultural papers published.

All new subscribers to THE NEWS-ARGUS will receive the paper from now to the end of 1886 for one year's subscription, namely, ONE DOLLAR.

Now is the time to subscribe.

HOME MATTERS.

Christmas four weeks from to-day.

See our club list at the head of this column.

Mr. Frank Boldrick returned from Ottawa a few days since.

Mr. T. G. Clute is putting up a fine fence around his residence.

A pop corn factory has been added to the industries of Belleville.

First snow of the season, 25th, but not enough to cover the ground.

The ground froze up on Monday night last, and it looks as if to stay.

The post-office of Rossmore, county of Prince Edward, has been closed.

Messrs. P. Hamilton, J. Cummings and T. Upton recently went to Michigan to engage in work there.

Immense quantities of grain are being drawn in to our elevators, and but few loads pass through to other localities.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. M. G. Vandervoort, of Harold, has returned from Colorado with his health fully restored.

Send your pictures to the NEWS-ARGUS office to be framed. A large stock of mouldings to select from, and well assorted.

Michael Breen, one of the Trenton contingent of the Midland Battalion, sold his scrip twice and got two months in jail for fraud.

We will send THE NEWS-ARGUS from now to the end of 1886 to all new subscribers for $1.00. Call in and see us, or send money by P. O. order or registered letter.

Mr. McIntyre, general agent for the "Sun" Life Assurance Co., was in town on Wednesday. He represents the most successful Company doing business here.

Special services are being held at the Carlton Methodist Church, on the town line west of Stirling. They are increasing in interest and the attendance each evening is large.

Mr. Sine is to be the head teacher of our school, when Mr. Ogden's term expires; and Miss Sinclair, from Madoc, takes the first department, in room of Miss Smith, promoted to the second department.

Mr. Jacob Caldwell and his daughter, Emma, recently went to Chicago, and if pleased with the prospects of it as a home, will permanently reside there. Mrs. Caldwell, with the younger children, will then rejoin the family.

CHAS. CRAIGE & BRO. must have all notes, accounts and other indebtedness paid or settled at once at short dates, or they will be placed in our attorney's hands. No further notice will be given, except to notify by mail where address is known.

GRIP'S COMIC ALMANAC.—This publication, for 1885, is to hand. It is brim-ful of amusements, containing—besides its other attractions—a double-page cartoon, "Ancient Nursery Rhymes for Modern Politicians. For sale by all booksellers; only 10 cents.

The Kingston *News* says:—"Messrs. W. Ward and W. Nevin, who have been engaged in working at the Deloro gold mine during the past summer, arrived in the city on Saturday. The latter gentleman says that on Friday a piece of gold worth $2,350 was taken out. One shaft has reached a depth of about 175 feet.

On lot 52 in the 2nd concession of Sophiasburg, we learn from an exchange, reside with their families Messrs. Isaac and Peter Saunders. They are twins, who have attained to the allotted fourscore years and six more. They have lived on the same farms for the past sixty years, and are probably the oldest twins in Canada.

Remember the missionary sermons to be preached in the Methodist Church, on Sunday next, by Rev. A. Browning, of Campbellford, and for many years a missionary in British Columbia. Collections and voluntary offerings will be taken at each service in aid of the missionary fund. Mr. Browning will also preach at Carmel Methodist church at 2:30 p.m.

The joint committee of the city and county councils appointed to adjust the proportion of the expense to be borne by the city and county for the administration of justice met on Thursday, 19th inst., at the Shire Hall. The representatives of the city offered, $2,500 per annum without prejudice. The county's representatives refused to accept the offer, and decided to report to the council at its meeting this week.

Now commences the season for buyers to look well after the quantity and price of wood offered for sale. Recently it has been brought in town, and all hough represented by the sellers to be of such and such a fraction of a cord, it has not probably in one instance equalled their statements. The buyer, when he afterwards has the wood piled and personally inspected, will find that he has been cheated in almost every case. At least such is the burden of complaint of some who have had to buy wood of late.

On Friday evening last, while the Emma Wells Comedy Company were playing in Madoc, a gentleman's name in the audience was made the subject of a joke by one of the performers, and a short time afterwards an egg was thrown on the stage striking the actor. Quite an excitement was caused by the actor stepping down among the audience and saying that he was quite ready and willing to take his own part, at the same time drawing a revolver. The gentleman who threw the egg took care not to make himself known and the matter dropped.

The numerous new buildings erected in the village this summer are now finished or nearly so. Craige Bros' new residence is completed. Mr. Jas. Boldrick's has been finished and occupied forsome time. Mr. Utman's is now occupied by Mr. Delbert Utman, while Mr. Henry Utman has moved to the farm a little west of the village. Mr. Bird Vervoort's house on Front st., and Mr. Lagrow's on Church st., are both nearly ready for occupancy. Mr. Langman's two dwellings in rear of the Methodist church are well under way, one being nearly finished, and the other having the roof on and enclosed. Mr. W. H. Berry's has been occupied for some time. Mr. Joyce's is also nearly completed. This is only a partial list of improvements. Others will be noticed in a future issue if we can learn particulars.

Last gloomy winter when it will begin,
And biting Boreas blow his bitter blast;
The plants are safely housed, the coal is in,
The stove is up, the winter's out at last.

A movement has been started in Belleville for a branch railroad from that city to Tweed, to make connection with the Canadian Pacific at the latter point.

A young man named James Hatch, who lives in the third concession of Tyendinaga, lately became insane through unrequited love. He waylaid the object of his affections and threatened to murder her.

Says the Madoc *Review*, Mr. W. J. Rollins, of the Allen Settlement, sold a hog to James Whytock of this village which weighed when dressed over 500 lbs. Adding one-fifth for live weight, it must have been a monster of 825 pounds.

THE "MAN OF OUR NEWSPAPER" is not so often met with in this country of Tyendinaga, but many have heard how his good local paper, such as the NEWS-ARGUS, for information and amusement, has imparted to his neighborhood. He wants also a metropolitan paper, and he wants it interesting and enterprising, as well as thoroughly reliable. The *Witness*, whose special announcements on the occasion of its fortieth anniversary appear in another column, is certainly of that description. An honourable career of forty years is no small matter of congratulation to the publishers; and our vigorous contemporary gives promise of excelling its past record by its future.

School Board Meeting.

A special meeting of the School Board was held on Thursday evening, 19th inst., for the purpose of considering applications of teachers for 1886.

Members present: Dr. Parker, chairman, Dr. Faulkner, Dr. Boulter, Rev. Mr. Gray, Messrs. Jas. Boldrick, Jas. Montgomery, L. Wheeler, B. Bush, A. Chard and Jas. Milne.

There were three applications for the senior department. Mr. G. W. Sine's application was accepted; salary $500.

Miss Henry and Miss Smith were re-engaged, Miss Smith being advanced to the 2nd division.

Miss Jennie Sinclair, of Madoc, was selected for the primary department.

Credit Sales.

There will be sold by public auction, on the east half of lot 33, in the 8th con. of Sidney, on Tuesday, Dec. 1, a quantity of farm stock, implements, etc., the property of Sylvester Faulkner. Sale at 1 o'clock, sharp. C. Butler, auctioneer.

On Thursday, Dec. 3rd, there will be an auction sale of farm stock and other property, on lot 1, in the 4th con. of Huntingdon. Henry Gordon, proprietor; Chas. Butler, auctioneer.

Facts Worth Remembering.

That P. Welch is selling 18 lbs. of sugar for $1.00.

That he is selling below Belleville prices.

That he buys for cash and sells for cash, which enables him to give from 10 to 20 per cent better value than credit dealers can.

Tea a specialty. Come and see.

Springbrook is the place.

Two Fatal Accidents.

On the 10th inst., an adopted daughter of Mr. James Thompson, of Madoc Township, a little girl four years of age, met with a horrible accident by falling into a pail of scalding water, from the effects of which she died the next day. The little victim was badly scalded and suffered great agony.

An equally dreadful death befel a little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Love, residing on the farm of Mr. John Bateman, near the latter's home, in Madoc Township, Friday morning last. The mother had gone out to milk, leaving the little girl, who was aged about 3 years, alone in the house. On returning the mother was met at the door by the child with its clothes almost entirely burned off the body, and the flesh from the knees up to the head, literally roasted, the sufferer died the same day about 6 o'clock. It was supposed she was playing with the fire in the stove, and thus ignited her clothes.—*Madoc Review.*

Look After the Young.

Those who have families of children should interest themselves in the district school, and see that it is well taught and sustained. No farmer who is a parent can afford to neglect his duty in this matter, and should manifest a lively interest in the school where his own and neighbors' children receive their rudimentary, if not principal, education. Able school trustees and commissioners, with capable and efficient teachers, are important requisites, and it is the incumbent duty of every parent to aid in securing these desirable auxiliaries to public and home education. To this end, attend the school meetings, vote for the best men for school trustees, and aid in making a liberal provision for a first-class school in your district. And do not fail to visit the same occasionally, and encourage the teacher. In this and other ways you can do much to improve the school, and every judicious effort in that direction will redound to the benefit of all interested—parents, pupils and teachers. Good officers and teachers can best be secured through the personal attention and influence of parents who manifest lively interest in their selection and management. Furthermore, provide your family with pure and useful books and periodicals. Money invested in reading matter of the right quality pays large dividends. The rule should be to "get the best"—only such publications as are instructive, useful, and elevating. Avoid all trashy story papers, and other reading of a senseless and sensational character—of the nickel novel and love-and-murder genus. They are demoralizing, and worse than poison for young people. Instead of such useless trash, secure standard works pertaining to rural and domestic affairs, as well as history, science, and literature.

"WHAT TOMMY DID."

John Habberton, author of "Helen's Babies", says:—"What Tommy did" would be worthy of the serious consideration of parents if it were possible for any one to be other than wildly mirthful over the saintliness and dreadfulness of the little hero. Tommy is an ideal boy—one of the kind which are by turns unendurable and angelic, which charges parents from young to old, and from old to young almost every day, and which makes parents who fail to read this book; there is no time in the day, nor any day in the week, in which its pages do not dispel care." The Chicago Tribune pronounces it a book that "will please every boy and girl, and every mother too, who will find in it a book that can be read over and over again to suit the insatiable appetites of youthful readers, and yet leave the reader with any weakness or nonsense in it to the contrary." It has just been published in dainty delightful shape, fine cloth, richly ornamented binding by Jas. R. Osgood, the "Revolution" publisher, at half its former price, 50c. Aldon's 16-page illustrated catalogue (price 4 cents—condensed catalogue free), of the cheapest and most popular books, a wonder as well as joy to book-lovers. John B. Alden, Publisher, New York.

THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE, for November, fully carries out its promise to furnish a repertory of the best periodical writing of the current month or two. This number contains about half a score of the most carefully conceived and best written papers in the English Reviews. Among these is a thoughtful essay by the Bishop of Carlisle, entitled "Thoughts about Life," being really a review of Herbert Spencer's *Principles of Psychology*. The recent death of Lord Houghton, who, although raised to the peerage nearly a quarter of a century ago, is still best known as Mr. Richard Monckton Milnes, gives occasion for an appreciative sketch by Mr. Estcott, editor of the *Fortnightly Review*. Very readable is the "Dialogue upon Novels," by Vernon Lee. Mr. William Henry Hurlbert, well known as an American literateur, and for many years Editor of the New York *World*, furnishes a well-considered paper upon "Catholic Italy and the Temporal Power." Mary Howitt, now eighty-five years of age, is now writing a series of Autobiographical Reminiscences. Perhaps the most interesting of these is that upon her "Girlhood," which appears in this number of the LIBRARY MAGAZINE. Mr. Richard A. Proctor's paper upon the "New Star in the Andromeda Nebula," is more than the space it occupies. Captain Vernon Lovett Cameron, whom we remember best by the account of his notable journey across Africa, made a dozen years ago, writes a sensible paper upon "The Future of Scudan." Among the original papers in this number of the LIBRARY MAGAZINE, the first place must be assigned to that upon "John Ruskin in his Homes and Haunts," by William Shaw Kennedy. Mr. Alfred H. Guernsey writes a brief paper, mainly derived from a letter in the New York *Independent*, relating to the work *The Lost Manuscript*, by Solomon Spalding, which has been believed to be the source from which Joseph Smith got his *Book of Mormon*. A bulky manuscript thus entitled, and undoubtedly the work of Solomon Spalding, has turned up at Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands, as narrated in this paper. But, as we think can be clearly established, this extant Honolulu manuscript is not the one which fell into the hands of Sidney Rigdon and Joe Smith, and which furnished the idea of the *Book of Mormon*. The truth we judge to be that Spalding became dissatisfied with this manuscript, and wrote a wholly new one, which fell into the hands of Smith and his confederate. The whole matter, when fairly sifted, will form a curious chapter in literary history. New York, John B. Alden, Publisher, $1.50 a yr.

Births.

In Rawdon, on the 25th inst., the wife of A. McMurtry, of a son.

In Rawdon, on 21st inst., the wife of Robt. Scott, of a daughter.

In Huntingdon, on the 22nd inst., the wife of Henry E. Bagerman, of a son.

Marriages.

At the residence of the bride's father, Stirling, on the 25th inst., by the Rev. J. M. Gray, William E. Clark and Elizabeth Ann Langman.

At the residence of the bride's father, Stirling, on the 20th inst., by the Rev. J. M. Gray, Charles W. Wickett, of Foxboro, and Sarah Montgomery.

At the residence of the bride's father, Huntingdon, by the Rev. J. A. McCamus, on 24th inst., MARMADUKE HAGERMAN and ELIZABETH REED, all of Huntingdon.

By the same, at the same time and place, JOHN WESLEY DAFOE and CATHERINE REID.

Deaths.

In Sidney, on the 22nd inst., Wm. Lyons, aged 73 years.

In Sidney, on the 20th inst., Joseph Elliott, aged 75 years, 4 months and 20 days.

Stirling Markets.

Wheat, Fall per bushel	$0 78	to $0 80
Wheat, Spring, "	0 75	to 0 80
Barley, "	0 50	to 0 75
Rye, "	0 50	to 0 52
Oats, "	0 30	to 0 30
Peas, "	0 50	to 0 55
Potatoes, per bag	0 35	to 0 40
Apples, per bag	0 40	to 0 50
Butter, per lb	0 17	to 0 20
Eggs per doz	0 00	to 0 14
Beans, per peck	0 00	to 1 25
Hay, per ton	8 00	to 8 50

IMPORTANT.

When you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other hotel in the city.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

CATARRH—A NEW TREATMENT.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern medicine has been attained by the Dixon treatment for Catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never proved a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men, that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissue, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination—this accomplished, he claims the Catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is assured, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one has ever known any other treatment to cure Catarrh in this manner, and no application of the remedy is simple, and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King street, west, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh.—MONTREAL STAR, Nov. 17, 1882.

PRIZES! The Publishers of the MONTREAL "WITNESS" are celebrating their FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY by an offer which is of unusual value to their subscribers, and which is well calculated to lead an enormous number to have their names added to the already splendid subscription list. The "WITNESS," of itself, is too well known to need recommendation here. Its fearless and intelligent editorials, its freedom from its purchase, its enterprise in the matter of news (the superiority of which was admitted on all sides during the Riel Rebellion), its invaluable Question and Answer Department (in which the highest professional authorities give information on almost every conceivable subject), its stories of intense interest, its Ladies' Department and Children's Corner—to make up a paper which cannot be equalled for a year's subscription ($3.00 for the DAILY WITNESS, and $1.00 for the WEEKLY WITNESS) the balance of this year will be sent free to January 1887. And every subscriber (including present subscribers who send in their subscriptions for a full year, and have the balance of this year given them free) will receive, FREE, one of our splendid

ANNIVERSARY PICTURES,

These "Beauties of the Oleographic Art," as they are well described, consist of three most charming subjects, beautifully executed in colours; and are pronounced by the "WITNESS" publishers to be a well-known Art Publishing House, in London, England, they are entitled "Little Barefoot," "Nobody Asked You!" and "Tired Mother Must Rest." These copies will be on view in our Agencies. Everybody who sees them will want them. We will send sample copies of our papers containing descriptions of the pictures, and blank forms for subscriptions containing full particulars of this unexampled offer, to any address, on application.

Everyone who sends one, two or three new subscriptions, along with his own, will receive any TWO of the above PICTURES. Everyone sending four or more new subscriptions with his own, will receive ALL THREE pictures. No other offer can even compare with this. The Anniversary Pictures will not be given or sold to any but subscribers. The demand for them will be so heavy that we are most strictly follow the rule "FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED." Address all orders and subscriptions to JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal.

NOW!

N.B.—For particulars as to prizes to be given for stories and for ANNIVERSARY PICTURES, see the WITNESS.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER, the popular Family Paper and Children's Paper, begins a new era. Beginning with January it will be enlarged to twenty-four pages, and the Edition will be in two parts, so as to be practically a weekly and a monthly paper. It will more than ever deserve its description, "THE CHEAPEST ILLUSTRATED PAPER PUBLISHED." Subscription 50c. a year; from subscribers in arrears 60c.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, MONTREAL.

Those who desire the news of the day in brief, concisely written and neatly printed, with Stories, Illustrations and Family Reading, for 50c. a year, should send that sum to the WEEKLY MESSENGER, MONTREAL.

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP will remove all kinds of Worms from children or adults.

Gabriel Dumont is said to have attended the mass meeting at Montreal on Sunday. He left on Monday morning for Springfield, Massachusetts.

MALARIA is the action of disease germs in bad air, poor drainage, swampy regions, etc., upon the system, producing chills, fever, neuralgia, and many dangerous diseases. Burdock Blood Bitters regulates the bowels, liver and kidneys and works off and cures Malaria.

A leading New York physician says coughs and weak throats are largely due to the habit of wearing starched linen collars. He recommends unstarched woollen collars.

PROF. LOW'S MAGIC SULPHUR SOAP.—Healing, soothing and cleansing for all eruptions of the skin. Sold by druggists, or for toilet use.

DROPSY, GRAVEL, BRIGHT'S DISEASE. These common and dangerous complaints are caused by the kidneys being out of order, healthy changes in the blood and secretions—the Liver being commonly at fault with the Kidneys. Regulate these conditions with Burdock Blood Bitters, one of the best system renovators known to medical science.

A Chinese laundry, Han Qua, of Canton, is said to be the wealthiest man in the world. He pays taxes upon an estate of $50,000,000, and is estimated to be worth $1,000,000,000.

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS are safe in all ages. They destroy and remove worms in children or adults.

Disastrous prairie fires are raging in the Indian Territory; it is believed the fire belt is from 40 to 60 miles wide.

MCGREGOR & PARKE'S Carbolic Cerate is invaluable for Wounds, Sores, Salt Rheum, Cuts, Burns, Scalds and Festers, as a healing and purifying dressing. Do not be imposed on with other useless preparations, recommended to be as good. Use only McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. Sold by PARKER & BUTLER.

At a socialist picnic in Chicago more than $600 were spent on the grounds for cigars and beer, while on some of the banners carried was written the words, "Our children cry for bread."

CURED OF DEAFNESS.

Harry Ricardo, of Toronto, was deaf for eight years, and also suffered with Chronic Rheumatism. After all else failed, Hagyard's Yellow Oil cured both afflictions. Yellow Oil is a reliable internal and external remedy for all painful and inflammatory complaints.

A druggist in Toronto has been fined $30 and costs for vaccinating persons, he neglecting a duly qualified surgeon.

NATIONAL PILLS are unsurpassed as a safe, mild, yet thorough, purgative, acting upon the biliary organs promptly and effectually.

There are 15,000 people living in Polygamy in Utah and the bordering Territories.

The discovery of the instantaneous process of taking photographs has been quickly followed in the market by a perfect and instantaneous remedy for all acute aches and pains, as Neuralgia, Toothache, Rheumatism, etc. This valuable Remedy is called Fluid Lightning, and is sold at 25 cents a bottle by PARKER & BUTLER, Druggists.

INFLUENZA.

This is an epidemic worse and more depressive than an ordinary cold, and requires prompt remedies to break it up. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam is a trustworthy remedy for all forms of colds and their dangerous results.

M. De Lesseps celebrated his eightieth birthday on the 10th inst. He is confident he will live to sail through the Panama canal.

DIRECT RELIEF follows the use of Hagyard's Yellow Oil, in case of Pain, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, and all soreness of the flesh. Yellow Oil is an internal and external remedy that should be kept in every household.

"What are the last teeth that come?" asked a teacher of her class in physiology. "False teeth, ma'am," replied a boy who had just woke up on the back seat.

Rev. J. G. Fallis, Dutton, certifies: "For some years my wife has been troubled with Dyspepsia, and has tried one thing after another recommended with little or no effect till advised to give McGregor's Speedy Cure a trial. Since taking the first bottle I have noticed a decided improvement, and can with confidence recommend it to be one of, if not the best medicine extant for Dyspepsia. This invaluable medicine for Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Kidney Complaint, is purely vegetable. Sold at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store. Trial bottle given free.

Snow fell at Berlin on the 2nd inst., said to be ten days earlier than during any of the past 38 years.

DEBILITY.

Perhaps you are weak and weary, all run down, get tired with slight exertion, feel faint and dizzy, or dull and languid, then you need a good tonic regulator to make pure blood circulate, and give you strength. Try Burdock Blood Bitters—it will not fail you.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE MATTER OF GEORGE McGURDY, DECEASED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN PURSUANT to Chapter 110 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, as amended by 46 Victoria, Chapter 9, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of George McGurdy, late of the Township of Rawdon, in the County of Hastings, in the Province of Ontario, farmer, deceased, who died on or about the twenty-third day of August, 1885, are required to send by post, prepaid, or to deliver to W. A. F. Campbell, of the Village of Stirling, in said County of Hastings, agent for Jane McCurdy, administratrix of all and singular the personal estate and effects, rights and credits of said George McGurdy, deceased, on or before

Saturday, the 5th day of December, A. D. 1885,

their names and addresses and a full statement of their claims, and of the securities (if any) held by them; and that after the last mentioned date the said administratrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, regard being had only to the claims of which notice has been given as above required, and she said administratrix will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof, to any person or persons of whose claims notice shall not have been received by the said Administratrix, or her said agent, at the time of distribution.

Dated at Stirling, October 27th, 1885.

W. A. F. CAMPBELL,
Agent for Jane McCurdy, the above-named Administratrix.

STOVES! STOVES! STOVES!

Coal Oil Stoves,

The very best in the market, call and see them.

Milk Cans, the very best,

Pans, Pails and Strainers.

Parties wanting a first-class Furnace will do well to give us a call, as we are handling one that will give satisfaction every time.

MARTIN & TURNER

STIRLING.

Save Money! Cheap Reading!!

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From now till 1st January, 1887, FOR THE SMALL SUM OF $1.60

By an arrangement with the Publisher of the RURAL CANADIAN, now in its ninth year of publication, we are enabled to offer both papers for $1.60. The regular price of the two is $2.

The RURAL CANADIAN is a monthly illustrated magazine, devoted to Farm and Home. The following are the leading departments: Farm Stock and Dairy, Poultry and Pet Stock, Farm and Garden, Apiary, Orchard and Vineyard, Home Circle, Young Canada, Scientific and Useful, Notes, Household Hints, Young Canada; Scientific and Useful. The music given from month to month is worth the price of several years' subscription.

The Dominion Independent styles the RURAL "The agricultural authority of the Dominion."

The Cobourg World says:—"One of the best papers of the kind published on the Continent."

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Our Stock is now complete in every department, consistingin part of DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PERFUMES, BRUSHES, TOILET ARTICLES, SOAPS IN GREAT VARIETY, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, STATIONERY AND STATIONERS GOODS, BOOKS, ETC. LAMPS AND LAMP FIXTURES, PIPES, CIGARS AND FANCY GOODS.

P. S. All outstanding accounts must be settled by the 1st of Dec. next either by cash or note.

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Have just received a Job Lot of

TWEEDS,

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25 PER CENT. BELOW REGULAR PRICES,

All new patterns, suitable for Men's and Boys' Suits and Ladies' Ulsters.

Don't fail to see them before buying.

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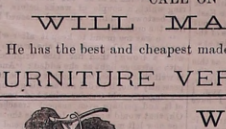

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He has the best and cheapest made. Also, all kinds of FURNITURE VERY CHEAP.

NIAGARA

W. C. REID,

DEALER IN Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines, —ETC., ETC., ETC.,— ENTERPRISE, - ONTARIO,

Wishes to inform the public that he is the authorized agent for the Niagara White Grape Co., as they are now selling it for the first time without restriction. Vines to be good two years old at $2.00 each. Vines delivered by mail when price is sent with order. See salesmen for full particulars.

Enterprise, Ont., March 4th, 1885.

All Kinds of Grain Wanted.

THE UNDERSIGNED WISHES TO INFORM the farmers of this and surrounding townships that he is now prepared to buy all kinds of Grain at Board's Station. Highest prices will be paid for all good samples.

C. CRANE.

Farms for Sale.

THE EAST HALF OF LOT 6, IN THE 8th Con. of Rawdon, and South half of Lot 30, in the 9th Con. of Sidney. Apply to GEO. A. SKINNER, Barrister, &c., McAnnany's Block, Sept. 16, 1885. Belleville.

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TIME TABLE:

Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa to Toronto.

STATIONS.	Toronto Express.	Exp. from Winnipeg.	Toronto Express
Montreal	8.00 a.m.	.....	8.00 p.m.
Ottawa	12.35 p.m.	.....	12.35 a.m.
Smith's Falls	2.10 "	7.27 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
Perth Junction	3.16 "	10.56 "	.....
Cen. Ont. Junc.	5.15 "	10.25 "	4.15 "
Blairton	5.52 "	10.39 "	.....
Havelock	5.50 "	10.55 "	4.45 "
Campbellford	6.52 "	11.07 "	.....
Peterboro'	6.42 "	11.48 "	5.31 "
North Toronto	8.10 "	2.18 p.m.	7.05 "
Toronto, U Stn	8.45 p.m.	2.50 "	8.27 a.m.

Toronto to Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec & Boston.

	Express.	Express.
Toronto Union Stn.	9.25 a.m.	8.00 p.m.
North Toronto	10.06 "	8.33 "
Parkdale	12.51 p.m.	10.56 "
Norwood	1.04 "	.....
Havelock	1.20 "	11.40 p.m.
Blairton	1.29 "	.....
Central Ontario Junc.	1.44 "	12.13 a.m.
Ivanhoe	2.00 "	.....
Smith's Falls	4.55 "	3.26 "
Ottawa	6.42 "	4.48 "
Montreal	10.00 p.m.	8.15 a.m.

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STOVES, STOVES, STOVES.

COAL PARLOR COOKING & BOX OF ALL KINDS AND SIZES. TINWARE AND STOVE PIPES, AMERICAN & CANADIAN COAL OIL, LAMPS & LAMP GOODS, LANTERNS, FANCY GOODS.

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Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility, Female Complaints and other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

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HURRAH FOR SPRINGBROOK!

G. D. WIGGINS, DEALER IN Dry Goods, Groceries, Boot and Shoes, Coal Oil, Nails, etc.,

Begs to express his satisfaction at the manner in which his announcement of a CASH BUSINESS Has been met by his numerous customers, and now announces further that the experiment having proved a decided success, the system will be continued permanently.

BEST GOODS AT LOWEST PRICES.

Consistent with the good old principle of "small profits and quick returns."

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C. D. WIGGINS.

CALL AND SEE JOHN CONLEY'S NEW STOCK OF Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Etc.

Will sell as cheap as any man in Canada, and don't you forget it.

Machine Needles, Oil, and everything pertaining to the trade, constantly on hand.

FRONT STREET, - - STIRLING.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

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Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability free of charge.

FEES MODERATE, and I make no charge unless patent is secured. Send for Circulars and special references sent on application.

J. R. LITTELL, Near U. S. Patent office. Washington, D.C.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and I will send free, free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.